

THE  
L I F E  
OF OUR  
Blessed Lord & Saviour  
JESUS CHRIST.

AN  
HEROIC POEM:  
DEDICATED TO  
Her Most Sacred MAJESTY.

In Ten Books.

ATTEMPTED BY  
SAMUEL WESLEY,  
Rector of South-Ormsby in the County of Lincoln.

Each Book illustrated by necessary Notes, explaining all the more difficult Matters in the whole History: Also a Prefatory Discourse concerning Heroic Poetry.

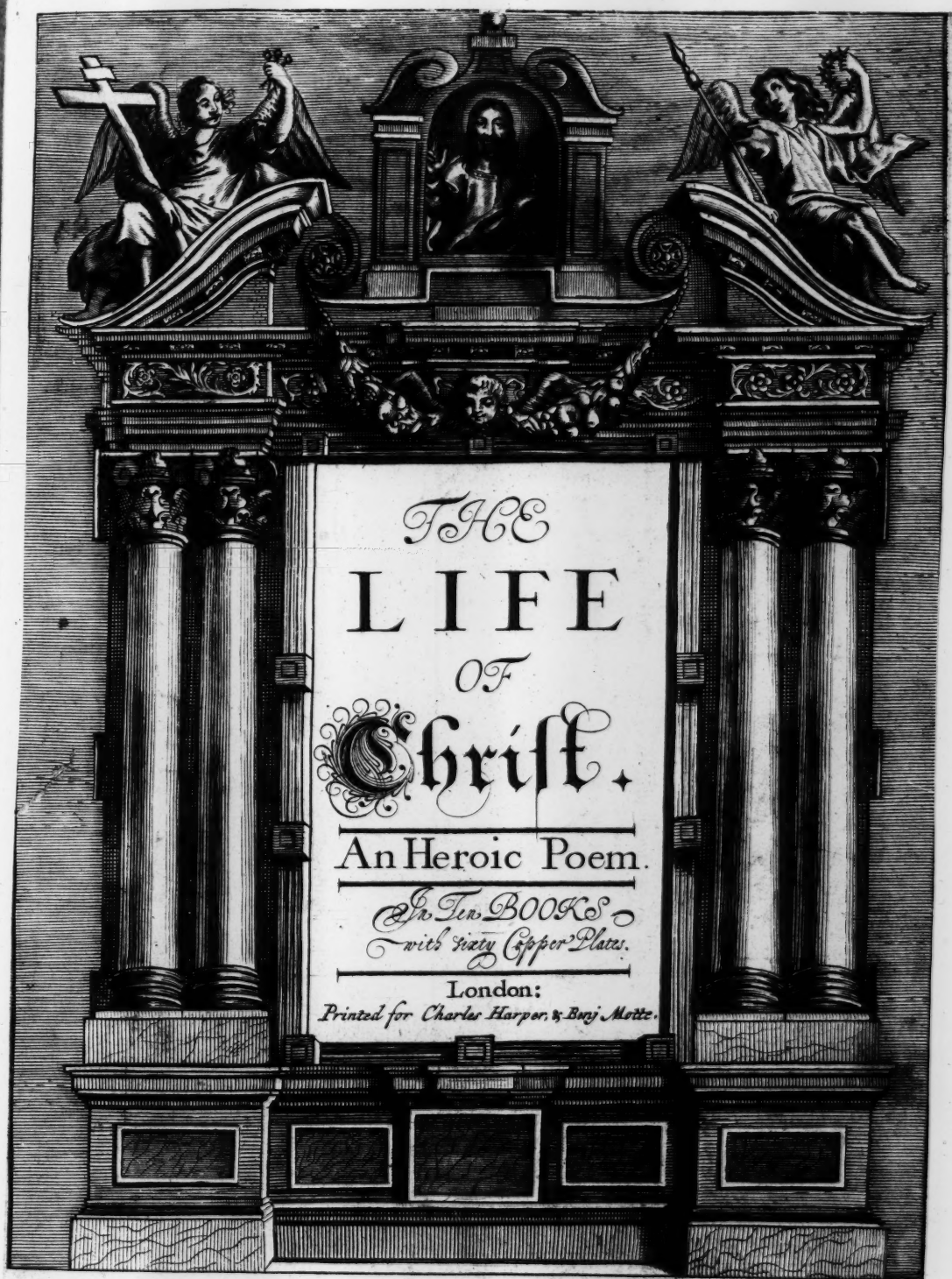
With Sixty Copper-Plates.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Charles Harper, at the Flower-de-Luce, over against S. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet, and Benj. Motte in Aldersgatestreet. 1693.



SALVATOR MVNDI.



*In his Blest Life  
I see the Path; and in his Death the Price;  
And in his great Ascent, the Proof Supreme  
Of Immortality — D<sup>r</sup> Young's Night Thoughts Night 4<sup>th</sup>*

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T O  
Her most Sacred M A J E S T Y  
M A R Y,  
By the Grace of G O D,  
Q U E E N  
O F

*Great Britain, France and Ireland, &c.*

T H I S  
P O E M

Is most humbly Dedicated

B Y

*Her Majesties most Loyal,*

*Most Obedient,*

*And most Dutiful Subject and Servant,*

S. Wesley.

TO  
ALL WHOM THESE  
MARRIAGES

By the Grace of G O D  
QUEEN

Grace Britain, France and Ireland, &c.  
— H I S

POPE  
E  
M

is most humble

BY  
The Bishop of London

Most Obedient

and most humble servant

W. W. W.

# THE PREFACE,

Being an ESSAY on  
HEROIC-POETRY.

A *Just Heroic-Poem* is so vast an *Undertaking*, requires so much both of *Art* and *Genius* for its *Management*, and carries such *Difficulty* in the *Model* of the whole, and *Disposition* of the several Parts, that it's no Wonder, if not above One or Two of the *Ancients*, and hardly any of the *Moderns* have succeeded in their Attempts of this Nature. *Rapine* and other *Masters of Epic*, represent it as an *Enterprise* so hardy, that it can scarce enter into the Mind of a *wise Man*, without affrighting him, as being the most perfect Piece of Work that *Art* can produce. That Author has many excellent Reflexions and Rules concerning it in his Discourse, *Sur la Poétique*; but *Bossu* is the first I've seen who has writ a just and perfect Tract thereon, wherein he has in a clear and Scholastic Method amass'd together most that's to be found in Antiquity on that Subject, tho chiefly keeping to the Observations of *Aristotle*, which he drew from *Homer*, and who seems the first that reduced Poetry to an Art. That Father defines *Epic*, "An Artificial Discourse, in order to form the Manners by Instructions, disguis'd under the Allegories of some one important Action, recited in Verse, in a manner probable diverting and admirable, which he thus himself abridges, " 'Tis a Fable agreeably imitated on some important Action, recited in Verse in a manner that's probable and admirable: In which Definition are contain'd, as he afterwards explains it, the general Nature of *Epic*, and that double, *Fable* and *Poem*: The *Matter*, some one important Action probably feign'd and imitated: Its *Form*, Recitation or Narration: And lastly, its *End*, Instruction, which is aimed at in general by the Moral of the Fable; and besides in the particular Manners of the Persons who make the most considerable Figure in the Work.

To begin with *Fable*, which he makes included in the general Nature or Essence of *Epic*. This he says is the most essential Part of it; "That some Fables and Allegories scatter'd up and down in a Poem don't suffice to constitute *Epic*, if they are only the Ornaments, and not the very Foundation of it. And again, "That 'tis the very Fund and principal Action that ought to be Feign'd and Allegorical: For which reason he expressly excludes hence all simple Histories, as by Name, *Lucan's Pharsalia*, *Silius Italicus's Punic War*, and all true Actions of particular Persons, without Fable: And still more home; that 'tis not a Relation of the Actions of any Hero, to form the Manners by his Example, but on the contrary, a Discourse invented to form the Manners by the Relation of some one feign'd Action, design'd to please, under the borrow'd Name of some illustrious Person, of whom Choice is made after we have fram'd the Plan of the Action which we design to attribute to him.

Nor indeed is *Bossu* singular in his Judgment on this Matter, there being few or none who have ever writ on the same Subject, but are of the same mind: For thus *Boileau* in his Art of Poetry,

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*Dans la vaste recit d'une longue action  
Se soutient par la Fable & vit de Fiction.*

Which his Translator I think better ;

*In the Narration of some great Design,  
Invention, Art, and Fable, all must join.*

Rapine too gives his Vote on the same side, *Rien n'est*, says he, *plus essentiel, au Poem Epique, que la Fiction* ; and quotes Petronius to that purpose, *Per ambages, Deorumque ministeria precipitandus est Liber Spiritus*. Nor is't only the Moderns who are of this Opinion ; for the *Iliads* are call'd in Horace, *Fabula quæ Paradis, &c.* And lastly, even Aristotle himself tells us, " That Fable is the principal thing in an Heroic Poem ; and, as it were, the very Soul of it. *Ἀρχὴ καὶ ὁρμὴ* " And upon this occasion commends Homer for lying with the best Grace of any Man in the World : Authorities almost too big to admit any Examination of their Reason, or Opposition to their Sentiments. However, I see no cause why Poetry should not be brought to the Test, as well as Divinity, or any more than the other, be believed on its own bare *ipse dixit*.

Let us therefore examin the Plan which they lay for a Work of this Nature, and then we may be better able to guess at those Grounds and Reasons on which they proceed.

In forming an Heroic-Poem, the first thing they tell us we ought to do, is to pitch on some Moral Truth, which we desire to enforce on our Reader, as the Foundation of the whole Work. Thus Virgil, as Bossu observes, designing to render the Roman People pleased and easie under the new Government of Augustus, laid down this Maxim, as the Foundation of his Divine *Aeneis* : " That great and notable Changes of State are not accomplished but by the Order and Will of God : That those who oppose themselves against them are impious, and frequently punished as they deserve ; and that Heaven is not wanting to take that Hero always under its particular Protection, whom it chuses for the Execution of such grand Designs. This for the Moral Truth ; we must then, he says, go on to lay the general Plan of the Fiction, which, together with that Verity, makes the Fable and Soul of the Poem : And this he thinks Virgil did in this manner, " The Gods save a great Prince from the Ruins of his Country, and chuse him for the Preservation of Religion, and re-establishing a more glorious Empire than his former. The Hero is made a King, and arriving at his new Country, finds both God and Men dispos'd to receive him : But a neighbouring Prince, whose Eyes Ambition and Jealousie have closed against Justice and the Will of Heaven, opposes his Establishment, being assisted by another King despoil'd of his Estate for his Cruelty and Wickedness. Their Opposition, and the War on which this pious Prince is forc'd, render his Establishment more just by the Right of Conquest, and more glorious by his Victory and the Death of his Enemies. These are his own Words, as any may see who are at the pains to consult him ; nor can I help it, if either Virgil or Bossu happen to be Prophets.

When the Poet has proceeded thus far, and as Bossu calls it, dress'd his Project, he's next to search in History or receiv'd Fable, for some Hero, whose Name he may borrow for his Work, and to whom he may suit his Persons. These are Bossu's Notions, and, indeed, very agreeable to Aristotle, who says, that Persons and Actions in this sort of Poetry must be feign'd, allegorical, and universal.

This is the Platform they lay ; and let's now see if we can discover the Reasons whereon they found these Rules, being so unanimous for Fable rather than true History, as the Matter of an Heroic-Poem ; and, if I mistake not, these are some of the principal.

1. Because they had observ'd the best Models of Heroic-Poems were laid after this manner ; the greatest part of the Action both in Homer and Virgil being pure Fable. Homer beginning, and all the rest following his Steps.

2. Because

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2. Because no single Hero, or true History, which the Ancients knew was sufficient, without Fable, to furnish Matter for an Epic-Poem. History, says Aristotle, treats of particular Things as they really are; Poetry, as they ought to be; and therefore he prefers Poetry as the more grave and more instructive; the Poets being forc'd to follow the same Methods with their Kindred Art, that of the Painters, and gather a great many Beauties together, out of 'em all, to steal one Venus.

3. A third Reason may be, because, supposing they should have found some one Example from whence to enforce strongly any particular Point of Morality, yet it would have mis'd those other Characters of Epic, most of its Agreeableness, and all its Power to raise Admiration. A chaste Historian must not go about to amuse his Reader with Machines; and a Poet that would imitate him, must have been forced to thin his Stage accordingly, and disband all his glorious Train of Gods and Goddesses, which composes all that's admirable in his Work; according to that of Boileau; *Chaque Vertue devient une divinité*.

And these, if I mistake not, were the main Reasons on which the fore-mention'd Rules were grounded. Let's now enquire into the Strength and Validity of them: To begin with Homer, he wrote in that manner, because most of the antient Eastern Learning, the Original of all others, was Mythology. But this being now antiquated, I cannot think we are oblig'd superstitiously to follow his Example, any more than to make Horses speak, as he does that of Achilles. 2. If a Poet lights on any single Hero, whose true Actions and History are as important as any that Fable ever did or can produce, I see no reason why he may not as well make use of him and his Example to form the Manners and enforce any Moral Truth, as seek for one in Fable for that purpose: Nay, he can scarce fail of persuading more strongly, because he has Truth it self; the other but the Image of Truth, especially if his History be, in the third place, of it self diverting and admirable. If it has from its own Fund, and already made to his hand those Deorum Ministeria, which cost the Poet so much in the forming 'em out of his own Brain. Nor can we suppose Fiction it self pleases; no, 'tis the agreeable and the admirable, in the Dress of Truth; and such a Plan as this would effectually answer both the Ends of Poetry in general, *delectari & monere*, nay come up fuller to the End of Epic, which is agreeable Instruction; and thence it follows strongly, that a Poem wrote in such a manner, must, notwithstanding the fore-going Rules, be a true and proper Heroic-Poem, especially if adorn'd with Poetical Colours and Circumstances through the whole Body thereof.

Now that all this is not *gratis dictum*, I think I can prove, even from most of those very Authors I've already produc'd, as of the contrary Opinion; and that I can make it appear, Bossu goes too far in fixing Fable as the Essential Fund and Soul of the principal Action in an Epic Poem. To begin with Rapine, who has this Passage, *Sur la Poétique*, Reflex. 5. *La Poésie Heroïque*, &c. "Heroïque Poésie, according to Aristotle, is a Picture or Imitation of an Heroic Action; and the Qualities of the Action are, That it ought to be (among others) true, or at least, such as might pass for true: Thus he. And hence it follows, according to him and Aristotle, that the principal Action in Heroic, not only ought to pass for Truth, but may be really true: For Horace, he does indeed call the *Iliads* a Fable; but then he does not oblige his Poet superstitiously to follow Homer in every thing, owning that he sometimes doats as well as other Men: Further, this may, and I think does, refer rather to the Dress and Turn of the Action, than to the Bottom and Ground of his History, which there's at least as much, if not more reason to believe true than false: And in the same Sense may we take Petronius and Boileau; nay, if we don't take 'em thus, I can't tell whether there were ever such a thing as a true Heroic-Poem in the World; not so much as the *Fairy-Queen*, *Gondibert*, or *Orlando Furioso*; all which have Fable enough in 'em of any reason; but their principal Actions might be still true, as we are sure was that of the best Heroic that ever was written; (I need not say I mean *Virgil*) since few or no Authors ever deny'd that there was such a Man as *Aeneas*, or even that he came into Italy, built Cities there, and erected a Kingdom, which Tully mentions, as a generally receiv'd

Tradition

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Tradition in those Parts, and which it seems he thought not frivolous, but true and solid; otherwise he'd scarce have given it a place in his *Argument* for his *Client*. Of this Opinion too seems *Horace* himself, in his *Art of Poetry*, namely, That there's no necessity of the *principal Action's* being feign'd; for his Direction is, "*Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge*"; Either follow Tradition or Fame, "or else feign what's agreeable thereunto. He makes not feigning essential to Heroic-Action, but gives leave to follow Fame, who is not so great a Liar, but that she is sometimes in the right. Nay, what if we should after all have *Bossu* himself of our side, which I'm mistaken if he be not; for these are his Expressions, *Lib. 1. Cap. 7. Le Fiction, &c.* "The Fiction may be so disguis'd under the Verity of the History, that those who are ignorant of the *Art* of the Poet, may believe it not a Fiction; and to make the Disguisement well, he ought to search into History for the Names of some Persons, to whom such an Action has probably or truly happen'd, &c. Hence 'tis evident, that according to *Bossu* own Notion, the main Action may be true; which appears even from *Aristotle* himself, as quoted by him, 97. *Καὶ ἀεὶ, &c.* "An Author is not less a Poet, because the Incidents he recites have truly happen'd; if so be that which happen'd had the appearance of Truth, and all that Art demands, and be really such as it ought to have been feign'd. And this *Bossu* himself illustrates admirably well by an ingenious Simile; "A Statuary, says he, first forms his Design, Posture, Altitudes which he intends for his Image; but if he then lights on any precious Material, Agate, or such like, where the Figure, the Colours, and Veins will not be accommodated to all he design'd, he regulates his design and Imagination according to his Matter; nor ought we to believe, at the same time that these singular lucky Hits condemn the Justness of his Art. From all which I must leave it to the Reader, whether I ha'n't sufficiently prov'd what I've undertaken; that Fiction is not necessary to the principal Action of our Heroic Poem; on which I've been something more large, not so much on my own account; for 'tis indifferent to me by what Name any Man calls my Poem, so it answers the great End of Epic, which is Instruction; but because I've heard some Persons have been so conceited as to criticise on our immortal Cowley for this very reason, and deny his *David's* the Honour of being an Heroic Poem, because the Subject thereof is a true History.

And here I should drop the Discourse of Fable, were there not another sort of Persons still to deal with, perhaps more importunate than the former: The first will not like a Piece unless 'tis all Fable, or at least the Foundation of it: These latter run into the contrary extreme, and seem unwilling or afraid to admit any thing of Fable in a Christian Poem; and as *Balzack* in his Criticks on *Heinsius* his *Baptista*, are frighted, as at some Magical Charm, if they find but one Word there which was made use of by the old Heathens; which, says he, (unluckily as things have since happen'd) is as preposterous as to see *Turks* wear Hats, and *Frenchmen* Turbants; the *Flower de lis* in the *Musselmens* Colours, or the *Half-Moon* on the Standard of France. He's, however, it must be granted, justly angry with *Tasso*, as Mr. *Dryden* since, for setting his Angels and Devils to stave and tail at one another; *Aleto* and *Pluto* on one side, and *Gabriel* and *Raphael* o' the other; as well as with *Sannazarius*, for mingling *Proteus* and *David*, and calling the *Muses* and *Nymphs* to the Labour of the Blessed Virgin. Tho the truth is, the Italian Poets seem more excusable, at least to a Papist, in this Case, than any other Nation, who parted with as little of their Idolatry as they could possibly, after they had kept it as long as they were able, making the Change very easie, and turning their Pantheon into an all Saints; much like the good Fathers in the Spanish Conquest in America, who suffer the Natives to keep their Old Idols, so they'll but pay for 'em, and get 'em christen'd; by this means making many a good Saint out of a very indifferent Devil. So far, I say, *Balzack* is undoubtedly in the right, that Christianity and Heathenism ought not to be confounded, nor the Pagan Gods mention'd, but as such, in Christian Poems. Of which *Boileau* also says, "They should not be fill'd with the Fictions of Idolatry; tho he tells us just before,

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*In vain have our mistaken Authors try'd  
Those antient Ornaments to lay aside.*

As tho he were afraid least all Poets shou'd be forc'd to turn *Christians*, and yet in the next Lines he thinks it full as bad;

*To fright the Reader in each Line with Hell,  
And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth and Bel.*

As tho he'd have no *Christian* to be a *Poet*. And much at the same rate is *Monsieur Balzac* very angry with *Buchanan*, for the same reason; nor will he by any means let us substitute *Belzebub*, *Asmodens*, and *Leviathan*, in the room of *Alecto*, *Tisiphone*, and *Megara*, which is, in his Opinion, perfect *Pedantism* and *Affectation*; and is extremely afraid, least any of those Barbarous Hebrew Words should disfigure the purity of the *Latin Tongue*; When surely he cou'd not but know, that this pure *Latin Tongue* it self, for which he's so much concerned is nothing but the gradual *Corruption* or *Barbarizing* of the *Greek*; as that of the *Phœnician* and *Hebrew* before, and the *Italian*, and his own *French* too, from the *Latin* afterwards, by the adulterous mixture of 'tis hard to say how many *Languages*: So that between 'em, they'd make it impossible for a *Christian Poet* to write a good *Heroic Poem*, or even a *Tragedy*, on any, but profane Subjects; by taking away all the *Machines*, and therein whatever is *admirable*. No, says *Balzac*, instead of those hard Words and proper Names, *Appellatives* may be chosen, Words common to all People: As for example, *Ill luck* instead of the *Fates*, and the *Fowl-Fiend* for *Lucifer*; and whether this wou'd not sound extremely *Heroical*, I leave any Man to judg: It being besides certain, that 'tis *singulars* and *particulars* which give an *Air* of probability, and the main *Life* and *Beauty* to a *Poem*, especially of this Nature; without which it must of necessity *sink* and *languish*. However so much of Truth, I must confess, there is in what he says, that I verily believe *Magor-missabib*, or *Maherhalahashbaz*, wou'd scarce yoke decently in one of our *Pentameters*, but be near as unquiet and troublesome there, as a *Mount Orgueil* it-self. Nor can partiality so far blind my Judgment as not to be my self almost frighted at second hearing of such a thundering Verse, as *Belsamen Ashtaroth Bâ-altû Ba'al*: Which seems as flat *Conjuration*, as *∴ Zinguebar, Oran, &c.* tho 'tis now too late to mend it. But then there are other Words of a more soft and treatable *Cadence*, even in the same *Hebrew Language*, especially when mollified by a *Latin* or *Greek Form*, or *Termination*; and such as these one may make use of and let others alone: tho neither is our bolder rougher *Tongue* so much affrighted at them, as the *French* and *Latin*.

But *Boileau* pushes the *Objection* further, and wou'd make it bear against the *Things* as well as *Words*, persuading himself,

*Our God and Prophets that he sent,  
Can't act like those the Poets did invent.*

Tho he too is short in *History*, how excellent soever in *Poetry*. For first, the *Heathen Poets* did not *invent* the *Names* of their *Gods* and *Heroes*, but had 'em from *Eastern Tradition*, and the *Phœnician* and *Jewish Language*, tho deflected and disguis'd after the *Greek* and other *Forms*, as *Josephus* tells us, which the learned *Bochart* has proved invincibly; and I have made some *Essay* towards it, in my *Sixth Book*. Nay further, it seems plain to me, that most, even of their best *Fancies* and *Images*, as well as *Names*, were borrow'd from the *Ancient Hebrew Poetry* and *Divinity*, as were there room for't, I cou'd I think, render more than probable, in all the most celebrated *Strokes* of *Homer*, most of the *Heathen Poetical Fables*, and even in *Hesiod's* blind *Theogonia*. Their *Gods* or *Devils*, which you please, were not near as antient as the *Hebrews*. The

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word *Satan* is as antient as *Job*; nor can they shew us a *Pluto* within a long while of him: *Ashtaroth*, and *Astarte*, are old enough to be Grandmothers to their *Isis*, or *Venus*, and *Bell*, of the same standing with Idolatry. Lawful it must certainly be, to use these very *Heathen* Gods in *Christian*, since they were us'd in sacred *Hebrew Poetry*, in due place, and in a due manner; *Bel boweth down*, *Nebo stoopeth*, says *Isaiab*. And what a noble Description has the same Prophet of the Fall of *Lucifer*? Nor can I see why it may not be as convenient and agreeable, as 'tis lawful to transplant 'em from *Hebrew Poetry* to our own, if we use 'em as they did. And then for *Angels*, *Prophets*, and *Oracles*, it wou'd be strange if they shou'd not strike the mind as agreeably when real and true, as the *Dæmons*, or *Oracles*, or *Prophets* of the *Heathens*, form'd, as has been said, partly from mistaken fragments, or *Traditions* of sacred Story, partly indeed from the Juggles of the *Heathen Priests*, and crafty *Ambitious Dæmons*. On the whole, we have all the advantages they had, and yet more than they, for *Heroic Poetry* in these matters. As for that Question of *Boileau's*, "What pleasure can it be to hear, the howlings of repining *Lucifer*: I think 'tis easier to answer than to find out what shew of Reason he had for asking it, or why *Lucifer* mayn't howl as pleasantly, as either *Cerberus*, or *Enceladus*. And let any one read but his Speech, in *Milton's Paradise*, almost equall'd in *Mr. Dryden's State of Innocence*, and I'm mistaken if he's not of the same mind; or if he be not, and it gives him no pleasure, I dare affirm 'tis for want of a true tast of what's really admirable.

But *Boileau* comes to a stronger Objection, both against the Names and use of these *Dæmons*, by way of *Machine*, I mean, in *Christian Poetry*:

*The Mysteries we Christians must believe  
Disdain such shifting Pageants to receive.*

Thus has his Translator turn'd him; and taking it in that Sence, the meaning must be, that it disgraces Christianity; to mix its *Mysteries* with stories of *Dæmons*, *Angels*, &c. But sure it can never be any disgrace, to represent it really as it is, with the frequent Intervention of those invisible and powerful Agents, both good and evil, in the Affairs of Mankind, which our Saviour has both asserted and demonstrated in his Gospel, both by *Theory* and *Practice*: Whence we learn, that there are really vast numbers of these *Spirits*; some tempting, or tormenting, others guarding and protecting *Mortals*: Nay, a subordination too among them, and that they are always vigilant, some for our Destruction, others for our Preservation, and that, as it seems, of every individual Man; and if this be true in general, I'm sure 'tis probable in particular: Nor can it be any disgrace to Christianity, to apply general Probabilities to particular Cases, or to mention these *Dæmons* in Poetry any more than in Divinity.

But indeed the Translator has here mended *Boileau's Thought*, or at least made it more plausible and defensible, tho he has mis'd his Sence; for these are his Lines:

*De la foi d'un Chrétien les Mystères terribles  
D'Ornemens egayés ne sont point susceptibles.*

The plain English of which, I think is, "That the terrible Mysteries of the *Christian Faith*, are not at all susceptible of these gay Ornaments. I'll not be too Critical here, tho methinks its but an odd sort of Gayety that's to be found in Tales of Hell; agreeable, I own, the most dreadful thing may be, if well manag'd in Poetry, but he can hardly ever make 'em gay without a very strong *Catachresis*. But tho we let that pass, so must not what follows, wherein he further explains his Notion. L' *Evangile*, &c.

*The Gospel offers nothing to our Thoughts  
But Penitence and Punishment for Faults.*

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To which it may be first said, that supposing this true, and the Gospel did present nothing else, yet why mayn't *Angels* be us'd in it, to warn Sinners to that Repentance which we know they so much rejoyce in; or *Devils*, to punish and torment the Guilty and Impious; as in the Case of *Scervæ's Son*, and others. But yet further, as to the assertion it self, I know not what *their Gospel offers*, nor I believe are they better acquainted with what *ours* does; but we are sure 'tis far enough from being such a *dismal melancholy thing* as they represent it, since *Immortality* and *Life* are brought to light therein. We know that it gives us the noblest Examples, the most divine Law, the strongest, yet justest Passions, the most glorious Combats, and Friendships, and Sufferings, such as neither *History* or *Fable* could ever yet equal. It shews us a God really Descending, disrob'd indeed of all his more dazling and insupportable Glories, as our divine *Herbert*; but yet clothed with what has more of true Divinity, with Humility and Charity, and Patience, and Meekness and Innocence. Here's War, here's Love indeed; such as never was besides, or will be more. He lov'd our Dust and Clay, and even for us, single encounter'd all the Powers of *Darkness*, and yet more, his Almighty Father's anger. But I'll go no farther, least the Reader should think I forget where I am. I must return to *Boileau*, whose strongest Objection is yet behind; *Et de vos Fictions, &c.*

*And mingling Falshood with those Mysteries  
Wou'd make our sacred Truths appear like Lies.*

But I hope the Critic knew, that there is a fair difference between a mere *Fiction*, or *Falshood*, and an *instructive Parable* or *Fable*, on one side, or a few more lively *Poetical Colours* on the other. To mingle *Falshoods*, or dull *Legendary Fictions*, without either *Life* or *Soul* in 'em, with our Saviour's Blessed Gospel, may make 'em, in some Sence, *superiour* to it. This wou'd indeed incline an *Italian* to be of the same Faith with his Countryman, that 'twas all *Fabula Christi*, in the worst Sence of the Word: But certainly expressing the Truth in *Parables*, and mingling these with the *Mysteries of the Gospel*, can't be thought to give it an *Air of Fiction*: nor dare any affirm it does so, without *Blasphemy*, since our Saviour has so often done it. Nor only these but deeper *Allegories* are thought to be made use of in the Christian Religion; for Example, the *Throne* and *Temple of God* in the *Revelations*, and the Description of the *New Jerusalem*, with all its *Gates* and *Foundations of Sapphires* and *Emeralds*, and that lovely Scheme of *Trees* and *Rivers*, worthy a *Paradise*: All this, I say, will scarcely be granted *literal*, and consequently must be all an *Allegory*; alluding partly to the *Old Jewish Church* and *Temple*, partly to *Ezekiel's Visionary Representation* and *Prophetical Paradise*. Nor can it, I think, be justly reckoned more criminal, where we have any great *instructive Example*, which has been real matter of *Fact*, to *expatiate* thereon; adding suitable and proper *Circumstances* and *Colours* to the whole, especially when the *History* it self is but succinctly Related, and the *Heads* of things only left us. And this some great Men have thought was the Method of the *Holy Pen-man* himself, whoever he were, in that lovely antient Poem of *Job*; which, that 'twas at the bottom a real *History*, few but *Atheists* deny; and yet 'tis thought some *Circumstances* might be amplified in the account we have left us, particularly the *long Speeches* between that Great Man and his Friends; tho the main hinges of the Relation, his Person, Character, and Losses, the malice of the Devil, the behaviour of his Wife and Friends, nay even the Substance of their Discourses, as well as of that between God and him, and the wonderful Turn of his Affairs soon after: All this might, and did, truly happen. Or, if any amplification shou'd be here deny'd, does not the Divine however every day, *Paraphrase* and *Expatiate* upon the Words of his Text, inverting their Method as he sees occasion, and yet is still thought unblamable. All the difference is, that he delivers what's probable, as 'only probable; whereas the Nature of Poetry requires, that such probable Amplifications as these, be wrought into the main Action, in such a manner, as if they had really happen'd; and without this, a man might *Ryme* long enough, but n'er cou'd make a

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Poem, any more than this would have been one, had I begun with, *Abraham* begat *Isaac*, and so tagg'd on to the end of all the *fourteen Generations*, much as *Nonnus* has done with *St. John*, and yet often mis'd his Sence too, as *Heinsius* judges.

But enough of *Fable*, and of those who would either reduce all *Heroic Poetry* unto it, or absolutely banish it thence.

Next the *Fable of Epics*, the *Poem* is to be considered; which, after *Bossu*, is the other part of its *general Nature*, and shews the *manner* of handling it, comprehending *Thoughts*, *Expressions* and *Verses*; of which there need not much be said, since the most obvious to every *Reader*. The *Thoughts* must be *clear*, and *just*, and *noble*, and the *Diction* or *Expression* suited to them. The chief *Difficulty*, as *Rapin* observes, is to keep up the *Sublime*, which *Virgil* has done admirably, even in the *meanest Subjects*; and which *Aristotle* thinks may be best done by the judicious use of *Metaphors*. There ought to meet, according to him, *Proportion* in the *Design*, *Justness* in the *Thoughts*, and *Exactness* in the *Expression*, to constitute an accomplish'd *Heroic Poem*; and the great *Art* of *Thought* and *Expression* lies in this, that they be *natural* and *proper* without *Meanness*, and *sublime* without a *vitious Swelling* and *Affectation*.

The *Matter* is next in an *Heroic Poem*, which must be some *one important Action*; it must be *important*, *Res gestæ Regumque Ducumque*, with *Horace*. "It only speaks of *Kings* and *Princes*, says *Rapin*, by which he must mean that it chiefly and principally turns upon them: for both *Virgil* and *Homer* have occasion for *Traitors*, and *Cryers*, and *Beggars*, nay even *Swinberds* (in the *Odyssees*) and yet still more, of *whole Armies*, which can't be all compos'd of *Kings* and *Princes*. However, the more there is of these *lower Walks* in the *Plan* of a *Design*, the less *Heroic* it must appear, even in the *Hands* of the greatest *Genius* in *Nature*. Such a *Genius*, I think, was *Homer's*, and yet the *Truth* of this *Assertion* will be plain to any who compares his *Odyssees* with his *Iliads*; where he'll find, if 'tis not for want of *Judgment*, in the latter a very different *Air* from the former, in many places much more *dead* and *languishing*, and this which I have given, seems one *probable Reason* on't; not excluding that of *Longinus*, that *Homer* was then *grown old*, and besides too much of the *Work* was spent in *Narration*; to which may be added, that he here design'd a *wise* and *prudent* rather than a *brave* and *fighting Hero*; having wrought off most of the *Edg* and *Fury* of his *Youthful Spirit* and *Fury* in *Achilles*, as in *Ulysses* he express'd more of *Age* and *Judgment*.

This *Action* must be *one* and *uniform*: the *Painture* of *one Heroic Action*, says *Rapin* from *Aristotle*. It must be, as *Bossu* from *Horace*, *simplex duntaxat & unum*, that is, the *principal Action* on which the whole *Work* moves ought to be *one*, otherwise the whole will be confus'd; tho there may be many *Episodic Actions* without making what *Aristotle* calls an *Episodic Poem*, which is, where the *Actions* are not necessarily or not *probably* link'd to each other, and of such an *irregular multiplication* of *Actions* and *Incidents*. *Bossu* instances very pleasantly in *Statius's Achilleid*; but he tells us there's also a *regular* and *just Multiplication*, without which 'twere impossible to find matter for so large a *Poem*, when as before it's so ordered that the *Unity* of the whole is not broken, and consequently *divers Incidents* it has bound together are not to be accounted *different Actions* and *Fables*, but only *different Parts* not finish'd, or entire of *one Action* or *Fable* entire or *finished*: and, agreeable to this *Doctrine*, *Rapin* blames *Lucan's Episodes* as too *far-fetch'd*, *over-scholastic*, and consisting purely of *speculative Disputes* on *natural Causes* whenever they came in his way, not being link'd with the *main Action*, nor flowing *naturally* from it, nor tending to its *Perfection*.

And in this *Action*, the *Poet* ought, as *Rapin* tells us, to *invert* the *natural Order* of things, not to begin with his *Hero* in the *Cradle*, and write his *Annals* instead of an *Epic Poem*, as *Statius* in his *Achilleid*, the *Reason* of which seems plain, because this would look more like *History* than *Poetry*. It's more agreeable, more *natural*, in some Sence, to be here *unnatural*; to bring in, by way of *Recitation* or *Narration*, what was *first* in order of time, at some distance from that time when it really hap-pened,

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poned, which makes the whole look unlike a *dull formal Story*, and gives more scope for handsome *Turns* and the *Art* of the *Writer*. Another Reason why a *whole Life* is not ordinarily a proper *Subject* for *Epics*, is, because many *trivial Accidents* must be therein recited; but if a *Life* can be found in which is nothing but what's *diverting* and *wonderful*, tending besides to the perfecting the *main Action*, and the *Order of time revers'd* in the whole, the Case would be so much altered, that I think their Rules would not hold.

For the *Form of Epic*, which comes next in view, 'tis agreed on all hands to be *Recitation* or *Narration*. *Bossu* says, the Persons are not at all to be introduced before the Eyes of the Spectators, acting by themselves without the Poet; not that he'd hereby exclude the Poet from introducing the persons telling their own Story, or some one of them that of the *principal Hero*: for great part of *Epic* is thus far *Dramatic*. And thus *Virgil* manages his *second* and *third Books* by way of *Recitation*, and that by his *Hero* himself, making him give *Dido* a long account of the *Wars of Troy*, and his own Actions, tho thereby he falls into the *impropriety* of commending himself, with a — *sum pius Eneas*. *Vida* takes the same way of *Recitation*, wherein he employs two or three of his *six Books*; and *Milton* follows them both, tho less naturally than either; for he introduces our Saviour, in his *Paradise regain'd*, repeating a great part of his own *Life* in *Soliloquy*, which way of Discourse includes, in a *Wise Man* especially, so much of *Calmness* and *deep Reflection*, that it seems improper for the *great* and *noble Turn* required in such a Work, unless in describing a *Passion*, where it may be more *lively*. All that they mean by not introducing the Parties, is not doing it as in a *Tragedy*: they are not to be brought in *abruptly* to tell their own *Tale* from the beginning, without the *appearing Help* of the Poet, as *Actors* in a true and proper *Drama*. And this *Narration*, says *Rapin*, should be *simple* and *natural*; but the greatest difficulty is, not to let its *simplicity* appear, lest it thence grow *disagreeable*, and the chiefest *Art* in this, consists in its *Transitions*, and all the *delicate surprising Turns*, which lead the Reader from one thing to another without his thinking whether he's going, or perceiving any *Breach* or so much as a *passage* between 'em; after all, the more *Action* there is in *Epic*, still the more *Life* there will be. A Poet may, I find, easily fall into *Poorness* of *Thought* by aiming too much at the *Probability* and neglecting the *Admirable*; whereby he loses that *agreeableness* which is a mixture of both. He ought then to take more care than *some* have done, not to keep himself too long behind the Scenes, and trust the *Narration* with another, which, without a great deal of *Art* and *Pains*, will take off much of the *Life* of the Work, as *Longinus* has already formerly observed.

And here come in the Qualities of *Narration*, mentioned in our *Definition*, that it ought to be done in a manner *probable*, *agreeable*, and *admirable*; 'tis rendered *probable* by its *Simplicity* and *Singularity*, and *admirable* by the *Grandeur* of the *Subject*, the *Figures* and *Machines*, or *دعوى و جهازين*, much more lawful here than in the *Drama's*; and lastly *agreeable*, as has been said, by a mixture of both.

The last thing in our *Definition*, is, the *End of Epic*, indeed the *first* and *principal* which ought to be intended, and that's *Instruction*, not only, as *Rapin* thinks, of *great Men*, but of *all*. as in *Virgil's* Scheme, which we have already described; and this either by the principal *Moral* aim'd at in the whole, or the *Manners* of particular Persons. Of *Fable* and *Moral*, I've already discours'd, and whether be the more *lively* and *probable* way to *instruct*, by *that* or *History*. But here it may be worth the while to enquire, whether the *principal Hero* in *Epic* ought to be *virtuous*? *Bossu* thinks not, the *manners* being formed as well by seeing *Errors* as *Beauties* in the chief *Actors*; but yet methinks it seems too much to form a *Hero* that's a perfect *Almazor*, with not one *spark of Vertue*, and only remarkable for his extraordinary *Strength* and little *Brains*; such was certainly *Homer's Achilles*, of whom I think the *Father* was in the right when he observes, the Poet makes him not do one *brave* or *virtuous Action*, all the while he lies before the *Town*: whereas *Virgil's Hero*, is, to tell truth, an *indifferent good Heathen*, and, bating one or two *slips*, comes up pretty well to his own good word. The same however may be said for *Homer*, which our present

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present Dramatists plead for their *Excuse*; that he copied his *Hero* from those who were esteemed such in the *barbarous Age* in which he liv'd,

*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
Fura neget sibi nata, &c.*

Made up of *Lewdness*, *Love*, and *Fighting*: who, had he liv'd in our days, would have made an excellent *Town-Bully*, I with there were not too much reason to say a *modish Gentleman*. But tho old *Homer* took this way, *Virgil*, who writes with much more *Judgment* and *Exactness*, and follows him in many things, here thought fit to leave him; making his *Hero*, as I've said, not only *brave* and *prudent*, but for the most part *virtuous*. Which would much better form the *manners* of his Reader, than if they were set to spell out *Instruction* from *contraries*, as *Homer* has done. Whence it follows, the more *virtuous* a *Hero* is, the better; since he more effectually answers the true end of *Epics*. After all, *Rapin* says, the chief Excellency of an *Heroic Poem* consists in the *just proportion* of the *Parts*; that *perfect Union*, *just Agreement*, and *admirable Relation*, which the *Parts* of this *great Work* bear one towards another; and blames *Tasso* for mingling all the *Sweetness* and *Delicacy* of *Eclogues* and *Lyricks*, with the *Force* of an *Heroic Poem*. But I should think him *mistaken* here, and that this is not the meaning of *Aristotles* *ἀνδραγαθία*. For if we allow not such a *pleasing Variety*, how shall we excuse even *Virgil* himself, who has his *Dido*, as well as *Tasso* his *Armida* and *Erminia*? nay, how shall we manage *Love*? which is usually one great *Episode* of *Heroic*, if not with something of *Delicacy*. I grant *Love* ought to have a *different Air* in *different sorts* of *Poems*; but still if it be natural it must have something of *Sofiness*; and for his *Enchanted Forest*, which this *severe Critic* also blames, I believe there's few who read that part of his *Work*, who would willingly have it omitted, for the sake of a fancied *Regularity*, any more than they would part with Mr. *Dryden's* Improvement on't in his *King Arthur*. However, if it be a fault, 'tis strange so many who have been Masters of the greatest *Genius* should unanimously fall into it; as *Ovid* in his *Palace of Circe*, *Ariosto* in that of *Alcina*, and *Spencer* in his *Acaia's Bower of Bliss*, and several others, who have taken the same Method. I should therefore rather think that this *beautiful* and *marvellous Analogy* which *Aristotle* requires as the best thing in *Epic*, relates rather to the *Harmony* and *Agreement* of the *Parts* with the *Whole*; so that there appears no *Fracture* or *Contradiction*, the *different Parts*, tho much unlike, yet *altogether* making one *beautiful Figure* and *uniform Variety*.

And thus much of the *Definition of Epic*, containing the main *Rules* thereof, by which the Reader may be able to form a *Judgment* of *this*, or any other *Heroic Poem*. Especially if to these *Rules* be added some *Examples* to render them more *plain*. In order to which I desire to express my *Thoughts* freely of other *Poems*, as I must expect every one will do of *mine*, always observing that piece of *Justice*, never to find fault, without taking notice of some *Beauty* to balance it, and giving, where I can find it, the better *Judgment* of other Persons as well as my own. Concluding all with a brief account of my own *Work*.

To begin then with *Grandfire Homer*, this may be added to the particular *Remarks* have been already made. I think none will deny but the *Disposition* of his *Iliads*, is so truly *admirable*, so *regular*, and *exact*, that one would be apt to think he wrote his *Poem* by *Aristotle's Rules*, and not *Aristotle* his *Rules* by his *Poem*. I confess I once thought that he had been oblig'd to his *Commentators* for most of the *Beauties* they celebrated in him; but I am now, on a nearer view, so well satisfied to the contrary, that I can ne'er think his *Poem* writ by *piece-meal*, without any *Connexion* or *Dependance*: wherein *Dionysius the Halicarnassian* very justly praises the *Order* and *Management* of the *Design*, as well as the *Grandeur* and *Magnificence* of the *Expression*, and the *sweet* and *passionate Movements*. Nor is it without reason that *Horace*, *Longinus*, and all *Antiquity* have given him, as the *Model* of *just* and *noble Sentiments* and *Expressions*. I must confess there's something in his *Numbers* that strikes me more than even *Virgil's*, his *Thoughts* and *Expressions* appear stronger than

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than his, tho it cannot be denied but that *Virgil's Design* is much more regular. *Rapin* says a great deal of that *Prince of the Latin Poets*, tho indeed he can never say enough, "He had an admirable Taste, says he, of what's natural, an excellent Judgment for the Order, and an incomparable Delicacy for the Number and Harmony of his Versification. And adds, "That the Design of the Poem is, if we consider it in all its Circumstances, the most judicious and best-laid that ever was or ever will be. There is indeed a prodigious Variety in *Virgil*, and yet the same Soul visible in every Line. His own great Spirit informs his Poetical World, and like that he speaks of,

————— totos infusa per Artus  
Mens agitat Molem, & magno se corpore miscet.

He's soft with the height of Majesty, his *Marcellus*, his *Dido*, and, I think, above all his *Elegy on Pallas* is very noble and tender. The joints so strong and exactly wrought, the Parts so proportionable the Thoughts and Expression so great, the Compliments so fine and just, that I could ne'er endure to read *Statius*, or any of the rest of the Antient Latins after him; with whom therefore I shan't concern my self nor trouble my Reader. *Ariosto* was the first of the Moderns who attempted any thing like an Heroic Poem, and has many great and beautiful Thoughts; but at the same time, 'tis true, as *Balsac* observes, that you can hardly tell whether he's a Christian or an Heathen, making God swear by *Styx*, and using all the Pagan Ornaments; his Fancy very often runs away with his Judgment, his Action is neither one nor simple; nor can you imagine what he drives at; he has an hundred Hero's but you can't tell which he designs should be chief: *Orlando* indeed seems a wild Imitation of *Homer's Achilles*, but his Character is not bright enough to make him the Principal; and besides he orders it so, that he does more great Actions when he's mad than when sober. Agreeable to this are *Rapin's* thoughts of him, which, in few words, are, "That he's elevated and admirable in his Expressions, his Descriptions fine, but that he wants Judgment; and speaks well, but thinks ill, and that tho the Parts are handsome enough, yet the whole Work can by no means pass for an Epic Poem, he having never seen the Rules of *Aristotle*; which he thinks *Tasso* had, and therefore wrote much better, whom he commends as more correct in his Design, more regular in the ordering his Fable, and more accomplish'd in all parts of his Poem than any other of the Italians, whom yet he justly blames, because he has two Hero's *Godfredo* and *Rinaldo*, of whom *Godfredo* seems the principal, and yet *Rinaldo* performs the greatest part of the notable Actions. He seems to imitate *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, but then he raises his *Agamemnon* too high, or keeps him too low, for he hardly lets him do one great Action through the whole Work. He further criticises upon him as mingling too much Gallantry with his Poem, which, he thinks, is unbecoming the Gravity of his Subject. But whether this Censure be just, I know not, for Love and Gallantry runs through all *Virgil's Aeneids*, in the instances of *Helen*, *Dido* and *Lavinia*, and indeed it gives so great a Life to Epic, that it hardly can be agreeable without it, and I question whether ever it has been so. Nor is he more just, I think, against *Tasso's Episodes*, which he blames as not proper to circumstantiate his principal Action, not entering into the Causes and Effects thereof, but seeking too much to please, tho I think this Charge is unjust, for 'tis in his Episodes, if any where, that *Tasso* is admirable. I might here give several Instances, but shall, at present, only refer my Reader to that of *Tancred* and *Erminia*, and I'm mistaken if he does not dissent from *Rapin* in this particular. *Sannazarius* and *Vida* were the next who did any thing remarkable in Epic; they both writ in Latin on the same Subject, both Christian Heroics; *Rapin* says they both had good a Genius for Latin the Purity of their Style being admirable, but that their ordering of the Fable has nothing in't of Delicacy, nor is the manner of their Writing proportionable to the dignity of the Subject. For *Sannazarius* he's indeed so faulty, that one can hardly with Patience read him, the whole Structure of his imperfect Piece, *de partu*, being built on Heathen Fable; yet he has great and vigorous Thoughts and very Poetical Expressions, tho therein *Vida* far excels him, whose Thoughts are so noble, and the Air of his

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*Stile* so great, that the Elogy *Balzak* gives his Countryman *Tasso*, wou'd as well or rather better have fitted him; "That *Virgil* is the Cause; *Vida* is not the first; and *Vida*, that *Virgil* is not alone. It is true, as *Rapin* observes, that his *Fable* is very simple, and perhaps so much the better, considering the Subject; tho he forgets not Poetical Ornaments, where there's occasion, if he does not lean a little to *Sannazarius's* Error; for he talks of the Gorgons and *Sphinxes*, the Centaurs and *Hydras* and *Chimeras*, tho much more sparingly and modestly than the other. He has the happiest beginning that perhaps is to be found in any Poem, and by mingling his Proposition and Invocation, has the advantage of placing one of the noblest Thoughts in the World in the first Line, without danger of falling into the absurdity of *Horace's* Author with his *Fortunam Priami*: For thus he sings,

*Quimare, qui terras, qui cælum numine complex—Spiritus alme, &c.*

After the Invocation, in the very beginning of the Poem, he's preparing the Incidents for his Hero's Death; he brings him to *Jerusalem* at the Passover with *Hosanna's*; then raises his Machins, and falls to the Description of Hell. He through the whole, uses his Figures very gracefully; few have bin more happy in Comparisons, more moving in Passion, succinct, yet full in Narrations: Yet is he not without Faults; for in the second Book he brings him to his last Supper in the Garden, from thence before *Caiaphas* and *Pilate*; which too much precipitates the main Action: Besides, it seems harsh and improbable to bring in *S. John*, and *Joseph*, our Saviours reputed Father, as he does in the third and fourth Book, giving *Pilate* an account of his Life; not to insist on the general Opinion, that *Joseph* was not then alive. But notwithstanding these few failures, it can't be deny'd, that his Description of our Saviours Passion in the fourth Book, is incomparably fine; the disturbance among the Angels on that occasion; his Character of *Michael*, and the Virgins Lamentation under the Cross, and at the Sepulchre, are inimitable. And thus much for *Vida*, on whom I've been more large because I've often made use of his Thoughts in this following Work; his Poem being the most complete on that Subject I've ever seen or expect to see. And here han't the English more reason to complain of *Rapin*, that he takes no notice of their Heroic Poems, than *Lopex Vega* of *Tasso*, for not mentioning the Spaniards at the Siege of *Jerusalem*: but since he has been so partial, as not to take any notice of our Writers, who sure as much deserve it as their *Dubartas* and *Ronsard*; We may have liberty to speak of our own, and to do 'em Justice: To begin with *Spencer*, who I think comes the nearest *Ariosto* of any other; he's almost as Irregular, but much more Natural and Lovely: But he's not only Irregular but Imperfect too, I mean, as to what he intended; and therefore we can't well imagine what it wou'd have been, had he liv'd to complete it. If *Fable* be the Essence of Epic, his *Fairy Queen* had certainly enough of that to give it that Name. He seems, by the account he gives of it to *Sir Walter Rawleigh*, to have design'd one Principal Hero King *Arthur*, and one main important Action bringing him to his Throne; but neither of these appear sufficiently distinct, or well defin'd, being both lost in the vast Seas of Matter which compose those Books which are finish'd. This however must be granted, the Design was Noble, and required such a comprehensive Genius as his, but to draw the first Scetch of it: And as the Design, so the Thoughts are also very great, the Expressions flowing natural and easie, with such a prodigious Poetical Copia as never any other must expect to enjoy. *Gondibert* methinks wants Life; the Style is rather stiff than Heroic, and has more of *Statius* than *Virgil*; one may see every where a great deal of Art, and Pains, and Regularity, even to a fault; nor is a Genius wanting, but its so unnatural, that an ingenious Person may find much more pleasure in reading a worse Poet. Besides, his *Stanzas* often cramp the Sense, and injure many a noble Thought and Passion. But Mr. *Cowley's Davideis* is the Medium between both; it has *Gondiberts* Majesty without his stiffness, and something of *Spencer's* Sweetness and Variety without his Irregularity: Indeed all his Works are so admirable, that another *Cowley* might well be employ'd in giving them their just Elogy. His *Hero* is according to the antient Model, truly Poetical, a

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mixture of some *Faults* and greater *Virtues*. He had the advantage of both Love and Honour for his *Episodes*, nay; and Friendship too, and that the noblest in History. He had all the sacred History before him, and liberty to chuse where he pleased, either by Narration or Prophecie; nor has he, as far as he has gone, neglected any Advantages the Subject gave him. Its a great Loss to the World that he left the Work unfinish'd, since now he's dead, its always like to continue so. As for *Milton's Paradise Lost* its an Original, and indeed he seems rather above the common Rules of *Epic* than ignorant of them. Its I'm sure a very lovely Poem, by what ever Name its call'd, and in it he has many Thoughts and Images, greater than perhaps any either in *Virgil* or *Homer*. The Foundation is true History, but the turn is Fable: The Action is very Important, but not uniform; for one can't tell which is the Principal in the Poem, the Wars of the Angels, or the Fall of Man, nor which is the Chief Person *Michael* or *Adam*. Its true, the former comes in as an *Episode* to the latter, but it takes up too great a part thereof, because its link'd to it. His Discourse of Light is incomparable; and I think 'twas worth the while to be blind to be its Author. His Description of *Adam* and *Eve*, their Persons and Love, is almost too lively to bear reading: Not but that he has his *inequalities* and *repetitions*, the latter pretty often, as have, more or less, all other Poets but *Virgil*. For his antique Words I'm not like to blame him whoever does: And for his blank Verse, I'm of a different mind from most others, and think they rather excuse his *uncorrectness* than the contraries; for I find its easier to run into it, in that sort of Verse, than in *Rhyming Works*, where the *Thought* is oftner turned; whereas here the *Fancy* flows on without check or controul. As for his *Paradise Regain'd*, I nothing wonder that it has not near the *Life* of his former Poem, any more than the *Odyssees* fell short of the *Iliads*. *Milton*, when he writ this, was grown Older, probably poorer: He had not that scope for Fable, was confin'd to a lower Walk, and draws out that in four Books which might have been well compriz'd in one: Notwithstanding all this, there are many strokes which appear truly his; as the Mustering of the *Parthian Troops*, the Description of *Rome* by the Devil to our Saviour, and several other places.

And now I've done with all the rest, I may take liberty to say something of my own.

For the Subject I dare stand by it, that 'tis fit for a better *Heroic Poem* than any ever was, or will be made; and that if a good Poem cou'd not be made on't, it must be either from the weakness of the Art it self, or for want of a good Artist. I don't say the Subject with all its Circumstances is the best for *Epic*, but considered in it self, or with a prudent choice out of the vast Field of Matter which it affords.

The Action is Important, if ever any was, being no less than the Redemption of the World, which was not accomplish'd till after our Saviours Death and Resurrection. The Ascension I confess shou'd be left out, according to the common Rules of *Heroic Poetry*, but I had not the same reason for omitting it, as others have for not coming to the End of their History, a little short of which they generally stop, because after the main Business is over, nothing great remains, or however not greater than has already past. And if any thing mean followed, the Reader wou'd leave off dissatisfied. But I've as great and remarkable an Action, as any in the whole story, yet upon my Hands, and which if I had omitted, I had lost many very moving Incidents that follow'd the Resurrection; and besides, *Vida* before me, has carry'd it yet further, to the actual Descent of the Holy Ghost on the Disciples, and the spreading the Christian Name all the World over; which I've done only in Prophecy.

The Action is I think uniform, because all the Episodes are part of the main Action, the Redemption of the World; to which his Incarnation, and Divine Conception were absolutely necessary, and so were his Holy Life, Doctrine, Miracles, and especially his Sufferings and Agonies. My principal Hero was perfect, yet imitable, and that both

# The PREFACE.

in *active* and *contemplative* Life. He leaves his own *Kingdom* to *save* and *conquer* another, endures the greatest *hardships*, is reduc'd to the *lowest ebb*, nay is at last forc'd to suffer *Death* it self. Yet after all, he emerges from his *Misfortunes*, conquers all his *Enemies*, fixes *Laws*, establishes *Religion*, *Peace*, and his own *Empire*, and is advanced higher than any *Conquerour* ever was before him.

The other *Persons* are Heroical enough, *Angels*, *Kings*, *High Priests*, *Governours*, *Councillors*, nay even the *Apostles* themselves were more than *Kings*, for they were thought and call'd *Gods* by the People. The *Moral* I find not make it, in a true *Example*, which others are forc'd to *Form* in *Fable*; "That we ought to do *Good*, to "suffer evil, submit to the *Divine Will*; to venture or lose a *Life* for a *Friend*; to for-  
"give our *Enemies*.

Yet further I desire to recommend the whole of the *Christian Religion*; all the *Articles of Faith*; all that *System of Divinity* and *Morality* contain'd in the *Gospel* of the Blessed *Jesus*, to the *Study* and *Practice* of *Persons* of *Ingenuity* and *Reason*; to make his *Divine Person*, which is already infinitely *Amiable*, if possible, actually more *Ador'd* and *Lov'd*; and to *Vindicate* his *Mission*, his *Satisfaction*, and his *Divinity*, against all *Jews*, *Turks*, *Infidels*, and *Heretics*; which sure are the most proper *Ends* that can be propos'd in a *Work* of this *Nature*: Which may be agreeably and admirably done, if 'tis not the *Poets* fault; for here's all the *marvellous* that cou'd be wish'd for, already done to my *Hand*, and all *sacredly True*, *Angels* and *Demons*, and *Miracles*, with *Voices from Heaven*.

Now the *Subject* being so fit for a good *Heroic Poem*, I shall have the less excuse, if this be a bad one. And here I must ingeniously confess, I had seen none of these *Rules* given by the *Masters of Epic*, when I laid the *Scheme* of this *Poem*, tho I wish I had, for I might probably then have done it better, or not at all. I knew not the hazard of the *undertaking*, but greedily embrac'd it, when first propos'd by some *Friends*, who were ignorant of what they put me upon. Being full of the *Design*; wherein, the earnest desire I had to see it accomplish'd, and either a *lucky Chance*, or the *Happiness* of my *Subject*, may perhaps in some *Instances*, have supply'd the want both of *Rules* and *Genius*. All I will say of my own performance is, that I now know the *Faults* on't, tho I am not oblig'd to point 'em out to my *Reader*, who will but too soon find 'em. That I wou'd have mended much that's now amiss, had I liv'd in an Age where a man might afford to be *Nine* or *Ten Years* about a *Poem*. And in the mean time this satisfies me, whatever is the success, that I've done all that cou'd be done by one in my *Circumstances* towards the rendring it more compleat and free from *Faults*, and only wish that my own *Reputation* may suffer, by the *weakness* of the *Work*, and not the *Dignity* of the *Subject*.

I cou'd plead for my self what *Longinus* says on *Works* of this *Nature*, wou'd it not look like *Arrogance*, "That even the greatest *Genius* may sometimes sink "into meanness, when the force of their *Spirits* is once exhausted: That its very "difficult for height of *Thought* to sustain itself long in an equal *Tenour*; and that "some *Faults* ought to be excused when there are more *Beauties*. But if none of these will pass, I hope it will not much mortifie me, since I think the *World* and I have no great matter to do with one another. I'm sensible my *Poem* wou'd have had fewer *Enemies*, had I left out some *Passages* in't. But as mean as the worst of this are, I wou'd not buy their good *Word* at such a rate. I had almost forgot to mention the *Gravers Work*, which is not without *Faults*, particularly he has err'd in the *Posture* of the *Disciples* at the last *Supper*, whom he has made *Sitting*, when they were really *Declining*, or *Discombent*. But its now more than time to conclude my long *Preface*, which I shall do in few *Words*. Since the chief *Design* in this *Work*, is to advance the *Honour* of my *Hero*, and next to that, the entertainment of *Pious* and *ingenious Minds*; for the truth of which, I hope I may appeal to the great *Ketmde tis xadlas*. I shall not be much concern'd for the success it may meet with in the *World*.

To Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY on his Divine Poem of the Life of CHRIST.

**A**S when some *Prophet*, who had long retir'd,  
Returns from Solitude with Rapture fir'd,  
With full *Credentials* made securely bold,  
To listning Crowds do's Charmingly unfold }  
What Angels him in awful Visions told ;  
With wond'rous Truths surprizing ev'ry Brest,  
His sacred Mission is by all Confest.  
So you, great *Bard*, who lay till now conceal'd,  
Compiling what your Heav'nly Muse reveal'd,  
No sooner quit the Shade, but strike our Eyes  
With *Wonder*, and our Mind with *Exstasies*.

Ev'n we, the Tribe who thought our selves inspir'd,  
Like glimm'ring Stars in Night's dull reign admir'd ;  
Like Stars, a num'rous but a feeble Host,  
Are gladly in your Morning-lustre lost.  
When we ( and few have been so well inclin'd )  
In Songs attempted to Instruct Mankind,  
From Nature's Law wee all our Precepts drew,  
And ev'n her Sanctions oft perverted too ;  
Your sacred Muse do's *Revelation* trace ;  
And *Nature* is by you improv'd to *Grace*.

*Verse* is a Tribute due to sacred Writ,  
But seldom paid, or, not in currant Wit ;  
The Undertakers fail in *Zeal* or *Art*,  
They want the Genius, or they want the Heart :  
To Crown your pious Off'ring both combine ;  
At once your Numbers and your Theme divine.

The Race of Poets, while a virtuous Train,  
For Inspiration never call'd in vain ;  
But fail'd in *Wit*, their stock of *Virtue* spent,  
And as they grew Debauch'd; grew Impotent.  
'Tis in their own, and in Religion's wrong,  
When Beauty, Wealth or Pow'r employ's their Song.  
But if they trespass who are only *Vain*,  
What *Punishment*'s reserv'd for the *Prophane* !

How shall the *Panders* scape, who foul *Desire*,  
In Poetry's alluring *Charms* attire?  
Too guilty, while, like *Emp'ricks* they employ  
Their baneful *Skill*, and privately destroy;  
But when the publick *Teeming Press* they ply,  
Thro' all the *Realm* their poyson'd *Papers* flie;  
Not *rural Nymphs* are safe in their *Retreats*,  
Th' *Infection* reaches the remotest *Seats*.  
Who once the *Poets Function* thus betray,  
What *Helicon* can wash their *Saints* away!  
Such *Lepers* wou'd make *Jordan's Stream* impure,  
But *Jordan's Stream* can ne'er such *Lepers Cure*.

What just *Encomiums*, Sir, must you receive,  
Who *Wit* and *Piety* together weave.  
No *Altar* your *Oblation* can refuse,  
Who to the *Temple* bring a *spotless Muse*:  
You, with fresh *Laurels* from *Parnassus* born,  
Plant *Sion's Hill*, and *Salem's Tow'rs* adorn;  
You break the *Charms*, and from prophane *Retreats*  
Restore the *Muses* to their *Native Seats*.

Mr. *Milton*. Our leading \* *Moses* did this *Task* pursue,  
And liv'd to have the *Holy Land* in view;  
With vig'rous *Youth* to finish the *Success*,  
Like *Joshua* you Succeed, and all *Possess*.

Deep *Learning's Stores* to raise this *Pile* are brought,  
Bright *Fancy* after *Judgment's Model* wrought:  
The *vast Idea* seem'd a subject fit  
To exercise an able *Poet's Wit*;  
But to *Express*, to *Finish* and *Adorn*,  
Remain'd for you, who for this *Work* was Born.  
The temper'd *Stile* not too remiss or strong,  
But suited to the *Subject* of the *Song*;  
Which, varying, always shews a *Master's Skill*,  
Sweet as a *Vale*, or lofty as a *Hill*.

Here, *pious Souls*, what they did long desire,  
Possess their dear *Redeemer's Life* intire:  
Here, with whole *Paradise* regain'd they meet,  
And *Milton's noble Work* is now compleat.

June 28. 1693.

N. Tate.

Too

*To the Ingenious Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY on his  
Poem of the Life of CHRIST.*

**R** Edeem'd ? It's true ; the happy Muse no more  
Can her *Egyptian* slavish Chains deplore ;  
No more shall spurious Gods or Heroes rais'd  
In pow'rful Numbers, be devoutly Prais'd ;  
Verse form'd 'em Idols, while Immortal Verse  
Wou'd Fancy's Dreams in weighty Lines rehearse ;  
Perverted Poetry cou'd with ease controul  
The wiser Passions of the thoughtful Soul ;  
And into Mischiefs force the Passive Throng,  
Hurry'd by the impetuous Witchcraft of deluding Song.

Thy Muse, a Convert made, in nobler Strains  
Sings that great God who in himself contains  
This spacious A L L, whose active Word commands  
The Prince of Idols with his gloomy Bands  
Down to those Deeps, where endless Torture dwells,  
Beneath the solid darkness of a thousand Hells.

God's and his *David's* Son, the wond'rous Heir  
Of Heav'n and Earth, thy tuneful Rhimes declare :  
No Man of Sorrows now, nor meanly Crown'd  
With blushing Thorns, nor barbarous Fetters bound ;  
But in immense *Eternal* Brightness plac'd,  
With all his Fathers ancient Glories grac'd ;  
Great, Pure, Immortal, always Blest, Sublime,  
Before the *first*, beyond the *last* of Time ;  
Where to the Name of their triumphant King,  
Hymns sweet as *Thyme*, extatick Angels sing.

What poor Evangelists prescrib'd of old,  
And studious Priests still to their Flocks unfold ;  
Was, till of late, by pious Crowds admir'd,  
Their Tales Authentick as their Minds Inspir'd ;  
Now Damn'd as plain and low, tho' mysttick all,  
Truth must before the Dagon Nonsense fall.

A dull lewd Song to *Celia* dubs the Wit,  
When, with his Title proud, the senseless Chit

And

Defies his Maker, and his Dictates scorns,  
And Heav'n to ridicule and banter turns :  
Truth for his Fancy must be gayly drest,  
Like the *May Lady* at some Country Feast.

In thy smooth Verse stands that unchanging Truth,  
With Beauties varnish'd and adorn'd with Youth;  
Drest in Poetick robes of Flame and Light,  
Pleasant as Morning, and as Mid-day bright ;  
Thy Verse may Charm him who the Preacher flies,  
Reform the Brute, and make the Senseless Wise.

So when a Devil malignant *Saul* posselt,  
And broke the quiet of his tortur'd Breast ;  
When Rage and Folly in his Thoughts combin'd,  
Diseas'd his Body, and disturb'd his Mind ;  
His Harp the gay *Jessean Psalmist* strung,  
And to his Harp some sacred *Anthem* sung ;  
So smooth his Voice, so swift his flying Hand  
Did trembling Notes and chiding Strings command ;  
So much of Heav'n did the black Spirit confound,  
Nor cou'd his Hell support the charming sound ;  
But from his Throne the proud Usurper flew,  
While Musicks Terrors did his flight pursue,  
And *Saul's* rebellious Thoughts and inward Rage subdue. }

*Sic puer Elkanides Domini resupinus in Æde  
Summissâ æthereos excipit aure sonos,  
Afflatuq; sacro Divinos concipit Ignes,  
Et subito in vatium proruit Ipse modos:  
Tu, Juvenis, rapis Arma prior, Musasq; profanas  
In pia Christicolûm, maxime, castra refers.  
Maçte animis Welleie tuis, repetitaq; Christi,  
Gesta subacta magis pensa secunda dabunt.*

*Raptim.*

L. Milbourne.

To my Ingenious Friend Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY,  
on his Poem the Life of CHRIST.

**C**hrift's Life! And sung in *English* Poefie!  
Who of our Bards durst e'er effay't till thee!  
Their Pens are idly busie for the Stage,  
To humour there the Genius of the Age;  
Their cheif design is still to please the Pit,  
And there expose the Folly of their Wit;  
But every Theme that's Noble and Divine,  
With awkward Modesty they still decline:  
About the sacred Ark they trembling stand,  
But dare not touch with their unhallow'd Hand;  
They plead, alas! They've too prophane a Muse,  
And urge their very Crimes for their excuse.  
Dryden alone, swoll'n with a nobler Pride,  
Out of the common road once step'd aside;  
Bravely went on where Milton broke the Ice,  
And sweetly mourn'd the loss of Paradise;  
Richly embroyder'd his old fashion'd Ground,  
And still refin'd the golden Oar he found;  
Each Comeliness up to a Beauty wrought,  
Polish'd each Line and heighten'd every Thought;  
What Mortal cou'd have been with him compar'd,  
As he began had he but Persever'd!  
Cowley indeed (his Works sufficient proof)  
For this great Theme —  
At once was Poet and was Saint enough.  
Had he the blessed Jesus made his choice,  
He'd Heav'nly Skill to sing, and Heav'nly Voice;  
But on his Type he rather chose to write,  
His shadow, yet himself a glorious Light;  
David, that mighty Man, employ'd his pains,  
He David sung, and sung with David's strains;  
Scarce cou'd the Musick of his charming Lyre  
Of whom he sang, more please, or more inspire:

But

But ah! While he too nigh to *Heav'n* did soar,  
 The *Angels* caught his Soul o'th' *Wing*, and bore  
 To their blest *Quire*, whence he return'd no more:  
 Around him strait the wond'ring *Seraph's* throng,  
 And beg from him a more *Seraphick Song*;  
 He sang, their high tun'd *Harps* they higher raise,  
 And strive to play a *Consort* to his *Lays*;  
 But such high *Notes* immortal *Cowley* sings,  
 As stretch'd their low'd, their everlasting *Strings*;  
 So his great *Hero's* drawn but to the *Wast*,  
 And but the *Scheme* of what shou'd follow cast!  
 Yet all must needs *admire*, when it they view,  
 Both what he *did*, and what he *meant* to do.  
 O that some happy *Muse* wou'd yet go on,  
 And *finish* what so nobly is *begun*!  
 But *Dauids* must (I fear) remain,  
 Wish'd to be *finish'd*, but ne'er *undertaken*:  
 Yet thou from *Cowley* hast this *Honour* won,  
 He sang but *David*, thou his greater *Son*:  
 A bold *Attempt*, yet manag'd so by you,  
 We must your *Courage* praise, and *Conduct* too;  
 So great the *Theme*, and yet so sweet the *Song*,  
 The *God* thou sing'st doth sure *inspire* thy *Tongue*:  
 Thou open'st all the *Treasuries* above,  
 And shew'st the *Wonders* of *Almighty Love*:  
 How the *eternal Father* made a *Child*,  
 With awful *sweetness* in the *Manger* Smil'd;  
 The various *hazards* which his *Nonage* ran,  
 Until the *Infant God* grew up to *Man*;  
 Then drawing o'er his *radiant Head* a *Cloud*,  
 To shew the *Man*, a while the *God* you shrou'd;  
 And to a *Scene* of *Sorrow* guid'st our *Eye*,  
 The mournful *Glories* of sad *Calvary*;  
 They raise him to the *Cross*, and there *deride*;  
 The Holy *Jesus* pitty'd them, and *Dyd*.  
 Then how the *World* its *Makers death* bemoan'd,  
*Heav'n* wept, *Winds* sigh'd, *Earth* quak'd, whole *Nature* groan'd;  
 Next how that *Death* our *Sins* did *Expiate*,  
 How great the *Purchase*! But how dear the *Rate*!  
 This, and much more thy *Muse*, great *Wesley*, sings,

Thy

---

Thy *Flow'rs* are more, and sweeter than the *Springs*;  
Which with fresh beauties ev'ry *Verse* adorn,  
Sprightly as *Light*, and fragrant as the *Morn*;  
Thy lofty *Wit*'s by solid *Judgment* fix'd;  
Thy fruitful *Fancy* with deep *Learning* mix'd:  
Their mingled *Glories* sparkle in each *Line*,  
*Each Word* both speaks thee *Poet* and *Divine*,  
Go on, great *Bard*, still let thy tuneful *Lyre*  
Strike *Envy* dumb, and teach her to admire.

*Thomas Taylor.*

---

**c**

**To**

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*To his Ingenious Friend Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY,  
on his Excellent Poem call'd the Life of Christ.*

SURE there's some dearth of Wit starves every Age,  
And few yet felt the true *Poetic Rage*.  
Each *Pagan* Clown engross'd the Muses care,  
And like his fellow Beasts, was dub'd a Star;  
Huge brawny Limbs claim'd all the Poets song,  
And 'twas exceeding Virtue to be strong;  
But now — The God, the God! — Be gone Prophane!  
Nor with unhallow'd Gifts the Altars stain:  
*Saturnian Days* again enrich the Year,  
And promis'd Months in golden Orbs appear.  
Again the *Mantuan* Genius charms the Plains  
With more than mighty *Maro's* lofty strains.  
Big with prophetick Fury, *Virgil* taught  
Th' astonish'd World, what Wonders shou'd be wrought.  
Under dark Types he veil'd the Heav'nly Birth,  
And brought the Godlike Infant smiling to the *Earth*.  
Each beauteous Line the future God confest,  
At length amaz'd, to *Wesley* left the rest.  
So the bright Guardian Star with pointed Ray,  
Shone thro' the *East* and gilt the dusky way,  
And told the Sages where their Saviour lay;  
Then conscious of its Trust, withdrew from sight,  
That they might pay their Offerings, where that pay'd 'its light.  
Here, here, the God to *Wesley's* Charge repairs,  
And with his Presence crowns the Poets Cares:  
*Wesley!* A Name which in just numbers Shines!  
A Name immortal as his sacred Lines!  
To thee, great Bard, the darling Muses owe  
That freedom which on others they bestow.  
Touch'd with the Beauties of Seraphick Love,  
Unbody'd and unchain'd from flesh they move.  
Nor *Phyllis* now, nor *Strephon's* Complaints prevail,  
The wretched burthen of some whining Tale;  
But the chaste Sisters now their Dross refine,  
Poets are truly Priests, and Poetry's Divine.

See!

See! How in tuneful Verse the Infant reigns,  
And with soft Looks beguiles his Mothers pains!  
Pleas'd with thy Song, he less Attentive hears  
Th' harmonious Musick of the charming Spheres;  
Bids Angels cease their Notes, that *Wesley's* Lays  
May urge with more effect their young Redeemers praise.  
O more than Man! Whence comes this sacred Fire,  
That doth with sparkling Rage thy Breast inspire?  
Sure thou'st a second Rape on Heav'n perform'd,  
And with arm'd Hands Ætherial Forges storm'd:  
Nought but the Gods own flames cou'd thus dispence  
So healing and so kind an Influence.

Beauties shine thro' the Work, adorn the whole,  
Chain up the Sense, and captivate the Soul.  
Whether thou sing'st the dying Hero's fame,  
And in loud sighs groan'st forth thy Maker's Name,  
When tyr'd with Flesh, he quits the humane load,  
And Heav'n, and Earth, and *Jews* confess the God;  
Or thy bold Muse with heighten'd Pinnions flies,  
And brings her Charge exalted to the Skies;  
Thy Verie thro' starry Hosts the God convey,  
And with new Glories paint the milky way.

To thy great Name what Altars shall we raise?  
None but the God thou sing'st can give sufficient praise.  
As when of old some pious Saints essay'd  
To please high Heav'n, and annual Off'rings paid,  
Struck with the sacred Horror of the place,  
And prostrate on the Ground, they veil'd their Face.  
With awful distance, and with trembling bows,  
Their Wonder fully paid their promis'd Vows:  
So we amaz'd at thy vast Work retire,  
And where we ought to Sacrifice, admire.

*William Pittis,*

*June 23. 1693.*

*Fellow of New-College in Oxon.*

*To his Reverend Friend Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY,  
on his Poem of the Life of CHRIST.*

Τίνα θεόν, τίν' Ἡρώα, ἔν' ἄνδρα, Κελαδήσμεν. Pindar.

**W**Hilst others write of *Criminal Amours*,  
And how they vainly spend their vacant Hours,  
Your *Phanfy's* more sublime, it soars above  
The mean Intrigues of their inglorious Love :  
Wretchedly they debase a noble Art,  
And only touch the *Ears* ; but you the *Heart*.  
You, ( with *Columbus*, ) not alone descrie,  
But conquer ( *Cortez*-like, ) new Worlds in Poetry.  
Sure 'twas the same great Master of the Quire  
That did direct the *Royal Psalmist's Lyre*,  
Who your *Seraphick Breast* did thus inspire :  
A God Incarnate is a Theme so Great,  
It shou'd be manag'd at no vulgar Rate ;  
Nor have you done it. For, in ev'ry Line,  
We read ( at once ) the Poet, and Divine :  
The *Muses* thus to you the *Graces* be,  
And thus *Parnassus* is Mount-Calvary.  
You ( modestly Ambitious of fair Fame )  
Take a sure course t' immortalize your Name.  
For, till this Fabrick of the World shall end,  
And a devouring Conflagration blend  
Both *Heav'n* and *Earth* together ; till we see  
Time swallow'd up of vast Eternity ;  
Till then, your Verse shall be preserv'd alive,  
And almost Nature's aged self survive.

June 23. 1693.

Henry Cutts.

To Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY, on his Poem of the  
Life of CHRIST.

**B**Left are the *Bards* who, fill'd with Godlike *Fire*,  
Dare, like its *Flames*, to native *Heav'n* aspire,  
Commence here *Angels*, and, in equal *Lays*,  
Praise him alone whom *Saints* and *Seraphs* praise:  
On sacred *Themes* a sacred *Rage* they use,  
Advance their *Art*, and deifie their *Muse*.

These, *Poets* are! Thou, *Wesley*, than art blest;  
No mortal Beauty fires thy glowing *Breast*;  
Thy *Heart*, thy *Soul* with the whole God possessest. }  
No Spurious God, such as at *Delphos* spoke,  
And dubious *Answers* sold for impious *Smoke*.  
But that bright infant *Sun* whose dawning *Ray*  
Drove *Shades*, and *Sprights*, and *Gods* of *Night* away;  
Who his true *Godhead* at his *Birth* display'd,  
And crush'd, at once, *Hell's* dreadful *Serpent's* head;  
Who bears, with ease, this pond'rous *Fabric's* load, }  
Makes conscious *Nature* tremble at his *Nod*,  
And *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, and *Hell* confess the God. }  
Who out of *Nothing* swarms of *Worlds* cou'd bring,  
Of *Light* invisible th' unfathomable *Spring*;  
Sole, *first*, and *last*, still round himself he rouls  
In th' undivided *Triple-stream*, above the reach of *Souls*.

Hold, headstrong *Muse*, nor, in thy scanty *Verse*,  
Attempt his boundless *Wonders* to rehearse;  
Nor, off'ring *Incense* with unhallow'd *Fire*,  
Like *Nadab* in revenging *Flames* expire.  
The *Right*, the *Pow'r* of chanting such a *Song*  
To none but consecrated *Bards* belong.  
None but *Apelles* *Alexander* drew;  
A nobler *Draught* to nobler *Hands* is due.  
So, *Wesley*, when we thought, with pious *Awe*,  
No *Pencil* fit thy *suffring* *God* to draw,  
Perform'd by thine the mighty *Task* we see;  
Or he, thy *Lord*, has done the *Work* by thee.

Thy

Thy Choice, like pious *Mary's*, is the best,  
While Others live with *Martha's* Cares oppress'd;  
When once engag'd, unknowing to go back,  
Yet doom'd each Hour their wearied Minds to rack,  
To sooth a dull, ungrateful, impious *Age*;  
Th' eternal Drudges of the *Press* and *Stage*.  
Baffled this Moment, thoughtless of the past,  
Still rich in Hopes, and wretched to the last;  
Witty by Fits, but oft'ner dull than wise,  
And fond of Fame, which yet they sacrifice.

Ah! cruel Fortune! Tyrant of my Life,  
To Fools so kind, with Poets still at strife,  
Thou may'st constrain thy Slave to lose his Right  
To dear-bought Fame, the Poet's best Delight;  
But never, *never* shall my Honor be,  
Thou Prostitute, a Prostitute to thee.  
Nor will I use a Spark of heav'nly Fire  
Chast Flames to quench, and kindle loose Desire;  
Or, to mean Flattery and worse Falshoods bent,  
Poison the Weak, and stab the Innocent.

Ah! must I never, in bold Numbers, sing  
*Britain's* great Rulers and Heav'n's greater King!  
Ev'n our wing'd Brother-Poets of the Grove  
Strive here below to Rival those above.  
Each Morning they their warbling Voices raise,  
Inspir'd by Nature Nature's God to praise.  
The lab'ring Hind by them beguiles his Cares,  
Yet by his Arts their callow Brood ensnares.  
Then blinded, taught t' unlearn their native Strain,  
And cag'd for Life, the Wretches sing for Grain.

So 'tis with us: Alike by Nature free,  
Our Lays were Sacred as our Deity;  
But by a selfish World enslav'd, while young,  
Blinded by Vice, we're taught a meaner Song;  
Kept close and *bare*, we ne'er enjoy the Spring,  
The Town our Cage, where we must *starve* or *sing*.

Much happier *Wesley*! wiser grown betimes,  
Thou left'st its Hurry, for more peaceful Climes;  
Nor, while thy Mind a short Repose enjoy'd,  
Was thy chaste Muse on trifling Themes employ'd:

Tales of an angry Warrior's sullen Grief,  
 The tedious Voyage of a crafty Chief,  
 Troy, which a Horse could conquer in a Night,  
 Or a false Wand'rer's fatal Loves and Flight:  
 These ne'er could pay the Poet's Cares and Toils,  
 The costly Seeds were lost in barren Soils.  
 Nobler thy Choice, and happier thy Essay,  
 Modest yet bold, Majestic and yet gay;  
 As *Autumn* ripe, yet flourishing as *May*.

But here, my Friend, thou check'st my zealous Muse,  
 And bid'st me for thy God my Incense use;  
 Thou shun'st the Praise which thy own Virtue draws,  
 And can'st deserve, but can'st not hear Applause.

Know, 'tis beneath thy Friend to make thee vain;  
 I praise thee not: Yet must I praise thy Strain,  
 I may — Since Men, when they applaud thy Lays,  
 The Prophets great Inspirer only praise.

Yet tho' to God alone the Praise belong,  
 With him and thee we share the pleasing Song.

Thus *Aaron* Incense on its Altar laid,  
 And, while attending *Israel* bow'd and pray'd;  
 The balmy Streams, for Heav'n alone prepar'd,  
 The Priest, the People, and the Godhead shar'd.

*Peter Motteux.*

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T H E

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# THE ARGUMENT OF THE First BOOK.

**T**HE Proposition. The Invocation. Our Saviour's Ascent on Mount Tabor, with his three Disciples ; whence they take a View of the Country about it. The Transfiguration. After which our Saviour descends from the Mount ; and after having foretold his Passion, going through Galilee approaches Jerusalem. And, in his Passage thither over Mount Olivet, raises Lazarus from the dead : Then being invited by Simon the Leper to a Feast, in whose House the Destruction of Sodom is described on a Suit of Hangings ; Mary Magdalen there anoints his Feet. The next day he descends to Jerusalem, and makes his triumphant Entry into the City, attended by vast Crouds of People, bearing Palms, and singing Hosanna's. Whence he retires in the Evening to Mount Olivet ; which is described, with the Country about it. The Description of the Garden near Gethsemane, and our Saviours usual Employment there. A Digression concerning Divine Love, and virtuous Friendship. A Character of the three Disciples, Peter, James, and John. Their Descent from the Mount to Jerusalem ; where in the Temple, they are met by Joseph of Arimathea, who formerly, in the Country, had seen many of our Saviour's Miracles. Hence he takes 'em with him to his pleasant Garden on the side of Calvary ; where being met by his Friends, Nicodemus and Gamaliel, they put them on a Discourse of our Saviour's Life and Miracles. Which ends the First Book.

THE

THE  
LIFE  
OF  
CHRIST:  
AN  
Heroic Poem.

BOOK I.



Sing the Man who reigns enthron'd on *Proposition.*  
*high;* 1 Eph. 20.

\* I sing the God, who not disdain'd to dye: 21.  
Him, whom each *modest Seraph* trembling Acts 20. 28.

The most *afflicted*, yet the best of *Kings*:  
Who from th' *Eternal Father's* side came down,  
Stript of his *Starry Diadem* and *Crown*;  
From *Satan's* Chains, to ransom captive Men,  
And drive him to his own *sad Realms* agen.

John 8. 42.  
Rev. 12. 10.  
Rev. 5. 9.

What *Pain*, what *Labour* did he not endure,  
10 To close our *Wounds*, and *Happiness* secure?

B

He

- He still was doing *Good*, and let us see  
 1 Pet. 2. 21. By his *Example*, what we ought to be:  
 Taught us a *perfect Law*, unknown before;  
 Did by his *Merits* the lost World restore,  
 1 Pet. 2. 24. And gave his *Life*, when he could give no more:  
 Hence a *new Race* of Times and Men began,  
 And *happy Years* in decent Order ran:  
 Hence *Faith* and *Truth* agen to Earth return,  
 And lost *Astraea* we no longer mourn.  
 Mat. 20. 48. So vast the Work, *Apostate Man* to save!  
 Mar. 10. 45. So great the Price our *dear Redeemer* gave!  
 1 Cor. 6. 20. Nor will he his *propitious Aid* refuse,  
 7. 23. The same my *God*, my *Hero* and my *Muse*,  
 Who sing his *Life*; a *Work immense* and *rare*,  
 Too heavy for an *Angel's* strength to bear:  
 The mighty *Masters* of the tuneful Throng,  
 Whose *numerous Souls* are struck with *sacred Song*,  
 Whose *Names* the World out-last, the *Sun* out-shine,  
 Immortal *Cowley*, *Herbert* all divine \*  
 Beheld the *weighty Task*, but durst not stay,  
 And wisely thrunk their *conscious Arms* away:  
 How then shall I, a *nameless Thing*, presume,  
 Unmark'd, unknown, to fill their sacred room;  
 Sunk in the useless Crowd by *Birth* and *Fate*,  
 Sunk lower by *unequal Fortune's Weight*?  
 Invocation. O Thou, whose Word this *ALL* of nothing made,  
 And when thou hadst each *beauteous Scene* survey'd,  
 Gen. 1. 4, 10, Pronounc'd it *Good*; Let thy kind *Spirit* shine  
 12, 18, 21, Through every part of this *New World* of mine!  
 25, 31. Both *Light* and *Being* by thy *FIAT* give,  
 Gen. 1. 3. And This through *Thee*, as long as *Thine* shall live!  
 Two Worlds already did our *LORD* confess,  
 And sure the *Third*, his *Own*, could do no less:  
 Glad *Earth* and trembling *Hell* just Witness gave,  
 Mat. 21. 9. These to *subdue*, and those he came to *save*:  
 Mark 11. 9. His ransom'd *Subjects* loud *Hosanna's* sing,  
 Luk. 19. 38. His *Rebels* fled, and knew their *angry King*:  
 John 12. 13. Mat. 8. 18. Already he in *Deserts* wast and wild  
 Mark 5. 7. Luke 8. 27, In *God-like Innocence* severely mild,  
 &c. Had met the *Tyrant* of the *Realms* below,  
 Mat. 1. 10, 11.

20

30

40

50

And

And conquer'd *Hand to Hand* the mighty *Foe* :  
 Cursing he fled , as when *transfix'd* he fell,  
 With all the doubled *Spite* and *Rage* of *Hell* :  
*Heav'n* does at last in its own *Cause* appear ;  
 The *strongest Forces* must maintain the *Rear* :  
 Th' *Inhabitants* of those bright *Realms of Day*,  
 Must *Homage* to their mighty *Master* pay,  
 Tho' veil'd in humble *Robes of Mortal Clay* :

}

Mount *Tabor* describ'd.

Exod. 19. 20.

*Tabor* the Place to prove his *Mission* true,  
 60 Where *Heav'n* and *Earth* must have an *Interview* :  
 That *Mount of God*, as *Sinai* long before,  
 The upper *Worlds* whole *Weight* descending bore :  
 Lovely it look'd like some *Divine Abode* ,  
 All beauteous as the *Paradise of God* :  
 Steep is th' *Ascent*, but when the *Top* you gain,  
 It more than recompences all your *Pain*,  
 Presenting the pleas'd *Eye* an *even Plain* ;  
 And underneath, around the spacious *Coast*  
 The noblest *Prospect* *Jury's Land* can boast :

}

70 If *East* inclin'd to *North* you cast your *Eye*,  
 \* *Royal Tiberias* thence with *Ease* you'll spy,  
 Whose wealthy *Citizens* their pleasure take  
 In numerous *Boats* upon the neighb'ring *Lake* ;  
 While *Ships* of greater *Bulk* with decent *Pride*  
 Their *Penons* waving, *Sails* extended wide,  
 Traverse its length, or run from side to side :  
 Beyond whose *Eastern* bounds far off you see  
 With pleasant *Horror* *Stony Arabia* :

}

*Kishon* to *South*, whose *Banks* new *Waters* fill,  
 80 When past by *Western Hermon's* gentle *Hill* :  
 A noble *River* now, tho' not so large  
 As when the *Stars* on *Israel's* side did charge ;  
 When o'r its *Crimson Waves*, a ghastly throng,  
*Bodies* and *Shields* and *Helms* promiscuous roll'd along :  
 From thence 'twixt *West* and *North* it onward goes,  
 And near the *Walls* of little *Naim* flows,  
 Whence *Carmel's Mount* and *Grove* its *Waves* entice  
 To add new *Beauties* to that *Paradise* :

Judg. 5: 20;  
21.

Where when the *Prophet Baal's* curst *Priests* did slay,  
 90 It wash'd their *Blood*, and *Israel's Stain* away :

1 Kings 18.  
40.

Both hurry'd swift to the great *Western Flood* ; \*  
 Within whose *Arms*, more *North*, rich *Tyrus* stood ;  
 Her *Walls* so strong, nor *Sea*, nor *Land* they fear :  
 And farther on, her Sister *Sidon* near,  
 Under fair *Libanus* you might descry  
 Where *Clouds* at once and that obstruct your *Eye* :  
 Thence back to *South* direct your *Sight* again,  
 You'll *Jezeel* see, and rich *Megiddo's* Plain :

1 Kings 21. Proud *Jezeel*, where unhappy *Naboth* fell, \*  
 6, 7, &c. Whose guileless *Blood* cost that of *Jezebel*.

100

To this fair *Mount* did our blest *Lord* ascend ; }  
 Mat. 17. 1, Three *Witnesses* must thither him attend, }  
 2, &c. Two, destin'd *Martyrs*, and the third his *Friend* ; }  
 Mark 9. 2, *Zebedee's* happy *Sons*, whose mighty *Name* }  
 &c. From awful *Thunder*, scarce more *active*, came ; }  
 Luke 19, 28. *Cephas* before 'em both in *Zeal* and *Fame* : }  
 &c. Mark 3. 17. These with his more *peculiar* *Favour* blest,  
 He with him takes, and leaves *beneath* the rest.

Scarce had the chearful *Harbinger* of *Day*  
 Clapt his bright *Wings* and warn'd the *Shades* away,  
 E'r our still watchful *Saviour*, who denies  
 The *Sun*, his *shade*, before himself should rise,  
 Had conquer'd *Tabor's* hoary top, and there  
 Yet higher mounts in ardent *Hymns* and *Pray'r* :  
 No *earthly* Thought, no *sublunary* thing  
 Could clog his tow'ring *Souls* *Seraphic* *Wing* :  
 He pass'd through all the glittering *Guards* on high,  
 Who staid their *Songs*, and bow'd as he went by ;  
 Nor stop'd but at his *Father's* radiant *Throne*,  
 "The great *Three-One* ——— \*"

110

He ask'd and had, and beckon'd thence away,  
 ( Gladly all *Heav'n* his lov'd *Commands* obey : )  
 Two of the *brightest* *Saints* which fill the *Place*  
 Ay-gazing on the *Beatifick* *Face* :  
 That faithful *Leader* of the *chosen* *Band*  
 Who Nature sway'd with his *Almighty* *Wand* ; \*  
 Whom quaking *Sinai* shew'd so much before,  
 That *Heav'n* it self could hardly now do more :  
 And him who on the *glorious* *Wings* of *Morn*  
 In a bright *wondrous* *Car* to *Bliss* was born ;

120

Exod. 19. 18  
 Heb. 12. 18.

2 Kings 2.  
 11.

130

Whose

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*Book I. Pag: 5.*

**The TRANSFIGURATION.**

*Mat. 17  
Mark 9  
Luc 9*

*On Mount TABOR.*

Whose Soul of Flames as pure as warm was made,  
As those which him to his Reward convey'd:

ELIAS, who to Heav'n triumphing rode,

\* MOSES, expiring with the Kiss of God:

\* Thus Law and Prophets their Perfection find

In him, the Hope, the Price of lost Mankind:

Meeker than Moses, whilst his Zeal flam'd higher,

Than his who shew'd the Way to Bliss in Fire:

Upon the shivering Mountain's Brow they walk'd,

140 And things unutterable look'd and talk'd:

\* Talk'd of his wond'rous Passion, wond'rous Love;

A Riddle pos'd the very Blest above:

They knew their LORD so long enthron'd on high,

They knew he must, yet knew he could not die;

The Light of Light hymn'd by the Heav'nly Quire,

The Coessential Son of his Almighty Sire.

While thus new Mysteries they still discern'd,

And more than Heav'n it self could teach them, learn'd,

Dull Slumbers the three Witnesses surprise,

150 And heavy Shameful Sloth fast seal'd their Eyes:

With their short Vigils tir'd, supine they lay,

Till them their Master turning did survey;

From his lov'd Face he shot a piercing Beam,

Which rous'd them all from their inglorious Dream;

They gaz'd a while, but found the Scene too bright,

And fled again th' insufferable Light.

Thus, when at the last dreadful hour of Doom

Th' Arch-Angel's Trump shall wake each silent Tomb;

When God's Pavilion in the Clouds is spread,

160 Keen Rays of Lightning wreath'd around his Head;

O'rburthen'd Nature at the sight would fly,

Again would be entomb'd, again would die.

But now our Lord his Glories part represents,

And mildly veils and mitigates the rest:

Again they look'd; what wond'rous things they saw?

Not they themselves the shining Scene could draw,

If yet alive—What Glory and what Grace!

Daz'ling his Form, ineffable his Face:

That Prophet's who from trembling Sinai came,

170 Was dress'd in a far less Illustrious Flame:

Mat. 17. 1.

to 9.

Mark 29. 2.

to 8.

Luke 9. 28.

to 36.

Luke 9. 32.

Exod. 34. 35.

The

The *Sun* shrunk back his *Head* but newly shown,  
*Eclips'd* with stronger *Splendor* than his own :  
 Like those *eternal Youths* which ever dwell  
 Near *Light's* and *Beauty's* unexhausted *Well* :  
 Young *Cherubs* look thus *glittering* and thus *gay*, }  
 Adorn'd in all their *festal Robes*, when they }  
 Some mighty *Message* to the *World* convey : }  
 His *seamless Robe* than new fall'n *Snow* more white, \*  
 One radiant *Pillar* all of *sparkling Light* :  
 Far did it *Mortal Art's* best strokes outline,  
 All o'r the *Workmanship* of *Hands Divine* :  
 But *Heav'nly things* we to base *Earth* compare,  
 So *Night* like *Day*, *Shades* like the *Sun* are fair :  
 So the bold *Painter's Art* pretends to show  
 Beauteous as those above, feign'd *Clouds* below.

180

Next him the two *great Prophets* them surprise  
 With *modest Glories*, only less than *his* :  
 Such as the *twinkling Stars* clear *Silver Ray*  
 To th' stronger *Lustre* of the *Golden Day*.

An *Heav'nly Joy* seiz'd each *Disciple's Breast*,  
 Too big or to be *stiff'd* or *express'd* :  
*Reason* at *Revelation* must expire;  
 What wonder if the *Sun* should damp the *Fire*?

190

Thus when young *Prophets* have a *Vision* seen,  
 Or labour with th' *unequal God* within ;  
 With *sacred Rage* inspir'd they're now no more  
 Mild, calm and peaceful as they were before :  
 New *Wildness* in their *Looks* and *Eyes* we find,  
 And ev'ry *Mark* of a *disorder'd Mind*;  
*Nature* does then beyond it self appear ;  
 Thus *Cephas* look'd, thus the blest *Pair* look'd here :  
 All that they *knew* was *Pleasure* mixt with *Pain*,  
 All that they *fear'd* was losing it again :  
 When *Cephas* thus—" *Dread Master*, if we e'r  
 " *Were thy peculiar Love*, and tend'rest *Care*,  
 " In this blest *Place* for ever let us stay,  
 " Rather than *Us*, O take our *Lives* away !  
 " *Three humble Tabernacles* soon we'll rear  
 " For *Thee*, and these *Illustrious Strangers* here :  
 " Nor has ev'n *God* himself disdain'd to dwell

200

210

"In

"In the poor *Tents* of his lov'd *Israel*.

Exod. 11. 18.  
34.

Scarce from his *Lips*, the last swift *Accent* flies  
E're still new *Scenes* of *Miracles* arise!

For lo! a *Cloud* wafts through th' enlight'ned *Air*,

Mat. 17. 5.

Those which a *Summer Evening* drefs, less fair;

Mark 9. 7.

A wond'rous *Cloud*, the *Morn* it self less bright,

Lake 9. 34.

Wove from the finest *Threads* of *Heav'nly Light* :

Such as far off in those *blest Regions* stray,

Where *God's* high *Throne* scatters *eternal Day* :

220 Such that *strange Cloud* that made the *World's* first *Morn*, Gen. 1. 3.

Before the *Stars* or *Sun* itself was born:

That *Pillar* such which did from *Egypt* come,

Exod. 13. 21.

And piloted the *chosen Nations* home;

From *Earth* to *Heav'n* did its broad *Top* aspire,

*Miraculous Mixture*! 'twas both *Shade* and *Fire*:

And lo, it comes, and lo, they strive in vain;

Their fault'ring *Knees* their *Bodies* can't sustain:

*Celestial Lustre* ev'n through *Clouds* survey'd

Must sink the strongest *Frame* of *Matter* made:

230 Blunted with *Wonders* and exhausted all

Their *Spirits* forsake their *Task*——so down they fall;

So down they fall, dissolv'd in reverend *Fear*;

But first a *Voice*, an awful *Voice* they hear,

The *Voice* of *God*, in *Thunder* dress'd no more,

As when he stoop'd on *Sinai* heretofore;

*Thunder* and *Darkness* then the *World* did fright,

But now the *Voice* is calm, the *Cloud* is bright:

"Th' *Eternal Father*, First o'th' great *Three-One*

"*Mildly* attesting his *Eternal Son*;

240 "Whate'r he spake, not *Truth* it self more clear,

"*Commanding them* and all the *World* to hear:

They hear, but dare not him who speaks it meet,

So down they fall, and kiss their *Masters Feet*:

Nor long his kind and speedy *Succour* stays;

He touch'd, whose very *Touch* the *Dead* can raise,

Their *lifeless Limbs*, and him they rising praise:

Around they look'd, but could no more descry

That *Heav'nly Pair*, whose happy *Company*

They late enjoy'd, return'd to *Bliss*, to show

250 To those above, what they had learn'd below:

Thus

Thus *Holy Souls* from *dregs* of *Sin* refin'd,  
 Whose *Frames* are little less than *perfect Mind*,  
 Whose *Converse* and *Acquaintance* with the *Blest*  
 Commences *here*, and half their *Heav'n's* possess:  
 Thus, when to these through *Sleeps* thin *Curtains* shine  
*Angelic* *Essences*, and *Forms Divine*,  
 They sighing wake, and clasp the *empty Air*;  
 Thus *Cephas*, thus the *Zebedean Pair*,  
 And would have griev'd, had not our *Lord* been there;  
 Who, *free* from worldly *Glories* vain desire,  
 Unwarm'd at fond *Ambition's* foolish *Fire*,  
 What they had seen commands 'em to conceal,  
 Nor to the *World* those *sacred Truths* reveal,  
 Till, when he conquer'd *Death*, and broke its *Chain*,  
 That *Faith* to *this*, as *this* to *that* might gain.

260

Wond'ring they long revolv'd his *deep intent*,  
 Nor fathom'd what those *strange Expressions* meant:  
 How can he suffer sad *Rebuke* or *Pain*,  
 How can he either *dye* or *rise* again?  
 With a *kind Doubt* they these *sad Truths* receive:  
 And what they *must* fain would they *not* believe:  
 Till quitting *Tabor* he the same express  
 To those beneath, with the same *Griefs* oppress:  
 His *Pains*, his *Wounds*, and that sad *Scene* of *Woe*  
 He for th' *ungrateful World* must undergo:  
 How he must enter *Death's* uneasy *Gate*,  
 The *Son of Man* must suffer *mortal Fate*:  
 How then the *Son of God* must break the *Chain*  
 And on the *third* glad *Morning* rise again.

270

Deep was the *Sorrow* seiz'd each *Loyal Breast*,  
 When *Truths* so terrible their *Lord* express'd:  
 All gladly, if they dar'd, would him *reprove*,  
 As *Cephas* did with his too forward *Love*:  
 Mistaken men! your kindness soars too high;  
 Or *He*, or *you* and *all the World* must die:  
 He knew the *fatal Price* that must be paid  
 Long long before the *World's Foundations* laid;  
 He knew the *Hour*, and thither did proceed,  
 Where *He*, th' *atoning Lamb*, must mildly bleed;  
 To proud *Jerusalem*, out-stretching high

280

Mat. 16. 23.

Mar. 8. 33.

Eph. 1. 4.

1 Pet. 1. 20.

Rev. 13. 8.

290

Her

- Her lofty *Turrets*, glitt'ring in the Sky;  
 Charg'd with so many a *Prophet's* Blood before  
 The Guilt of *his* could only sink 'em more.  
 Through *Galilee's* wild Coasts his *Progress* takes,  
 But *unproclaim'd* and silent Journeys makes:  
 In vain, alas, he strives to be conceal'd,  
 He's like the *Sun* by his own *Rays* reveal'd:  
 See where from far the *crowding* *Regions* meet,  
 And cast th' *infirm* and *desp'rate* at his feet!  
 300 Where these from old *Bethabara* they bring,  
 And these from *Father Jordan's* double Spring:  
 Nor *Devils* nor *Diseases* longer stay,  
 When warn'd by his Almighty Voice away.  
 The *Lame* their Feet without their *Crutches* find,  
 \* His *Word*, as to the World, gives Light to th' *Blind*,  
 Such *Light* as cheers at once their *Eyes* and *Mind*.  
 What *Angel's* *Eloquence* cou'd equal prove  
 To all the *Wonders* of his *Pow'r* and *Love*?  
 How oft, with the long *Days* *fatigues* oppress,  
 310 His *Works* the *God*, his *pain* the *Man* confess,  
 His toilsom *Labour* call'd for gentle rest?  
 Oft least *officious* *Crowds* shou'd him surprize,  
 He from the *Sea* seeks what the *Land* denies,  
 In a *small Boat* of fair *Bethsaida's* Town  
 \* Which *Zebedee* and faithful *Cephas* own:  
 These, once when length'ning *Shadows* warn'd away  
 From the dim *Heav'n's* the *dying Lamp* of *Day*  
 He bids forsake the *Galilean Shore*,  
 And with his faithful *Household* waft him o'r  
 320 \* For *Gadaras* strong *Turrets*, rais'd so high  
 As *Heav'n* and *Earth*, they'd both at once defy:  
 They *lancht*, whilst he his humble *Cabin* takes  
 And *sleeps*, tho' all his *Guard* of *Angels* wakes:  
 When strait a thick *black mist* began to rise  
 Still dark'ning more and more the *disappearing Skies*:  
 Old *Zebedee* by long experience, wise,  
 When first intent he view'd the thick'ning *Air*,  
 Calls up his *Mates*, and bids for *Storms* prepare;  
 He to the *Helm*, he knew to *guide* it best,  
 330 And to their well known *Quarters* all the rest:

Nor needless was his *Caution* or their *Hast*,  
 With one black *Mantle* strait all *Heav'n's* o'rcast :  
 Whether the *Enemy* assay'd in vain,  
 What he had lost at *Land*, at *Sea* to gain ;  
 Or hop'd he by *surprizal* might prevail,  
 Where by *fair Force* he durst no more *assail* :  
 Mark 4. 38. Or whether *Nature* only sent the *Storm*  
 T'experience what her *Master* cou'd perform ;  
 Suffer'd by him whose *Word* can *Storms* remove,  
 To shew his God-like *Pow'r*, and God-like *Love* :  
 But whether it from *Nature's* *Storehouse* fell,  
 Or issu'd from the *baleful* *Caves* of *Hell* ;  
 Still more and more its *threatning* *Rage* prevails,  
 And from the *Mast* soon rends the *Paper-Sails* :  
 The *Dead-Sea* roars , and sulph'rous *Vapours* come \*  
 In rolling *Flames*, from its *Infernal* *Womb*,  
 From *Regions* wide away loud *Ruine* bear ,  
 As gathering *Thunders* bellow round the *Air*.  
 Old *Jordan* hears, its *Waters* backward run  
 ( As thrice before ) the fatal *Shock* to shun , \*  
 Against the *Stream* rolls in th' *unnatural* *Tide*,  
 And *should'ring* *Seas* upon each other ride :  
*Wind* against *Wind*, *Floods* dashing *Floods* arise,  
 One *Whirlpool* all the *Waves*, one *Whirl-wind* all the *Skies* :  
 Cold *sleet* from every *Quarter* driving comes,  
 And *Fear* as much each trembling *Hand* benums :  
 While from the *Hollow* of a dreadful *Cloud*,  
 Fates angry *Messengers* for passage crowd ,  
 And o'r *affrighted* *Mortals* roar aloud :  
 Broad *Sheets* of ghastly *Flame* from thence are sent  
 Discovering either *wrathful* *Element*,  
 Whose *Horrors* strike their *Eyes* with cruel *Light*,  
 Thro' the dire *Chasms* of interrupted *Night* :  
 They saw the boyling *Deep* roll wide away,  
 While *Nature's* secret *Chambers* open lay :  
 So vast the *Gulph*, it shew'd a horrid *Shore*,  
 And *Rocks* and *Sands* and *Paths* unknown before ;  
 Aloft black low'ring *Worlds* of *Water* rave,  
 And greedy *Death* broods o'r each threat'ning *Wave*,  
 Thither on *Surges* tumultuous they rise,

340

350

360

And 370



Book I. Pag: 10. *The Tempest on the Dead Sea or Lake of Tiberias.* Pl. 2

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- And hang on *Pyramids*, amidst the *Skies*.  
 Whence they look down on *Fate*, which will not stay,  
 But on the next *curl'd Billow* hasts away;  
 Nor more his *Art* can the wise *Steersman* show,  
 The *Helm* is gone, and the next *staggering blow*  
 Drives in some treach'rous *Plank*, and down they go:  
 Half fill'd with *Waves*, they on their *Master* think,  
 One dreadful Cry they make — We *sink!* we *sink!*  
 All pray'd, but *Judas* most, and dreading *Fate*,  
 380 Invoke the Saviour's *Aid*, if *that* not now too late.  
 He *rose*, he came, he hear'd their *gasping* crys,  
 He came with *Love* and *Pity* in his *Eyes*.  
 Chid the mad *Waves*, rebuk'd the blust'ring *Wind*;  
 These gently roll, that murmurs *soft* and *kind*,  
 The *Billows* sink, not into a *Gulph*, but *Plain*,  
 And mild *Etesian Whispers* on the *Main*:  
 All in a moment hush'd and quiet laid,  
 Still'd by his *Word*, as when the *World* he made:  
 When *Sooty Waves* did first thro' *Chaos* roar,  
 390 Whose *turbid motion* knew no rest nor *shore*:  
 Till the *Almighty Word* its *Bosom* prest,  
 And hovering o'r dispos'd to gentle rest,  
 With a fair *Birth* thence did it pregnant prove,  
 \* And *Light* was born to *Chaos* and to *Love*.  
 Thus here — when reaching strait the *wisht-for shore*,  
 All trembling kneel, and their dread Lord adore.  
 Soon known the guilty *Demons* shun his sight,  
 And sink, confessing, down to conscious *Night*:  
 Yet more illustrious Wonders him attend,  
 400 When last to *Salem* he his steps did bend,  
 The *Sun* looks biggest near his *Journeys end*:  
 For now, o'r lofty *Olivet* they go,  
 And see far off the *clust'ring Town* below:  
 Descending thence, among the *Trees* they spy  
 Thy happy *Walls*, delightful *Bethany*!  
 A *Villa* where good *Lazarus* was Lord,  
 And often at his *Hospitable Board*,  
 With *Plenty* and with *Welcom* spread did see  
 \* Our Saviour and his faithful *Family*.  
 410 Nor cou'd they pass his *Gates*, invited in

\* By *Martha* and *repenting Magdalen* :

Wise *Martha* still kept home, and safer there  
Her Brother's *Household* made her *humble Care*.

Fair *Magdalena* had at *Court* been bred,  
On *Pleasures* downy *Pillows* laid her Head ;  
There found her *Vertue* but a weak *Defence*,  
And lost her *Fame*, and lost her *Innocence*.

Her Soul by *Vanity* and *Pride* posselt,  
And many a blacker soul *Infernal Guest* ;

7. Devils.

All which our Saviour's *Word* expell'd her Breast. }  
Each *Hell-bred Fiend* at once he chas'd away,  
Chas'd all the ugly *Mists*, and let in *Day* ;  
By a *severe Repentance* did restore,  
And made her Soul far *brighter* than before :  
Thus an *illustrious Penitent* she prov'd,  
And much she pray'd, and much she wept and lov'd :  
To *Bethany* then back did *grieving* come,  
By her kind Brother gladly welcom'd home ;

430

Who now, beneath a *Fever's* mortal *Rage*,  
Beyond the feeble power of *Art* t' assuage,  
For *Life*, just gasping lay ; and by his Bed  
The pos'd *Physician* sadly shakes his *Head*,  
Thence with slow steps in *silence* walks to th' door,  
Gives him for gone, his *Skill* can do no more :  
Tho' first with *Grief* *confus'd* and *hurry'd* all,  
Their *absent Guest* at length to mind they call ;  
To him in hast a *Messenger* they send,  
To come, if not too late, and save his *Friend*,  
Him whom he lov'd. He bids 'em not despair,  
" There was no *danger*, and he'd soon be there :

440

John 11. 6.

But whilst he in the neighb'ring *Regions* staid  
And from his *gasping Friend* his help delaid,  
His Soul from *mortal Misery* was fled,  
And his cold *Corps* entomb'd among the dead ;  
The *Funeral Pomp* t' his *widow'd House* return,  
And his *sad Sister's* *Loss* condole and mourn :  
While deeply they remain'd *lamenting* here,  
Tidings at length were brought, our *Lord* was near :  
The *Sisters* rise their *God-like Guest* to meet,  
And prostrate thrown with *tears* embrace his *Feet*,

450

And 460

THE HISTORY OF ILLINOIS



*Book I. Pag. 13.*

The Resurrection of Lazarus.

*Ic:n*

And tho' they cannot doubt his *Love* or *Care*,  
Both join in this——

“*Their Brother had not dy'd, had he been there.*

The *Jews*, who the *two Mourners* still attend,  
So good a *Neighbour*, and so kind a *Friend*  
Justly lament, all his good *Actions* tell,  
And own there's few that *liv'd* or *dy'd* so well :  
With such a *general Tide* of Grief oppress'd,  
Our Saviour groan'd and wept among the rest :

John 11. 35.

470 He own'd himself a *Man*, his *Passions* mov'd  
Like ours, he wept the *Loss* of what he lov'd :

Agon he wept, agon did inly groan :  
When at the *Grave* arriv'd, a pond'rous *Stone*  
After the *antient Rite* its Mouth secur'd,  
(The *Body* in a spacious *Vault immur'd*)

This *Jesus* bids remove, when *Martha* cry'd,  
“’Tis now so long, dear Master, since he dy'd,  
Such putrid *Streams* must needs infect the *Air*,  
“As neither *these*, nor you his *Friend* can bear :

480 To whom our Lord——“*Believe* and Wonders see,  
“*Believe* and leave the rest to *Heav'n* and *Me*.

The *Stone* remov'd, to *Heav'n* he lifts his *Eyes*,  
And prays a while, then bids his *Friend*, *Arise* !  
Tho' dead, the *Son of God's* dread *Voice* he knows,  
Tho' dead, at his *Almighty Voice* he rose ;  
A *Shout* th' *Croud* amaz'd around 'em gives,  
“Dread *Son of God*, they cry, he *lives*, he *lives* !  
Upon his Neck the ravish'd *Sisters* fell,  
And almost need another *Miracle*,

490 Them from their furious *Transports* to revive,  
*Half dead* with Joy, that he's agon alive.

Nor here would our meek Saviour longer stay,  
But from the faithless *Croud* withdraws away ;  
Withdraws the *Elders Envy* to repress,  
And shelters in the *lonely Wilderness*.

John 11. 54.

In *doing good* his happy hours he spent,  
and scatter'd *Miracles* where e'r he went :  
Here liv'd retir'd, till the great *Pasch* was nigh,  
When he, th' *immaculate Lamb*, was doom'd to die.

Then

Then mildly back returns, devoted still  
 To do or suffer his great Father's Will.  
 Descending from the Olive-bearing Hill.

500

Rich Simon him accosts; nor long before  
 Our Lord did him to humane Sight restore,  
 A frightful Leper he, recluse remain'd,  
 Till by his Word he Health and Ease regain'd.  
 On his Estate now splendid lives, and great,  
 Near Bethany his fair Paternal Seat:

Nor has he yet forgot how much he owes,  
 But due Respect t' his great Physician shows.  
 Him passing near, he gently did arrest,  
 And tells him, he that Night must be his Guest,  
 Since he a little Banquet did prepare,  
 And Laz'rus and his Sisters would be there,  
 He and his Twelve: Nor did our Lord deny  
 His hospitable Wish to gratifie.

510

Never morose or supercilious he;  
 His Converse always open was and free;  
 Life's moderate Pleasures tastes, if in his way,  
 If not, could as content, without e'm stay.  
 In a cool Summer Parlor all they found  
 Prepar'd, rich Tyrian Carpets spread the Ground,  
 Hangings as rich adorn'd the stately Room,  
 The dear-bought Work of Sidon's noble Loom:  
 On which, whilst on the Couch good Simon plac'd  
 Our Lord and his, unsatisfi'd they gaz'd,  
 Which Sodom's Fate inscrib'd so lively bore,\*

520

Gen. 19. 24. It look'd almost as dreadful as before:

The Workman's Art did here so happy prove,  
 You'd think the very Figures weep and move:  
 And there so plain the flaming Cities show,  
 Spectators fear, lest they should Statues grow;  
 Like Lot's Apostate Wife — See where she stands,  
 And backward throws her longing Eyes and Hands!  
 Her Eyes and Hands, from whence warm Life was fled,  
 These with a careless stroke left pale and dead.  
 That Cheek that's nearest fresh and ruddy shows,  
 T' other, as seems, each moment paler grows.  
 Her Hair part hast'ning Fate did slowly bind,

530

And

- 530 And part still faintly waver'd in the Wind :  
 One Foot seems rais'd, as thence its Load 'twould bear,  
 But t' other, like a Statue's rooted there :  
 Just half transform'd, as yet an equal Strife  
 Betwixt Death's chilling Frost and struggling Life :  
 'Till by degrees she seem'd of Sense bereft,  
 And still the more you look'd, the less was left ;  
 Yet in her Face, Fear, Anger, Pity strive,  
 As skilful Artists make their Marble live :  
 Not far before the good old Man appears,  
 540 Thence by his Angels hasten'd, and his Fears ;  
 The small Remains of Sodom with him bears,  
 And moistens with his Tears his Silver Hairs :  
 See him scarce reach'd to little Zoar's Walls,  
 When from black Clouds the ruddy Vengeance falls :  
 (Big drops of flaming Gold profusely spent  
 To th' Life the fatal Show'r did represent : )  
 See where the curst Inhabitants look pale,  
 As down it drives on Siddim's guilty Vale !  
 See where with fearful Shrieks they pierce the Sky !  
 550 Almost you'd think you heard the wretched Cry  
 For what they long despis'd ; now all too late,  
 Deep swallow'd in inevitable Fate.  
 Next see old Jordan from above prepare  
 With Silver Streams, (true Silver Streams they were)  
 To wash their Walls ; but when he heard the News,  
 As fain he would the hated Task refuse,  
 See where a while his Fate and theirs he shuns,  
 \* And bending back by strong Machærus runs !  
 His Fate in vain he shuns by this short stay,  
 560 Relapsing through the Vale he glides away, }  
 \* And makes a black uncomfortable Bay : }  
 Here wand'ring Birds above forget to fly,  
 And there the glitt'ring Fishes floating lie,  
 Choak'd with Sulphureous Fumes they gasp and die : }  
 The Fields around, the Regions of Despair ;  
 No Beast durst graze, no Shrub or Herb grew there :  
 Above, these Words—  
 Writ in the antient Hebrew Character :  
 " Learn, Mortals hence, to dread the Immortal's Ire !

Gen. 19.

" Here

"Here fiery Lust was purg'd with hotter Fire.

570

Here gaz'd they till good Lazarus was come  
 With his fair Sisters to the festal room ;  
 When thence their Eyes unwillingly they take,  
 And from the pleasant Ecstasie awake :  
 The twice-born Youth a low Obeisance made,  
 And for his Life his Thanks devoutly paid :  
 Now on their Seats are plac'd each chearful Guest,  
 All but wise Martha, who directs the Feast,  
 And Magdalen, who fell with Sighs profound  
 And plenteous Tears effus'd upon the ground,  
 At Jesus feet; that Place she'd have or none,  
 Unworthy ev'n of that herself must own :  
 A Viol of rich Essence with her brings,  
 Which once she thought a Ransom ev'n for Kings,  
 When 'twas her Life, her Heav'n to charm and please,  
 Dissolv'd in lawless Luxury and Ease :  
 This o'r his Feet she breaks, thence crowding pour  
 Of precious Drops a rich, a fragrant Show'r ;  
 Which with inestimable Sweets perfume  
 And scatter all Arabia round the Room :  
 Then her bright Hair, which oft in Curls displaid,  
 At once had Nets and Chains for Lovers made,  
 She better now employs, whilst from her Eyes  
 Profusely wash't, with that his Feet she dries :  
 Some murmur'ing cry, this Cost had been employ'd  
 To better use, it by the Poor enjoy'd ;  
 Iscariot chief, then did the Fiend begin  
 In his base Soul to scatter Seeds of Sin :  
 Not so our Lord, who with an equal mind  
 Declares, against his Funeral 'twas design'd :  
 And that this liberal kindness on him shown,  
 Shou'd ever be to after ages known :  
 Trembling those fatal Words th' Apostles hear,  
 And deep agen revolve with anxious Fear.

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That Night at pleasant Bethany they stay,  
 Waiting our Lord, who the succeeding day  
 T'wards the fair Town his careful Footsteps bends  
 At Bethphage met by Crowds of wond'ring Friends.  
 See there the high to which he e'r aspir'd !

See



Luc. 7

Book I. Pag. 16.

Christ at Simon the Leper's House & Mary Magdalene  
anointing his Feet.

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Book 1. pag. 17.

Mat. 21  
Mar. 11  
Luc. 19  
Jo. 12

*Christ riding to Jerusalem.*

610 See there the highest *Pomp* he e'r desir'd !  
 No *Horse*, no *Chariot* him to *Court* must bring;  
 But a mean *Ass*, bear *Salems* *bumble King*.  
 See where the *giddy Crowd* just *Homage* pay,  
 With nat'ral *ease* *Pomp* prepare his way!  
*Branches* and *Cloaths* through all his *Paths* are thrown,  
 Borro' wing the *Palms* fair *Garments* with their own :  
 \* *Hosanna* all the *Cry*, *Hosanna* loud  
 Is now the *Breath* of all the *giddy Crowd*,  
 Which soon they'll change to a far *diff'rent Cry*;

Zach. 9. 9.  
 Matth. 21. 5.  
 John 12. 15.

620 Soon their *Hosanna* will be *Crucifie* !  
 To him not hid, so well who all things knows,  
 His fickle *Friends*, and firm *inver'rate Foes*:  
 Who oft *unmov'd* had turn'd the *Leaves* of *Fate*,  
 Who meets *unmov'd* their *Flatt'ry* as their *Hate*;  
 When all around he with a *Sigh* survey'd  
 Which in *unpity'd Dust* must soon be laid,  
 And his great *Father* to avert it, pray'd,  
 He back his *careful Steps* did thence convey  
 From the hoarse *Tumults* of the *Town* and *Day*;  
 630 Behind, the *noise Crowd* and *Streets* he leaves,  
 Him, *Night* approaching, *Bethany* receives;  
 His humble *Couch* by *Imocence* prepar'd,  
 While his own *Menial Angels* mount the *Guard*.  
 What tho' all *Act*, tho' all pure *Mind* they be,  
 Scarce are they *earlier* at their *Hymns* than he.

An *Hill* there is, which fronts with *decent Pride*  
 Illustrious *Solyma's* bright *Eastern side* :  
 With *Groves* of *Olives* crown'd, and thence did claim  
 From times unknown its *everlasting Name*;  
 640 Whose *three Degrees* each other higher bear  
 Rivalling the *three Regions* of the *Air*;  
 Whence those who to the *third proud Top* will go  
 May see the *City* and the *Clouds* below.  
 A lovely *Vale* creeps gently winding down  
 And fills the *Space* betwixt the *Hill* and *Town*;  
 Or whose green *Breast* deceitful *Kidron* flows,  
 \* A *Torrent* now, and now a *Brook* she shows;  
 And when the *Earth* scorch'd by the *Dog-stars* beams  
 Most wants her *Moisture*, most she hides her *Streams*.

(True Map of *worldly Joys*, so short their stay,  
 So imperceptibly they glide away.)  
 By *Chemosh* and by *Moloch* first it runs,  
 And the wise *Kings* disgraceful *Follies* shuns:  
 Weak'ned by *Age*, and by his *Wives* betray'd  
 Them first his *Idols*, then their *Gods* he made.  
 Due East from these a little *Villa* leaves,  
 Which flows with *Oil*, and thence its *Name* receives.  
*Gethsemane* they call't, and by its side \*  
 Full on the Edge o'th' Mountains *second Pride*,  
 Lies a sweet *Garden*, pleasantly retir'd,  
 Not for large barren *Walks* and *Art* admir'd;  
 No *Beauties* forc'd or *regular* appear,  
 A lovely *charming Wildness* revels here.  
 Brown *Walks* and *Allies* green around it ran,  
 Where *Nature* scorn'd to ask the Aid of *Man*;  
 Where the rich *Olives* fruitful *Arbors* grow,  
 And *Physic*, *Food* and *Ease* at once bestow:  
 Or the triumphant *Palm*, for *Victors* made  
 Cross the sweet *Walks* projects its lovely *Shade*.  
 [ " *Let others* *Lautels* court, the *Palm* be mine,  
 " *Which* yields in barren *Wasts* both *Fruit* and *Wine*;  
 " *Which* rises prest, whose faithful *Branches* bend  
 " O'r *Rocks* and *Floods* to meet its charming *Friend*. ]

650

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670

Here, while the World lay drown'd in thoughtless *Rest*,  
 Nor dreamt of *Joys* which he and his possess,  
 E'r *Heav'n's* fair *Lamp* did o'r the *Hills* aspire  
 Pow'd'ring their *Silver Heads* with *Golden Fire*,  
 Drawn by *Celestial Love's* far brighter *Flame*  
 He and his chosen *Twelve* not seldom came:  
*Celestial Love* they think, they talk, they sing,  
 " And on the *Cherub-Contemplations* *Wing*  
 In *Joys* that Earth can neither take nor give  
 Eternal *Love's* bright Face they see, and live.

680

*Love* is pure *Act*, its *Task* is never done, \*  
 This and the other World's true *Soul* and *Sun*;  
 Not that weak *foolish Fire* which rears its *Head*  
 In mortal *Breasts*, no sooner born than dead;  
 But immaterial, bright *Celestial Love*,  
 " Kindled on sight of those fair things above;

Where

- 690 Where holy *Souls*, all made of *that* and *Fire*,  
 "Loud Praise *incessant* sing, and never tire.  
 But ev'n as our *dim Globe* immers'd in *Night*,  
 From dregs of *Chaos* made, first robb'd of *Light*,  
 Can yet reflect bright *beauteous Beams*, and send  
 Those *Rays* to *Heav'n*, which *Heav'n* at first did lend :  
 So *Love Divine*, whose *Circles* farther run  
 Than that eternal *Wanderer*, the *Sun*,  
 From yon, fair *Fund* of *Bliss*, fair *Realms* of *Day*  
 First throws its *Seeds* around our *humble Clay* :
- 700 How sweetly thence they *spring* ? how *kindly* rise ?  
 Claim their *high Birth*, and mean their *native Skies*,  
 Which *humbler* here, and *loftier* there we see ;  
 Smile in a *Flow'r*, and *flourish* in a *Tree*,  
 And lend sweet *Philomel* her pretty *Throat*,  
 Answer'd around by every *Rivals Note* ;  
 On *Bushes*, *Trees* and *Plains* their *Voice* they raise,  
 And teach forgetful *Man* his *Maker's Praise*.  
 The *heav'nly Lark* from yon green *Turf* up-springs,  
 How do I envy both her *Voice* and *Wings* ?
- 710 *Mounts* like an *Angel*, like an *Angel sings* ;  
 But little *Weight* so little *Matter* bears,  
 Soft-waisted on her own *harmonious Airs* ;  
 From thence surveys at the first opening *Dawn*  
 Each smiling *Field*, and every gilded *Lawn* :  
 With her each *Soul* whom *heav'nly Ardors* please,  
 Shakes off base *Slumber* and inglorious *Ease* :  
 How *beauteous* the *Creation* now, how *bright* ?  
 Thus rose the *infant World* from old *Original Night*,  
 And thus look'd *Paradise* —
- 720 Thus, clearest *Beam* ! that e'r on *Earth* did shine !  
 O loveliest *Efflux* of the *Light Divine* !  
 Thus didst thou all thy happy *Morns* improve,  
 Thou *Height* of *Heav'nly Power* and *Heav'nly Love* !  
 Whether tall *Tabor* stoop'd his *Head* to meet  
 And welcom thither thy *triumphant Feet* ;  
 Or thou by hollow *Kidron's* tumbling *Spring*  
 Didst with thy faithful *Twelve* high *Anthems* sing,  
 Hymning th' eternal *Father*, who look'd down  
 And his *wing'd Courtiers* sent their *Lord* to own ;

Whilest all around th' attentive *Angels* hung }  
 Devouring ev'ry *Accent* of thy *Tongue*,  
 And each blest *Ode* in a full *Chorus* sung. }

730

Nor are, great King! (thy mighty *Conquests* o'r,  
 And thou receiv'd where high *enthron'd* before)  
 Sweet *Fields* disdain'd, nor need the *Man* despair,  
 Who *early* seeks ev'n yet to find thee *there*.

Yes, thou art here, my *Master*, thou art here!  
 My busie *Heart* foretold my *Love* was near.  
 Let *Earth* go where it will, I'll not *repine*,  
 Nor can unhappy be, while *Heav'n* is mine.  
 Forget not, if that *Freedom* won't offend,  
 (O that he could deserve the *Name*!) your *Friend*.

740

*Divinest Saviour*, of a spotless *Maid*,  
 The spotless *Son*, your humblest *Suppliant* aid!  
 Who, e'r the dappled *Morn* has dress'd the *Skies*,  
 To your blest *Palace* lifts his longing *Eyes*!  
 Whether in old *Jerne's* angry *Seas*, \*  
 Near *Mona Isle*, or the blue *Hebrides*;  
 Or from the *Face* of *Men* remov'd away, }  
 In a mean *Cot* compos'd of *Reeds* and *Clay*, }  
 Wasting in *Sighs* th' uncomfortable *Day*: }  
 Near where th' *unhospitable Humber* roars  
 Devouring by degrees the neighb'ring *Shores*:  
 Or by dear *Mother Isis* stretch'd along,  
 Or *Father Tame* he twist the *Sacred Song*;  
 Which, if your *Name* eternity can give,  
 Shall down to *Twenty* long long *Ages* live?

750

Return, my *Muse*, and *sacred Friendship* sing!  
 That most *Divine*, yet most *forgotten Thing*.  
*Shadow* of *Heav'nly Love*! which thou dost show  
 I th' clearest *Type* that we have left below:

760

But where? Ah where is that to th' *Life* exprest? }  
 Unfully'd, or by *Vice* or *Interest*? }  
 Where, if on *Earth*, but in our *Saviour's Breast*? }  
 Then we were sure of *Thee*, tho' since unknown,  
 Whether with him agen to *Heav'n* th' art flown;  
 In him, who far above all *Mortals* blest  
 Repos'd him soft on *Love's* and *Friendship's Breast*;  
 The lov'd *Disciple*, who his *Soul* might see,

John 13 23

And

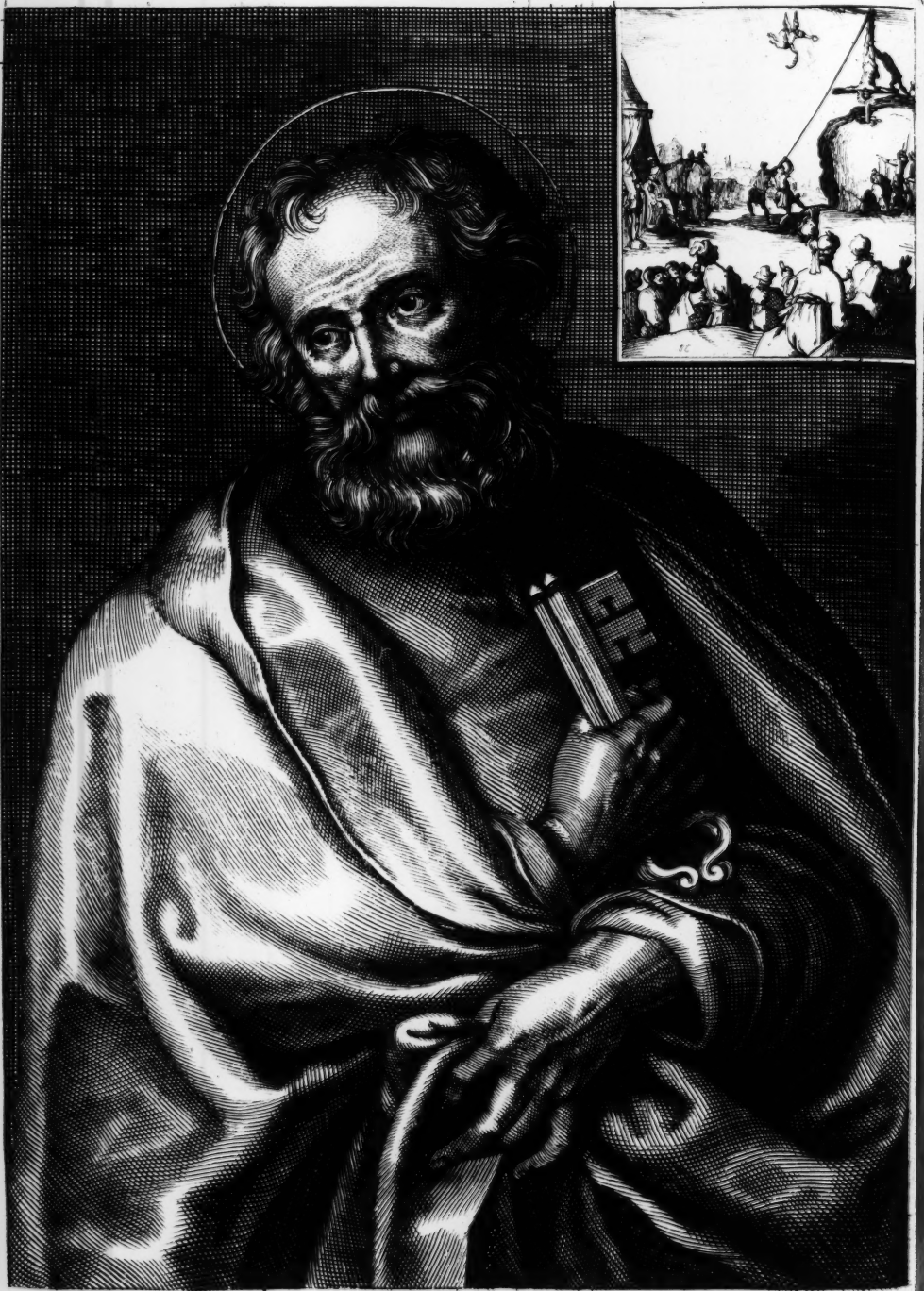
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*Book 1. pag: 21. N<sup>o</sup> 1.*

**S<sup>t</sup>. JOHN:**

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*Book 1. pag: 21. N.º 2.*

S.<sup>t</sup> PETRVS.

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Book 1. pag 21 N.º 3

S. IACOBVS MAIOR.

- 770 And knew his *Heart* almost as well *He*.  
 How closely knit? most *intimately* one,  
 Next the *Eternal Father* and his *Son*:  
 A *Cesar's* Title less my *Envy* moves,  
 Than to be styl'd the *Man* whom *Jesus* loves.  
 What *Charms*, what *Beauties* in his *Face* did shine,  
 Reflected ever from the *Face Divine* !  
 Love in his *Eyes*, Love in his *Face* and *Air* ;  
 Scarce was the *Mind* within more *sweet* and *fair*.  
 Silent and deep as *Crystal Waters* flow,  
 780 Where *Noise* above *Shallows* are found below :  
 Love is not loud, and if he less express'd,  
 Yet *Time* will tell h' has more than all the rest :  
 The *Service* for the *Loaves* he did not chuse,  
 He *Jesus* lov'd, and they the *King* o'th' *Jews*,  
 Who might their *Countries Enemies* disperse,  
 And triumph o'r the conquer'd *Universe*.  
 Of these the Chief did *zealous Cephas* hold,  
 Oft in his *Masters Cause* too *warmly bold* :  
 Like hasty *Uzzah*, when it seem'd to nod,  
 790 His *forward Hand* would prop the *Ark of God*:  
 Thus *Weakness* does *Devotion* oft supply,  
 And *Faith's* too low, when the *Pulse* beats too high.  
 Ting'd with the old *Traditions* of their *Land*,  
 The *holy Books* they could not understand.  
 How *bad* the *best* of men, how *dark* the *Mind*,  
 Where heav'nly *Truths* clear *Rays* have never shin'd !  
 Mildly our *Saviour* did their *Weakness* bear ;  
 He knew ev'n his *Disciples*, *Mortals* were :  
 He knew 'twas *well-meant Zeal* had them betray'd,  
 800 And soon forgave those *Faults* which *Love* had made :  
 What if good *Cephas* warm and eager be ?  
 None dar'd, none did, none suffer'd more than He :  
 So much his gracious *Master* him approv'd,  
 None but the lov'd *Disciple* more was lov'd,  
 Who, with his Brother *James*, of that great *Three*  
 Blest *Witnesses* of his *Divinity*,  
 Made the first Rank of *Worthies*, grac'd to stand  
 I'th' head of *David's Son's* immortal *Band*.  
 An *active Principle* inform'd their *Breast*,

John 18.15,  
19, 26.

2 Sam. 6. 6.

2 Sam. 23. 8,  
&c.

The

The Love of *Jesus* would not let e'm rest. 810  
 Let *Thirst* of *Glory* meaner *Souls* inspire,  
 And haunt their *Dreams* ! these, nobler *Things* desire ;  
 Nor envy such as *Bodies* only bind,  
 While they in *Truth's* soft *Chains* secure the *Mind*.  
 Thus when their *Hymns* were o'r, and they came down  
 From *Olivet* to view the *Sacred Town*,  
 ( Nor would their *Master* always *private* dwell,  
 Or rob the *World* t' enrich a *lonely Cell*, )  
 Like him, the only business they design'd,  
 Was th' *universal Good* of all *Mankind* : 820

Their *Charity* no narrow limits pent,  
 Open and free, as *Light* or *Element* ;  
 And as their *Lord* himself did not disdain  
 The *Sinner* and the humble *Publican*,  
 So would their *Conversation* often be  
 With worse than both, the haughty *Pharisee*,  
 Vain, Supercilious, damning all beside,  
 Yet oft as full of ignorance as pride, }  
 Oft did his *Saint-like Face* fowl lewdness hide : }  
 But, as some *Tares* mix with the purest *Grain*, 830  
 Their *Heaps* of *Dross* some Sparks of *Gold* contain :  
 Such as not obstinately clos'd their *Eyes*,  
 When the bright *Sun* of *Righteousness* did rise ;  
 Some glimm'rings in their *Souls*, some *whispers* there  
 Would *Jesus* the *Messias* oft declare ;  
 Or, if their *Infant-Faith* but dawning be,  
 They wish'd tho' they could scarce believe, 'twas He.

John 3. 2.

Weak *Nicodemus*, not his Saviour's sight \*  
 Could make his bashful *Faith* endure the *Light* :

Ibid.

Yet him a *Teacher* sent from God confess'd,  
 And gladly from his Lips wou'd learn the rest.  
*Gamaliel* in the *Sacred Pandects* read,  
 By which a *Life unblamable* he led ;  
 Severely wise, and would known *Truths* receive,  
 But *Truths* well weigh'd, before he'd them believe :  
 Both in the *Sanhedrim* of *Name* and *Note* ;  
 Both us'd to sway the *Senate's* weighty *Vote* :  
 To these was *Joseph* joyn'd—  
*Joseph*, for *Wisdom* and for *Counsel* fam'd,

840

Of

850 Of his fair Birth-place, antient Rama, nam'd :  
 Rama of old, but Time which changes all,  
 The Place does now Arimathæa call,  
 Who near the Town had a convenient Seat,  
 Still and retir'd, 'twas pleasant all and neat,  
 Tho' not with pompous Statues proudly great :  
 Nor poorly mean, but proper to supply  
 The wants of Nature, not of Luxury :  
 \* There borrow'd Streams from Siloam's neighb'ring Well,  
 In artificial Showers rose and fell ;

860 With unknown Spring still blest the happy Ground,  
 And spread eternal Verdure all around.

\* There antient Gilead's odoriferous Balm,  
 ( Mixt with tall Cedar and triumphant Palm )  
 \* Rich Balm, Judea's Native, frequent grows,  
 And with big fragrant Tears inestimably flows.  
 A few choice Friends, with modest Mirth and Wine,  
 \* From Gaza's or Sarepta's noble Vine,  
 Here would he sometimes meet, and wear away

In no unactive Ease the scorching day :

870 Nor Vices fly Intrusion could they fear ;  
 Intemperance could not hope to enter here ;  
 For, as the wise Egyptians at their Feasts,  
 \* Serv'd up a Skull before their chearful Guests,  
 Around 'em they the same grave Objects see :  
 The Garden's on the side of Calvary,  
 Won from the Wast of Death, and wisely there  
 Good Joseph built himself a Sepulcher.

Who e'r like him is virtuous, wise and brave,  
 Dares to be chearful, tho' he sees his Grave :

880 Who sees his Grave, all Thoughts must needs disdain,  
 Unworthy, Eternity to entertain.

Here Joseph did his happy Hours employ,  
 And, here himself, and here his Friends enjoy :  
 Their Conversation noble and refin'd,  
 Fit to divert and yet improve the Mind.  
 The Rules of Just and Right, their Weights and Bounds,  
 And fix'd eternal Truth's eternal Mounds ;  
 What known of God by Reason's darker Sight,  
 And what by Revelation's noon-day Light ;

Matth. 27.  
 60.  
 Mark 15.  
 46.

What

What of *himself* the divine *Plato* knew,  
 What from the sacred *Hebrew Fountains* drew;  
 How short of their great *Legislator* came,  
 Who ev'n to *Gentile Worlds* extends his *Name*,  
 \* By antient *Orpheus* sung; —

890

What *Rules of Life*, couch'd in their *Sacred Law*,  
 What *distant Truths* their antient *Seers* saw,  
 Chiefly the *promis'd Prince*, so oft foretold  
 By all the *Holy Oracles* of old.

Vid. Lib. 2. That great *Prophetic Shiloh* long design'd  
 His *grooming Countrey's* heavy *Chains* t' unbind;

900

If this the *Age* of his *Appearance* be,  
 Or if *already* come, and *Jesus He*:  
 Whose *Miracles* they *uncontested* saw,  
 Greater and *more* than what confirm'd the *Law*; \*  
 Who *spake* as *never Mortal* did before,  
 Yet all his *own* pure *Doctrins* liv'd and *more*.  
 All speak their *Sense*, no angry *Bigot* there,  
 Less for *themselves* than *Truth* concern'd they were,  
 And *that* and *Reason* only held the *Chair*.

}

Them thus employ'd the *lov'd Disciple* found  
 In the *still Limits* of their happy *Ground*,  
 Who with the other *Two*, the *Cause* the same,  
 Not *uninvited* nor *unwelcome* came;  
 Whom near fair *Rama* or old *Gibeons* Wall  
 By *Gilgal*, *Jericho*, or *Jordan's* Fall  
*Joseph* had seen the trembling *Fiends* obey,  
 And crouding *Regions* *Jesus* own, while they }  
 In sacred *Water* wash'd their *Sins* away;  
 These in the *Temple* met he with him brought  
 To teach his *Friends* what *them* their *Master* taught;  
 His *Birth*, his *spotless Life*, his *Sacred Law*,  
 And all the *wondrous Things* they heard and saw;  
 For now the *Fourth* swift *Year* declining ran \*  
 Since He his *weighty Office* first began.

910

920

The End of the First Book.

# NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST.

BOOK I.

\* [*Sing the God*] I must expect an Attack from the *Criticks* on account of my *Proposition*, who may complain, that it speaks too advantageously of my *Subject*, representing it as an *immense Work*, too *heavy* for an *Angel*; and that nothing more can be found in the whole *Book*, when I talk of — *Singing the God*, &c. even in the second *Line*. To the latter I may answer, That I had injur'd my *Heroe* had I describ'd him other than *God* as well as *man*; but yet even there, I make him, as he was, a *suffering God*: and indeed the greatest part of the *Proposition* is taken up with his *Exinanition* and *Humiliation*, his *Troubles* and his *Sufferings*, which the Masters of *Epic Poetry* recommend as the most proper *matter* for that part of a *Poem*. Nay, I have carried him lower than ever any *Poet* yet did his *Heroe*, and yet all agreeable to *Truth*, in that Verse, “*And gave his Life when he could give no more*. For the former *Objection*, giving so great an *Idea* of the whole *Work*, as well as the principal *Hero*, I hope that too may be easily defended, since 'tis in order to two *Advantages*, the first in the *Proposition* it self, *viz.* mentioning the *Author* of the *Poem* with that *Mediocrity* which both *Truth* and *Decency* require, “*How then shall I*, &c. The second in the natural *Connexion* of the *Proposition* with the *Invocation*, by introducing the *Divinity* to my assistance, “*O thou whose Word*, &c.

\* *By his Example*] One great End of our Saviour's coming into the *World*, was undoubtedly to set us a good *Example*, that his *Followers* might learn from him to *do good*, and *suffer evil*: But to say, that was the chief or only *End*, or that *Man* could be sav'd, or *God* aton'd by his *Example*; that his *Example* could be a *Propitiation*, an *attonement* for the *Sins* of *Mankind*, is just such *Reason* as those who pretend so much to be Masters of it frequently put upon the *World*. I therefore instance in the other *Ends* of our Saviour's coming, teaching a more perfect *Law*, the *Law of Faith*, as *S. Paul* styles it; and principally redeeming *Mankind*, and appeasing his Father by his inestimable *Merits* and painful *Death*; whereby, as our Church expressly asserts in the *Consecration-Prayer* at the *Communion*, “*he made a full, perfect and sufficient Sacrifice, Oblation and Satisfaction for the Sins of the whole World*.”

\* *And happy Years in decent Order ran.*] This with those following, “*Lost Astraea*, and the End of the *Proposition*, “*So vast the Work*, &c. are all *Imitations* of *Virgil*, as any that ever read him might easily discern.

\* *Immortal Cowley*, Herbert all divine, Beheld the weighty Task —] *Cowley* in his beautiful Description of the Angel's *Annunciation*, and *Incarnation* of our Saviour, in *David's Dream or Vision*: and *Herbert* in his excellent *Sacrifice*. I might have added more, as *Crashaw*, *Milton*, and others, but all that I've seen are no better than *Fragments*; a complete *Work* of this Nature having never yet, that I know of, been attempted in our *Language*.

E

\* The

\* *The Mount of God*] The *Mount* of the *Transfiguration* is called the *Holy Mount* by S. Peter in his Epistles. Nor is there any great doubt but that this was *Mount Tabor*, the *Itabyrium* of *Josephus*, since most of the *Moderns* and *Antients* are of that *Opinion*. The *Primitive Christians* undoubtedly believed it, which they might easily have, by *Tradition*, from the *Disciples*: and accordingly the *Empress Helena* built three *Oratories*, as 'tis suppos'd, in the very place of the *Transfiguration*, of which more below.

\* *Lovely it look'd.*] Most of *Palestine* is, even now, described, by those who have seen it, as so beautiful, that it's impossible for *Poetry* to mend it; particularly this *Mount Tabor*, which all Travellers represent as one of the most delicious Places in the World. Among many see *Surin's Pieux Pelerin*, p. 316. "*Le Sommet de ce Sacre Mont, Fort agreable, &c.*" The Top of this *Holy Mount* is extremely "*agreable and pleasant.*" 'Tis situated in the great Plain of *Esdraelon*, about three "*Leagues* from *Nazareth*, in form like a *Sugar-Loaf*, with a curious pleasant Plain "*on the Top*, from whence to the Foot of it, 'tis all cover'd with *Flowers, Trees,* "*and Shrubs (qui sont toujours verdoyants)* which are always green or flourishing, "*as Balsom-Trees, Olives, Lawrels, Roses, &c.* the very natural Beauty of the "*Place*, as it were, inspiring a Man with *Devotion*. And Lower, "*This Mount* "*seems to have one of the most beautiful Prospects in the World: to the East* "*you may see the Sea of Galilee, part of Stony-Arabia, and the Mount of the Be-* "*attitudes. To the West, Mount Carmel, and the Great Sea (the Mediterranean).* "*North, Bethulia, and Mount Libanus. South, the Plain of Esdraelon, Mountains* "*of Gilboa, Hermon, Endor, Naim, &c.*

\* *Royal Tiberias.*] Then a *New Town*, built by *Herod* on the West side of the Lake, which bears its Name (see next Note) in honour of the Emperor *Tiberius*, whence 'twas called, as *Cæsarea Philippi* in *Auranitis*, by his Brother *Philip*.

\* *In numerous Boats upon the Neighbouring Lake*] The Lake of *Gennesareth*, so famous in the New Testament for many of our Saviour's short *Voyages*; for which reason we'll here once for all give a full account of it. It has several Names both *Proper* and *Common*. 'Tis called a *Lake* for the most part in S. *Luke*, because a *Conflux* of fresh Waters, *Jordan* falling into it about the North-East Corner by *Chorazin* and *Capernaum*, and, as Travellers report (which the Reader may, if he please, believe to prevent further Trouble) passes unmixed through the midst. It's called a *Sea* by the other *Evangelists*, not only for its *Largeness*, as our great Lakes in *England* are stiled *Meers*, which seems much the same; but according to the *Idiom* of the *Hebrew Language*, which gives the name of *Sea* to all gatherings together of Waters, as the *Sea of Fazer* East of *Jordan*, nay even the *Brzen Sea* belonging to the *Temple*. It has Four *Proper Names* in the Scriptures, one in the Old Testament, the *Sea of Cinneroth*, either from a *Town* so called on its Borders, or from its *Form*, something like a *Harp*, in the *Hebrew Cinner*. In the New Testament 'tis stiled the *Lake* or *Sea* of *Gennesareth*, *Galilee*, and *Tiberias*; *Gennesareth*, either from *Gau Hortus*, and *Nazar* a *Flower*; or compounded of two Languages, a thing common enough, from *Yn Terra*, and *Nazareth*, a famous neighbouring *Town*, or perhaps some small District thereabout: Lastly, the *Sea of Galilee*, from the *Country* so called, washing most of its *Eastern side*, and especially the *Towns of Tiberias*, standing between *Jotopata* and *Tarichæa*, the latter of which *Josephus* says had much *Shipping*. At the North-West Corner of this *Sea* or *Lake* stands *Bebsaida*; on the East side *Gadara*, which made such a desperate Defence against the *Romans*; and near that *Gerasa* or *Girgase*, which names that whole side of the *Country*, being all the Remains of the old Nation of the *Girgashites*, destroyed by *Joshua*. *Josephus* makes this *Lake* an *hundred Furlongs* in *Length*, and *six* in *Breadth*, describing at large thereon the famous *Sea-Fight* of that *Country-People* with the *Romans*. Our *Biddulph* says 'tis twenty four Miles long and fifteen broad; my *Pilgrim* twelve long and six broad; measuring it, I suppose at different places.

\* *When past by Western Hermon's, &c.*] *Kishon*, here described, is reckoned by Geographers the noblest River in *Palestine* next *Jordan*. It has two *Heads* and two *Falls*, unless my Authors are mistaken; its largest Head rises South of *Tabor*, near

near *Sebaste* or *Samaria*, and passing this *Western Hermon*, a small Mountain so called on the West of *Jordan*, not far from *Gilboa*, just at the foot of *Tabor* it joins the other Stream which comes from the North of that Mountain, called by some little *Kishon*. Its two Falls are one into the Lake of *Tiberias*, South of *Taricheæ*, the other into the *Mediterranean*, called in the Scriptures the *Western Sea*, and the *Great Sea*, to distinguish it from their Inland Seas, and the great *Mare Eoim*, behind *Arabia*.

\* *Bodies and Shields and Men promiscuous roll'd along.*] An Imitation of that noble Image in *Virgil*,

— *Ubi tot Simois correpta sub undas*  
*Scuta Virum, Galeasq; & fortia Corpora volvit.*

\* *Whence Carmel's Mount and Grove its Waves emice,*  
*To add New Beauties to that Paradise.*] 'Tis indeed described like a Paradise by *Fuller* and others: for thus he in his *Pisgah*, *Lib. 2. p. 161.* "As for *Carmel* in general, 'twas so delicious a Place, that more Pleasure was hardly to be fancied than here to be found. It consisted of *Highb Hills*, a fruitful *Vale*, the pleasant River of *Kishon*, and a goodly Forest. From which *Carmel*, as the Plat-form of Pleasure, many other delightful Places are so named.

\* *Within whose Arms, more North, rich Tyrus stood.*] *Palætyrus*, or *Old Tyre*, was built on the Sea-shore, which was destroyed by *Nebuchadnezzar*, as *Sir W. Raleigh*, after thirteen years Siege, tho he got nothing by it but the bare Nest, the Inhabitants flying by Sea to their Colony at *Carthage*. After which *New Tyre* rose like a *Phoenix* out of its Ashes; whence some have thought both Name and Fable take their original. 'Twas built within the very Arms of the Sea, the *Mediterranean* coming quite round it, by the Advantage of which Situation it sustain'd a Siege of some time even from *Alexander* himself, who at last took it with almost infinite Pains and Labour, being forc'd to make a Causeway into the Sea to get at it, tho well paid for his Labour by the incredible Riches he found therein: tho now 'tis well alter'd, nothing of all its proud Buildings being left, besides about an hundred miserable Huts of *Turks* and *Moors*, among vast Heaps of Ruines.

\* *You'll Jezreel see.*] From a Corruption of which Word I suppose 'tis that the large *Champaign Country* thereabouts is called the Plain of *Esdraelon*.

\* *Two destin'd Mariyrs.*] *S. Peter*, crucify'd at *Rome* with his Head downward; *S. James*, beheaded by *Herod*.

\* *From awful Thunder.*] So 'tis interpreted by the Evangelist himself, "Boanerges, that is, Sons of Thunder. Because, says *Walker* odly enough, "they had more Mettle and forth-putting than any of the rest.

\* *Ay-gazing.*] Here once for all I tell the Reader, that 'tis not out of necessity I make use now and then of some of those old Words, whether out of a vicious Imitation of *Milton* and *Spencer*, I amn't so proper a Judge. All I'll say of 'em is, That I own I've ever had a fondness for some of 'em, they please me, and sound not disagreeably to my Ear, and that's all the Reason I can give for using 'em.

\* *Almighty Wand.*] 'Tis a bold Epithet, but 'tis, I think, *Mr. Cowleys*, and therefore I'm not to answer for't; nor, if he writ it, can it need defending.

\* *Moses, expiring with the Kiss of God.*] 'Tis a pretty Tradition of the *Rabbies*, That *God* came to *Moses* in Mount *Pisgah*, and took away his Soul in a Kiss.

\* *Thus Law and Prophets their Perfection find, &c.*] 'Tis an Observation of some of the Fathers, That by the Appearance of *Moses* and *Elias* to our Saviour, was figured the Harmony betwixt the Law, the Prophets, and the Gospel which he then came to deliver. And indeed there seems to be more of Solidity in this than in most of those Allegorical Fancies.

\* *Talk'd of his Wondrous Passion.*] See this most clearly *S. Luke 9. 31.* "They appear'd in Glory, and spake of his Decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem. The Word we render Decease, is in the Original *ἐξέρχεται*, which may also relate to his Resurrection and Ascension into Glory, alluding perhaps to the Children of *Israel's* *ἐξέρχεται* Passage or Departure out of *Egypt*, the Book which is so

called describing their *Conquests* as well as *Hardships*, till they were at length led by *Joshua*, or *Jesus*, into *Canaan*, the *Type* of *Heaven*.

\* *His seamless Robe, than New-fall'n-Snow more white.*] In *S. Matth.* 17. 2. 'tis, *his Face did shine as the sun, and his Raiment was white as the light*. There's little doubt but the same *Splendor* or *Glory* with which his *Face* shone, was also communicated to all his *Blessed Body*, from whence he *shin'd* through his *Cloaths*, they receiving *Light* from him now, as *Virtue* at other times, whence they must needs appear *white*, as *Mr. Boyle*, and common *Observation* tells us the *Clouds* do when the *Sun* pierces 'em with his *Rays*.

\* *Three bumble Tabernacles.*] One wou'd as little expect to find the *Relics* of those *three Tabernacles* that *S. Peter* would have made upon the *Mount*, as to see *Joseph's Hem*, or the *Archangel's Feather*. But there is a certain *Communion* in the *World* which has many of these *Advantages* to *elevate* and *surprize*, beyond all *Faith*, *Sence* or *Reason*. Agreeably to which *plenitude* of *Power* amongst 'em, one *Breidimbachius*, a *Writer* of theirs, quoted both by *Walker* and *Fuller*, having travelled up the *Mountain*, tells the *World* very gravely, "*Ibi etiam hodie ostenduntur*, &c. Even "to this day are shown there the *Ruines* of those *three Tabernacles*, built according to *S. Peter's* desire, &c. But our honest *Pilgrim* explains all the *Mystery*, and says, they were only the *Remains* of *three Oratories*, built by *S. Helen* in that place, once cover'd with a *Magnificent Church*, and afterwards erected into a *Bishoprick*.

\* *Such the strange Cloud that made the World's first Morn.*] 'Tis generally thought that this *Light* which was created the *first Day*, and distinguish'd *Day* and *Night* by its *Circumvolution*, till the *fourth Day* when the *Sun* was made, was no other than a *Body of Light*, collected out of the *Chaos*, of whose *Creation* we read before in *Gen.* 1. 2. and after distributed into *Sun*, *Stars*, and perhaps other *lucid Bodies*.

\* *That Pillar such which did from Egypt come,*  
And Piloted the chosen Nations home, From Earth to Heaven, &c.] It may properly be said *Piloted*, because of those vast *Seas* of *Sand* they were to pass, far more uncertain in their *ebbing* and *flowing* than the *proper Sea*, and sometimes, as *Historians* tell us, swallowing whole *Armies*. Of this *Cloud Philo* gives us a very beautiful and noble *Description*, much to this purpose, "That it rose up over the " *Tabernacle* or *midst* of the *Camp*, in form of a glorious *Pillar*, mounting to such an *Height*, and spreading to so vast an *Extent*, that it gave a *cool* and *comfortable Shade* to the whole *Army*.

\* *Which Zebedee and Cephas.*] If I should be mistaken in the joint *Owners* of this *Ship*, I hope none of their *Heirs* and *Executors* will call me in question for't. But 'tis probable enough the *Ship* might belong to either of 'em; they were fishing very near one another when our *Saviour* first called four of his *Disciples*, *S. Matth.* 4. 18, 21. two of which were *Zebedee's Sons*, and in a *Ship* together with him.

\* *The Dead-Sea roars.*] I confess 'tis a pretty way off the *Lake of Genesareth*; but I don't affirm the *Seamen* heard it thither. There's an odd *Story* in *Kircher's China*, of a *Lake* somewhere in that *Country*, on the *Top* of a *Mountain*, of a *black Colour*, into which if any thing is thrown, a *horrid Tempest* immediately arises. However *Nitro-sulphureous Vapours* which form *Thunder* and *Lightning*, could not be fetch'd any where more probably than from this *Lake of Sodom*.

\* *Or whether Nature only, &c.*] We are sure that there are *natural Storms*, even in *Inland Meers*, or *Lakes*: thus *Harlem Meer*, as I've been inform'd by *Eye-witnesses*, will sometimes be as rough as the *Sea* it self.

\* *As Thrice before.*] Once to *Joshua*, *Josh.* 3. 16. once to *Elijah*, *2 Kings* 2. 8. then to *Elisha*, *ibid.* 14.

\* *And Light was born to Chaos and to Love.*] *Love* was the *eldest* of the *Gods*, in *Hesiod's Genealogy*.

\* *Our Saviour and his faithful Family.*] They might be all *faithful* yet, though *Judas* afterwards corrupted: or if not, the old *Denominatio a majori*, will be a sufficient *Plea*.

\* *By Martha, and repenting Magdalene.*] I know it's controverted whether this *Mary* were the *repenting Magdalene*; 'tis enough for me that some have been of that *Opinion*.

\* Our

\* *Our Saviour groan'd and wept among the rest.*] Groan'd, Joh. 11. 32. Wept, 35. And here I need not tell any judicious Reader that I feel my self fall infinitely short of the History, which I think has the most *Tenderness* in it of any in the whole Bible, excepting perhaps that of our Saviour's commending his Mother to his Friend from the Cross, in the ninth Book, the Description of which I'm more satisfied with than this here. Nor can any thing be a greater Argument of our Saviour's *Kindness* and *Goodness* to Mankind than his being thus concerned at his Friends *Misfortunes*, even when he knew he should so soon remove them.

\* *Rich Simon him accosts.*] He's called *Simon the Leper*, Mar. 14. 3.

\* *Which Sodom's Fate inscrib'd.*] 'Tis impossible to furnish a *Poetical House* well (I don't mean a *Poet's*) without a *Suit of Hangings*; and if it be objected against mine, that the *Jews* were against *Pictures*, much more will it bear against Mr. Cowley's *Colossus* over *Saul's Gate*; but his Excuse will serve so well for both, that I'll borrow it in his own Words, in *Notes on lib. 1.* where speaking of the civil use of *Images* among the *Jews*, he adds, "Whether it be true or no, is not of importance in *Poetry*, as long as there's any appearance of *Probability*."

\* *Bending back by strong Macherus runs.*] Near *Jordan's* fall into the *Dead Sea*, stands the strong Castle of *Macherus*. West of which the *River* passing toward the Lake of *Sodom*, makes a considerable *Flexure*, bending backwards to the North-East; which *Pliny* seems to hint at, when, speaking of *Jordan*, he says, "*Involitus Asphaltiten Lacum*, &c. He falls unwillingly into the *Asphaltite Lake*, for which Nature it self seems to have an *Aversion* and *Horror*."

\* *And makes a black uncomfortable Bay.*] This is excellently described by *Solinus*, cap. 38. "Longo ab Hierosolymis recessu tristis finis panditur, quem de cælo tactum testatur humus nigra & in cinerem soluta. Duo ibi oppida, Sodomum nominatum alterum, alterum Gomorrhum, apud quæ Pomum gignitur, quod habeat speciem, licet maturitatis, mandi tamen non potest, nam fuliginem intrinsecus favillaceam ambitio tantum extimæ cutis cohibet, quæ vel levi tactu pressa, fumum exhalat, & fatiscit in vagum pulverem."

\* *Borrowing the Palm's fair Garments with their own.*] A custom among the *Jews* to spread their Garments under Great Persons, as an high token of *Honour*; and, as it seems, a Ceremony of *Inauguration*, and due only to *Regal Dignity*: for thus did the Captains to *Jebu*, when they agreed with *God's way* of *Disposal*, and acknowledged him King. 2 Kings 9. 13.

\* *Whose three Degrees, &c.*] Mount *Olivet* consists of three Degrees or *Risings*; which, I think, *Fuller*, for 'tis much after his way, compares to *Chancel*, *Church*, and *Steeple*.

\* *O'er whose green Breast, deceitful Kidron flows.*] Those that write of *Palestine*, tell us, the Brook *Kidron*, or *Cedron*, is nothing but a *Mas of Waters* made out of *Rains* which descend from Mount *Olivet* and Mount *Moria*, between which it runs, separating 'em from each other, and falling thence into the *Vale* of *Jebosopbat*; that 'tis ordinarily quite dry unless in very wet Seasons, and about two or three days in the year, when there are violent *Rains*, and hardly any else, when the People make provision of Water, which they preserve in *Cisterns* a long time in its *Freshness* and *Purity*.

\* *By Chemosh and by Moloch.*] See the melancholy History of *Solomon's Apostacy* and *Idolatry*, in 1 Kings 4. 5, 7. This Hill fronts the Temple, and is before, or to the East of *Jerusalem*, touching upon the North; being called to this day the Mount of offence or scandal; of *Chemosh* we have little in Scripture, but that he was the *Abomination* of the *Moabites*, as *Milcom* or *Moloch* (of whom *vid. Lib. vi.*) of the Children of *Ammon*.

\* *Which flows with Oyl, &c.*] That Etymology is generally given of it: and the *Pilgrim* says 'tis call'd to this day the Garden of *Olives*, from nine great *Olives* still growing in it, tho he places it on the lowest Hill, and East of it, *Fuller* on the second to the North-West thereof, whom I follow.

\* *Love is pure Aët, &c.*] If this Digression of *Divine Love* be thought too long, 'tis easily turn'd over, tho I could not persuade my self to strike it out, because it may please a pious Mind.

\* *Whether*

*Whether in old Ierne's angry Seas, &c.]* The Irish Seas, about *Anglesey, Man,* &c. Where the Author began this *Work*, since compleated in several parts of *England*.

*\* Gamaliel in the Sacred Pandects read.]* 'Tis certain our Saviour himself as well as his Disciples, convers'd with several of the *Pharisees*, nay he did sometimes eat with one of the chief of them. 'Tis as certain *Gamaliel* was not very averse to his *Doctrine*, from his *Discourse* in the *Acts* concerning it. From whence 'tis probable he might be present at those Conferences concerning our Saviour, and I'm oblig'd to take care for no more.

*\* From his fair Birth-place, ancient Rama nam'd.]* *Ramathaim Zophim*, in *Ephraim*, where *Samuel* liv'd, and whence most agreed *Joseph* was nam'd.

*\* There borrowed Streams from Siloam's neighbouring Well.]* The *Well* or *Fountain* of *Siloam* rises at the North-West Corner of *Jerusalem*, if the *Scale* and *Maps* are right; not above five hundred Paces from the foot of *Calvary*.

*\* Rich Balm, Judæa's Native.]* *Uni terrarum Judæa concessum*, says *Pliny* of this *Balm*, that is, it only grew there originally, for 'twas afterwards transplanted to *Rome* and other places.

*\* From Gaza's, or Sarepta's noble Vine.]* Famous among Heathen Authors, whence *Sidonius*,

*Vina mihi non sunt Gazetica, Chia, Falerna,  
Quaque Sareptano palmise missa bibas.*

*\* What of himself the Divine Plato knew.]* *Vid.* Notes on *Lib. vi.*

*\* By ancient Orpheus sung.]* That his *Tesaurus* is *Moses*, few question, and that the Verses which bear his Name contain at least his *Traditions*, is, I think as generally granted.

*\* For now the fourth swift year.]* An Imitation of that of *Virgil*, in the Conclusion of his First Book,

— Nam te jam septima portat  
*Omnibus errantem terris & fluctibus æstas.*

# THE ARGUMENT OF THE Second BOOK.


*ST. Peter begins the Relation of our Blessed Saviour's Life, which he opens with the Prophecy of the Messiah's Birth, the Accomplishment of Daniel's Weeks, the Sceptre's departing from Judah, and the Tyranny of Herod; where St. John reminds him of the Preparations for our Saviour's Birth, the Angel's Salutation &c. which he thereupon repeats at large, as Joseph, the Husband of the Blessed Virgin, had formerly done it to Zebedee and him. Joseph's Character of her before their Marriage, whom having obtain'd of her Father Heli, before they came together she was found with Child of the Holy Ghost. His Passion thereupon, and Resolution to be divorc'd, till admonish'd by an Angel of her Purity and Innocence and the manner of her Conception: on which he asks Pardon for his unjust Censures, and desires her to give him an account of that miraculous Transaction. The Virgin relates the Appearance of the Angel, his Ave or Salutation, and her conception by the over-shadowing of the Holy Spirit. Joseph goes on and gives the Character of a good Wife in the Blessed Virgin, and the History of his travelling with her to see their Cousin Elizabeth, who tho' old and barren, the Angel had told her should shortly have a Child. The Way to Geba, near which liv'd Zachary and Elizabeth. The Description of Zachary's pleasant Seat, whom they find dumb at their Arrival. The Salutation of Elizabeth to the Blessed Virgin. Two Digressions, to the Virgin Mary and her present Majesty. The Birth and Circumcision of John the Baptist: his Father Zachary recovers his Speech, and gives an account of the Occasion of his strange Silence, and the Angel's Prophecy concerning his Son: his Song from the first of St. Luke. Joseph and the Virgin return to Nazareth, and make Preparations for her Son's Birth: whence being recalled by the Edict of Augustus, they go for Bethlehem: a Description of the pleasant way thither, and of the most remarkable places on the Road, Rachel's Tomb, David's Well, &c. They arrive at Bethlehem late at Night, and can find no Lodging. Her Travail approaches. Joseph's concern for her. He conducts her into a Cave without the Town. Our Saviour's Birth. The Angels attend him. The Shepherds come to the Cave early in the Morning to adore him; and on Joseph's wondering how they heard the News, two young Shepherds, Strephon and Claius, give him the Relation, after they had sung a Caroll on that Subject. The Angel's Song at the Nativity. The Presentation of our Saviour at the Temple, where old Simeon finds*

*finds him. His Song or the Nunc dimittis. The Testimony of Anna the Prophetess: the Journey of the three Kings, conducted by a Star to Jerusalem, and enquiring of the place of our Saviour's Birth, which Herod, pretending Devotion, asks of the Sanhedrim; Gamaliel remembers the passage and repeats their Resolution in the Prophecy of Micah, and that 'twas to be at Bethlehem. Thither Herod directs the Kings, desiring they'd let him know as soon as they found him, on pretence he'd follow and worship him. They find the Infant, adore and present him; but warn'd by a Vision, return incognito to their own Country, not calling at Jerusalem. Herod being disappointed and enraged, orders the Murder of the Innocents. Joseph is warned by an Angel to fly into Egypt with the Child and his Mother. As they are going by Night they look back from a Hill near the Town, and, by the Light of Torches in the Streets discover the Massacre of the Infants: whence they hasten to Egypt. The Way thither, Syrbon Lake, Tomb of Pompey. They pass by Memphis, and the Pyramids, and fix at Babylon. The Death of Herod. Their Return, and Retirement to Nazareth, for fear of Archelaus Herod's Son. Our Saviour's Carriage in his Childhood: his going to Jerusalem at the Passover with his Parents, and Disputation in the Temple with the Doctors and Heads of the Sanhedrim, which Nicodemus calls to mind, and that he presided in the Schools at that time, giving a Character of our Saviour. St. John tells 'em how much he was since advantageously altered, and so affectionately describes him, that Nicodemus is desirous to wait on him, and St. John offering to conduct him thither, the Company break up, having appointed to meet again the next Morning, in order to hear the rest of our Saviour's Actions.*

THE

THE  
LIFE  
OF  
CHRIST:  
AN  
Heroic Poem.

BOOK II.

- \*  L L silent stood, when Rama's Lord had  
done,  
Till in the midst Bar-Jonas thus begun: Mat. 16. 17.  
\* So, when our Prince shall Israel's Throne  
regain,  
So may I by his side for ever reign,  
As nought but chaste and sacred Truths I tell;  
Chaste as that Virgin-womb wherein he once did dwell:  
Admir'd by Friends, by Enemies confest, Luke 8. 28.  
\* Which these, which Fame, which all the World attest:  
By Reason voucht, and many a mighty Sign,  
10 By Humane Faith and Oracles divine;  
John 1. 43.  
Acts 3. 18.  
To & 10. 43.

To you not bid : for *Israel's Masters* can't  
Of what all *Israel* knows, be ignorant :  
Nor can we doubt, but *clearly* you discern  
Those *sacred Truths* which from your *Lips* we learn ;  
That now the promis'd *happy Days* appear,  
That the *Messia's Kingdom* must be near :

Dan. 9. 24. This *Heav'n-lov'd Daniel's mystic Weeks* contain, }

Vid. *Mede* Whose end begins th' *anointed Princes* Reign, }

in *Lec.* From whose wise *Books* his *sacred Name* we gain: \* }

*Ibid.* v. 25. That *Period* past, our *Rabbies* all declare, \*

And come he is, or we must now *despair*.

This *Israel's Groans* confess, their *freedom* broke,

And *shoulders* worn beneath a *foreign yoke* ;

By that fell *Idumean Wolf* oppress'd, \*

Gen. 25. 25. Who *red* with *blood* his *savage Sire* confess,  
Who did *revenge* old *Esau's* *shame* and *stain*,

Gen. 27. 35, And his *supplanting Lord* *supplant* again

36. *Dissembling Piety* ; our *Temple* rais'd, \*

But that *himself*, not *God*, might there be *prais'd* :

With *human blood* the *blushing pavement* dies,

And makes th' *High-Priest* himself a *Sacrifice* : \*

And big with *crimes*, O *shame*, O *deep disgrace* !

Vid. *Joseph.* Destroy'd the *Hasmonean Royal Race* :

*Antiq. & de* By him our *total Bondage* did begin ;

*Bell. Judaic.* He first *inviting* the *fierce Romans* in ;

Their *Idol-Eagle* to our *Temple* brings, \*

*Antiq. Lib.* Who *pearcht* on proud *Antonia*, *claps* his *Wings* :

17. cap. 8. *Juda* no more gives *Laws*, no more is *Israel* free ; \*

Gen. 49. 10. Nay, scarce enjoys the *Name* of *Liberty* :

Luke 2. 1. *Enroll'd* and *tax'd*, and *humble Clients* made,

Vid. *Joseph.* Our *Substance* seiz'd for the *Imperial Aid* ; \*

*Antiq. Lib.* All that the *Tyrant* left, we had our *share*,

18. Cap. 15. Which my *fierce Country* cou'd not *tamely* bear :

You know the rest, Our *unsuccessful fight*

Acts 5. 37. And *slaughter* under the bold *Gaulonite* :

Not so our *Princes* *humble Parents*, they

Had learn't, like him, to *suffer* and *obey* :

Tho' both *deduc'd* from *David's Royal Stem*,

And the true *Heirs* of *Israel's Diadem* ;

And

- 50 And *either House* their clear *Succession* brings  
 From a long *Race* of *Prophets* and of *Kings* :  
 So great a *Change* by *Fate* and *Time* is made ,  
 From *David's* glitt'ring *Throne* toth' meanest *Trade*,  
 For such good *Joseph* us'd, with honest pain  
 His small, yet sacred *Household* to sustain,  
 'Till thence by th' *Edict* call'd —— But first declare  
 Says *John*, what our great *King's* *Forerunners* were,  
 ( If all our *words* for *credit* may prevail ; )  
 The wond'rous *message*, and the wond'rous *Hail* !
- 60 Well interrupted, fervent *Cephas* cries,  
 None better can relate those *Prodigies* ;  
 Which oft I've heard the *Good old man* repeat,  
*Joseph* himself, as on an *Oozy Seat*  
 Against the *sounding Beach* repos'd we lay,  
 To taste the gentle *Breeze*, after a *scorching day* :  
 What *wonders* did the rev'rend *Sire* declare ?  
 Once I remember *Zebedee* was there :  
 We prest him both to tell us what he knew,  
 He yields, and vows by the great *Name* 'twas true :
- 70 Then thus began ;—When *Youths* fresh *Bloom* was past,  
 \* And brought of seven *Sabbatic Years* the last  
 Advis'd by *Friends*, I sought a *virtuous Wife*,  
 To share and soften the *Fatigues* of *Life* :  
 From all that *Nazareth* accounted fair ;  
 ( And many a *blooming Beauty* triumph'd there )  
 Old *Heli's* *Daughter* did the *Garland* bear :  
 \* From the same *Spring* our *kindred blood* we drew,  
 And what's our *Rise* can be unknown to few :  
 From *David*, he by *Nathan* brings his *Line*, }
- 80 And I, by *Solomon*, deducing mine  
 As did the *Root*, so now the *Branches* join :  
 Gladly he gives, what I as gladly take ,  
 Agreed, we soon the solemn *Contract* make :  
 All envy'd me, all thought divinely blest,  
 When of the charming *heavenly Maid* possest :  
 For she was fair beyond all *Mortal Race*,  
 And something more than *human* in her *Face* :  
 Endu'd with all her *Sexes* *Charms* and more,  
 Which yet without their *Vanity* she wore.

Matth. 1.  
 Luke 3.

Vid. *Enseb.*  
*Ecc. Hist.*  
 Mat. 13. 55.

Matth. 1. 18.  
 Luke 1. 27.

Never a *Mind* so *humble* and so *great*,  
 Since *Eden's* loss, so fair a *Body* met:  
 Nay, had ev'n *Eve's* been such, our *Sire* had been content;  
 And scarce cou'd *Eden's* Loss it self lament: \*  
 "Tender, not fond, prudent, yet not precise; \*  
 "Tho' wife, not thought her self for me too wise:  
 "Content with our low state, nor vainly stood  
 "Upon her Royal Race, or antient Blood:  
 "Secrets in hers, as safe as in my Breast;  
 All form'd beyond my wish, to make me blest.  
 But what did most of joy and triumph bring,  
 Th' illustrious Gem in her bright Virtues ring  
 Was her Angelic Chastity; not Eve

90

Gen. 3. 1, 2, E're she did Adam, her the Fiend deceive,  
 3, 4, 5, 6.  
 Gen. 2. 22. When first she sprung from our great Parents side,  
 Not she her self a purer Virgin-Bride.

100

Guess but how strangely then I was amaz'd,  
 Nor could believe my eyes — agen I gaz'd,  
 When in my Arms the trembling Fair I clasp't;  
 But started back agen —

As one who in green Herbs a Serpent graspt:  
 When on the first triumphant Nuptial Night

110

Matt. 1. 18. I found her pregnant, now 'twas plain to sight.\*  
 When she was false —

Whom all did above all her Sex prefer,  
 What did I then, blaspheme of them and Her?  
 What Vengeance for my injur'd Love debate?  
 And yet that Love deny'd to let me hate.

Resolv'd, tho' yet I knew not how, to part;  
 "And, if I could, free my unlucky heart:

Resolv'd to tear the perjur'd Charmer thence,

120

Ibid. v. 19. Divorc'd from her, as she from Innocence.

Thus, stung with Indignation and Despair,  
 Not ev'n her Tears could longer keep me there:

Far from the Nuptial Room, I rush't away;

"And on the ground a widdow'd Bridegroom lay:

Where gentle sleep, tho' call'd, long from me fled;

My restless thoughts uneasy as my Bed:

And twice the cheerful Harbinger of Day

Had clapt his Wings, and warn'd the Shades away,

Warn'd

130 Warn'd me, as usual, but in vain to rise,  
 E're watchful Grief once let me close my Eyes ; }  
 'Till sudden slumbers me at last surprize.  
 I dreamt, —but sure 'twas more, as by th' Event  
 Appear'd, I saw a glorious Watcher sent,  
 Glorious as e're to Man glad news did bring ;  
 He touch'd and rais'd me with his Purple Wing,  
 Then thus began, —“ Great Branch of Jesse's Stem !  
 “ Heir of thy Father David's Diadem !

Matt. i. 20.

“ What restless thought, or what unhand'som Fear,  
 140 “ From thy unspotted Bride, detains thee here ?  
 \* “ On whose fair Soul no thought of Ill's impress ;  
 “ Pure as the Flame that warms an Angels Breast.  
 “ As for the root of all thy jealous cares,  
 “ That wond'rous sacred Burden which she bears ;  
 “ The divine Spirit alone, did that infuse,  
 “ And I my self was sent to tell the news  
 “ To her, as now to thee ; and e're the Moon  
 \* “ Five Courses more thro' her short Orb has gone, }  
 “ She shall be blest with a miraculous Son ;  
 150 “ Jesus his sacred Name long since design'd,  
 “ The mighty Saviour he of lost Mankind.

Luke i. 30.  
 35.

He said : I trembling wake : no more h' appears.  
 But his last words, methought, still sounded in my Ears :  
 Rouz'd from my humble Couch, I softly come  
 With sacred Horror to the Nuptial Room ;  
 Fix'd more than half a Statue at the Door  
 I saw and lov'd far fiercer than before, }  
 And gaz'd and sigh'd, but dar'd attempt no more.  
 Her Beauty fed, but reverence checkt my Fire ;

160 And still I lov'd, but durst not still desire.  
 Heav'ns ! how she looks ? how lovely still appears ?  
 For still, methinks, I see — how charming, ev'n her Tears !  
 \* ( Thus the sweet Rose new paints its heav'nly hue,  
 When bending with big drops of morning dew ).  
 Nor cou'd I guess, till I approacht more nigh,  
 Whether they sprung from Grief or Extasie :  
 She blusht and in my Bosom hid her face : )  
 ( The modest Blush, confest not guilt, but Grace ).

Matt. i. ult.

Conjuring me, by all I once thought dear,  
 E're I condemn'd her, her defence to hear :  
 Insist no more, I cry'd, on thy defence !  
 Heav'n has already clear'd thy Innocence :  
 An *Angel-Form*, not you your self more fair,  
 Did late th' *indubitable Truth* declare :  
 Bright, injur'd, lovely Maid ! no longer grieve !  
 Dry those vain *Tears*, and, if you can, *forgive* !

Then *Heav'n* has shewn, she said, what I conceal'd ;  
 The mighty *Secret*, is at last reveal'd :  
 A *Secret*, which who e're attempts to tell,  
 Wou'd need t' oblige *belief* another *Miracle*.

By our *chast Loves* I cry'd, much injur'd *Fair* !  
 And by that *sacred Burthen* which you bear,  
 Conceal not ought, nor my *suspicious fear*,  
 Since nothing now, but I'm prepar'd to hear.

She yields, and thus begins——

Three *Moons* are gone,  
 And now the *fourth swift Orb* is rolling on,  
 Since in my *Father Heli's* house I fate  
 Revolving deep those dark *Decrees of Fate*  
 Our *sacred Books* contain, that *wond'rous year*,  
 Which all our learned *Rabbies* think so near ;  
 Above the rest then claim'd my *thoughts and care*,  
 Our *promis'd Prince*, and *Heav'n's Almighty Heir* ;  
 Who *Faith and Truth and Justice* shall maintain,  
 And bless all *Nature* with his *peaceful Reign* :  
 While from the *Rocks* live streams of *Honey* flow,  
 And voluntary *Palms and Roses* grow :

Psal. 85. 10, Thrice happy oft I call'd and counted her, \*  
 11. Who at her *Breast* the *Infant King* should bear ;  
 Isa. 9. 6. & As oft I thought what *humble Gifts* I'd bring,  
 11. per tot. What *Presents* to adore the *Infant King* :  
 65. 25. How blest, if in my *Arms* I might but hold,  
 Or in his *Cradle*, innocently bold

Cant. 8. 1. Seize the young *Conqu'ror*, and by sweet *surprise*  
 Might kiss his lovely *Cheeks* and heavenly *Eyes* !  
 Thus musing, sudden *Glories* me surround :  
 From the cleft *Skies* a youth with *Sun-beams* crown'd

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Book 2. pag. 39. *The Annunciation.*

210 More lovely far, than all the Race of Man,  
Descending swift, bow'd low, and thus began :

\* " All hail ! belov'd of Heav'n ! and full of Grace !

" More blest, more lov'd than all thy charming Race !

" Who, thou, thy self must that great Mother prove,

" Which was so late thy Envy and thy Love.

" Nor startle at the Message I declare !

" Thy Virgin-womb an Infant God must bear :

" That promis'd Prince who shall the World regain,

" And over all his Father's Empires reign :

220 " The Divine Spirit, Author of Joy and Love

" Breathing Conception on thee from above :

" Jesus his sacred Name long since design'd :

" The Mighty Saviour he of lost Mankind ;

" Th' Eternal God in mortal mould confin'd :

" And if thy Infant-Faith wants Evidence,

" Indulgent Heav'n has sent thee proof from Sense :

" Aged Elizabeth, who did despair

" Like Sarah, ever to embrace an Heir,

" Six Moons already past, is pregnant grown,

230 " And shall be blest with a miraculous Son !

" Believe me, Sacred Maid ! My words are true,

" For he who sent me here, can all things do.

He said, and, whilst an Answer I prepare

He wings his way to Heav'n thro' trackless Air :

I after gaz'd, as o're the Clouds he trod,

And cry'd——O loveliest Form ith' Host of God !

\* My Faith I not refuse, nor yet suspend

To what my Reason cannot comprehend :

Be thy great Masters words without delay

240 Fulfill'd——'Tis his to order, mine t' obey.

Scarce had I said, and he no more appear'd,

When strait a still small whisp'ring sound I heard,

Like that a solitary Ear perceives,

When gentle Zephyr stroaks the velvet leaves :

With this, celestial fragrances perfume,

And scatter Paradise around the room :

Enwrap i'th' od'rous Cloud, a while I lay,

Whilst a soft air thro' all my veins did stray,

The Annun-  
tiation.  
Luk. 1. 28.

v. 30.

31.

32, 33.

35.

Ibid. &  
Matt. 1. 23.

36.

37.

38.

Thro'

Conception.

Thro' my warm Heart in new strange pulses move,  
 And melt my ravish'd Soul with heavenly Love: \*  
 Hence this strange Burthen now so plain to view,  
 Which Heav'n its Author has reveal'd to you;  
 And from that moment, I a Mother grew.

250

She said, new Aves I almost prepare,  
 Nay, hardly Adoration cou'd forbear:  
 Thence to my wishes and my arms deny'd,  
 A Virgin-Mother and a Virgin-Bride,  
 She grac'd my humble Roof, and blest my Life,  
 Blest me by a far greater Name than Wife: \*

260

"Yet still I bore an undisputed sway, \*  
 "Nor was't her task, but pleasure to obey:  
 "Scarce thought, much less cou'd act, what I deny'd;  
 "In our low house there was no room for Pride: \*  
 "Nor need I e're direct what still was right,  
 "Still study'd my Convenience and Delight.  
 "Nor did I for her Care ungrateful prove,  
 "But only us'd my Pow'r, to shew my Love:  
 "What e're she askt I gave, without reproach or grudge,  
 "For still she Reason askt—and I was Judg:  
 "All my Commands Requests at her fair hands,  
 "And her Requests to me, were all Commands:  
 "To others Thresholds rarely she'd incline!  
 "Her House her pleasure was, and she was mine;  
 "Rarely abroad, or never, but with me,  
 "Or when by Pity call'd, or Charity;

270

Luke 1. 39. These did to old Elizabeth invite,  
 Friendship's and Kindred's Bonds with these unite:  
 O'repowr'd at length she yields, and my consent  
 And company obtain'd, we onward went: \*

280

Judith. The fam'd Bethulia soon behind us leave,  
 And Kishon's Fords our weary Feet receive:  
 Thence fatal Gilboa's high Cliffs we crost, \*

2 Sam. 1. Where David's much lamented Friend was lost:  
 Thro' Eph'raim's Lot our course directing down

1 Kings 16. Near the new Walls of Shemir's antient Town, \*

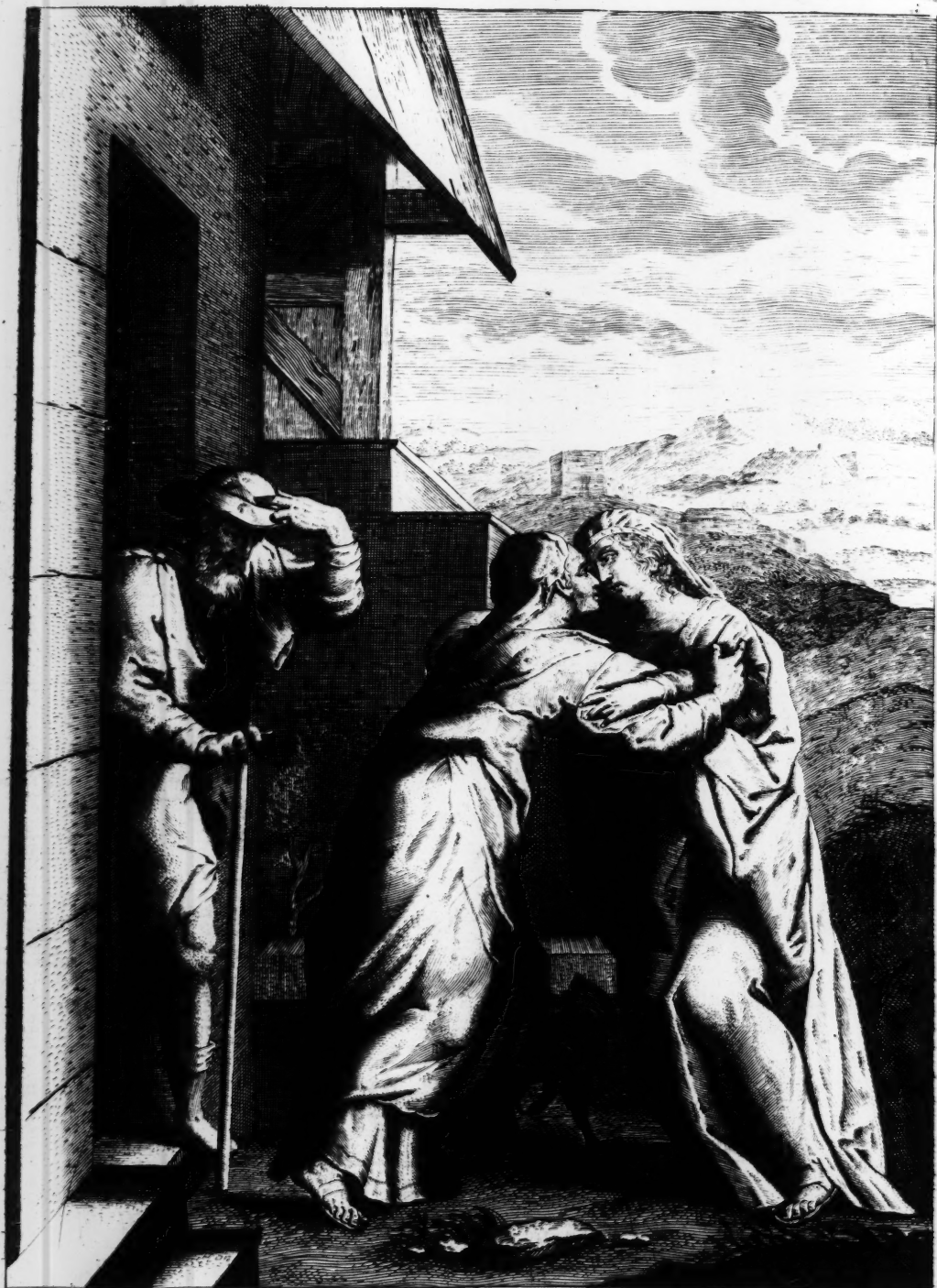
24. By Shechem where good Jacob once did dwell,  
 See Gen. 34.

1. Near Dothan's Plain and Sychar's antient Well, \*

John 4. 5.

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Book 2. pag: 41.

*The Interview of Mary & Elizabeth.*

Lu: 1

- \* And Gerizim's proud Altar, rais'd in spite,  
 290 Accurs'd by every faithful Israelite:  
 By Jericho and Bethel next we past,  
 The first went thro', and near us leave the last;  
 \* And the third Noon, where Siloam gently falls  
 Discover antient Salem's sacred Walls;  
 Which leaving on the left, our course we bend;  
 \* To Geba-Town our little Journeys end:  
 Near which, upon an easie Hill we see  
 \* The pleasant Seat of aged Zacharie:  
 'Twas neat, not proud; for Use, not Pomp or Fame;  
 300 \* Such as an humble Country Priest became:  
 He saw rich Fields below, which should be his,  
 Detain'd by Sacrilege and Avarice:  
 For Geba did of right to th' Priests belong,  
 Tho' Power and Time must justify the wrong:  
 He saw, more griev'd than angry at their Crime;  
 And only pity'd those who injur'd him:  
 With his own small paternal Fields content;  
 Enough for Want, not Luxury they lent;  
 Blest by their Masters Prayers and watchful Eye,  
 310 And honest Servants careful Industry:  
 \* A Crystal Stream which from the Mountains stole,  
 Whose waters o'r the healthy Gravel roll  
 Before the Gate did gently murmuring run,  
 Gilt by the kindly Beams o'th' rising Sun:  
 The West a fair and spacious Prospect yields,  
 Where the pleas'd Eye is lost in Woods and Fields:  
 From the bleak North the Mountains Summit shields;  
 An Olive-Grove the Southern Heats defends,  
 Which shade, and Fruit, pleasure and profit lends;  
 320 Beyond whose Borders, where the Hill inclines  
 'Tis richly cover'd o'r with clust'ring Vines.  
 Thither arriv'd, old Zach'ry both embrac'd,  
 And at his hospitable Table plac'd,  
 All signs of welcome wanting words were shown,  
 Nor had he those, this Reason only known,  
 H'had some strange Vision in the Temple seen,  
 \* And ever since as strangely silent been:  
 Not so Eliza, who to meet us ran,

2 Sam. 5. 23,  
 24.

Josh. 21. 17.

Luke 1. 22.

Elizabeth's  
Salutation.  
Luke i. from  
39. to 45.

\* And to the *Virgin* thus, inspir'd began:

"Blest above *Women* shall thy Title be

330

"And yet more blest, thy wond'rous *Child* than thee!

"Whence is't the *Mother* of my *God* should grace

"With her high presence such an humble place?

"Nor sooner did my pleas'd and ravish'd *Ear*,

"Blest *Virgin*! the melodious accents hear

"Of thy lov'd *Voice*, but my prophetic *Boy*

"Perceiv'd and bounded in my *Womb* for *Joy*.

"And blest is she, whose noble *Faith* like thine,

"Expells all doubt of *Truth* and *Power* divine:

"Speedy performance shall thy wishes crown,

340

"And future *Ages* spread thy high renown.

The *Virgin* heard, *Heav'n* not her self she rais'd,

Kind *Heav'n* in everlasting *Numbers* prais'd.

Amidst these holy *Hymns*, which all around

From *Saints* and *Angels* in thy praise resound,

Thrice blessed *Maid*! may there be room for me

To throw my *Mite* into the *Treasury*?

As *Heav'n* did thine, my humble *Gifts* approve!

And since I have no *Lambs*, accept my *Dove*!

"Hail *Mary*! may thy *Glories* still prevail! \*

350

"Great *Mother* of my *God* and *Saviour*, Hail!

"More blest than all, our lost *Forefathers* Line!

Luke i. 28, "Blest above all our *Sex*, as well as thine!

42.

"Above all *mortals*, only not *divine*!

"Only below thy *Son* I thee confess,

"And those who make thee more, but make thee less.

"Midst your triumphant *Lauds*, if ought you know,

"Ought that concerns our weary *World* below,

"Permit these praises far beneath your due,

"This humble *Verse* to be inscrib'd to you!

360

"Still wear they your lov'd name as their defence,

"And borrow *Immortality* from thence!

"And after thee, O full of *Charms* and *Grace*!

"Let our great *Mary* fill the second place!

"For other *Queens* long maist thou look in vain,

"Others like her, to fill thy glorious *Train*.

"Humble like thee, like thee of *Royal* Line,

"Her Soul to *Heav'n* submits, and bow'd like thine!

"Heav'n,

" *Heav'n*, which *Immaculate* her *Form* design'd,  
 " As a fit *mansion* for so *fair* a *mind*,  
 " (Sure none can e'r be *Traitors*, but the *blind*)  
 " Which gave her *Eyes* that *Love* and *Awe* inspire  
 " And cheer the *World* like the *Sun's* vital *Fire* :  
 " O may they—but that *sawcy wish* must *dye* ;  
 " He *melts* his *Plumes*, who dares attempt so high :  
 " Yet I'll wish on, *Retreats* are now too late,  
 " And, *Icarus*, I court thy noble *Fate*——

470 " May they on these my *humble Labours* shine  
 " With their *kind Influence* gild each happy *Line*,  
 " Indue with purer *Forms* the coarser *Ore*,  
 " And stamp it *Bullion*, tho' 'twas *dross* before.  
 Sweet *Muse* return! to nobler *strains* aspire!  
 And touch, with utmost *Art*, the *heav'nly Lyre* !  
 With *Seraphs* sing his glorious *humble Birth*,  
 Who rais'd the *beauteous Pile* of *Heav'n* and *Earth* !  
 What *reverend Joseph* on his *Oozy Seat*,  
 What *zealous Cephas* did from him repeat ;  
 480 *Attent* and *pleas'd* his *Auditors* appear ;  
 The more they heard, the more they *wisht* to hear.  
 He *fervent*, thus goes on——

These, more than *Friendly Salutations* paid,  
 With old *Elizabeth* a while we staid,  
 \* Till thrice we saw the *Silver Cynthia's* wane,  
 And thrice she fill'd her *various Orb* again ;  
 When the good *Matrons* welcom *pains* begun,  
 Who in her *Arms* soon held a *wond'rous Son* :  
 \* Her kindred most, around *admiring* fate,

490 And her so rare a *Bliss* congratulate :  
 And when they saw the eighth blest *Sun* arise,  
 Prepare the *wond'rous Child* to circumcise :  
 His *Father's Name* they gave, with kind *presage*,  
 As *Hope* and *Staff* of his declining *Age* :  
 And add their *Prayers*, that he as well might be  
 Heir of his *Virtues*, as his *Family*.  
 Well-pleas'd *Eliza* bow'd, and wish'd the same,  
 With thanks, to all agreeing, but the *Name*,  
 All wond'ring, thus did she *inspir'd* proceed,  
 It must be *John*, for so high *Heav'n* decreed :

Luke 1. 56.

58.

Gen. 17. 12.

Luke 1. 59.

60.

His

62. His *Father* askt, with speaking *Eyes* and *Hands*  
 \* Of those around *Tablet* and *Style* demands ;  
 And when i'th' *ductile Wax* he'd stamp't his *mind*,  
 63. The *Name* his *Mother* gave, surpriz'd we find :  
 64. Yet more, his *Lips* unloos'd when *Hymns* he sung,  
 And all the *House* with *Hallelujahs* rung :  
*Trembling* we ask, on his *reply* intent,  
 What his strange *Speech*, and stranger *Silence* meant !  
 He thus —
- Luke 1. 10, As I with *Incense* did attend,  
 11. &c. I saw great *Gabriel* in the *Flame* descend :  
 Of all who dearly *love* and *guard* mankind,  
 There's not a *mightier* or a *fairer* mind :  
 One *hand* he on the *trembling Altar* laid,  
 The other *rais'd* me from the *ground* afraid ;  
 Th' *All-wise*, says he, has hear'd thy *pious pray'r* ;  
 And thy *Eliza* shall *embrace* an *Heir* :  
 13, 14. *John* be his *destin'd Name*, and *Joy* and *Mirth*  
 Shall fill thy *House* at his *miraculous Birth* :  
 Still dear in the *Most High's* impartial sight,  
 15. Devoted an *abstemious Nazarite*.  
*Ibid.* *Divine Illapses* daily he'll receive,  
 As much as he can take, or *Heav'n* can give :  
 T' illuminate his *pure* and *piercing* mind,  
 For that *great work* to which by *Heav'n* design'd.  
 His *word* like *Thunder* shall the *World* affright,  
 Exposing *guilty Souls* to conscious *Light* :  
 While *crowds* of *penitents* their *Crimes* shall mourn,  
 16. To *God* at once, and to *themselves* return.  
 The *Prophet* who prepares the *Saviour's* way,  
 17. The *Morning-Star* to the *bright Prince* of day.  
 To this strange *news* I heard the *Angel* tell  
 18. When *wonder* made me yet an *Infidel* :  
 On his lov'd *Face* a *Frown* he quickly wore,  
 Which never sure was so *disguis'd* before ;  
 Then thus, " Since *Heav'n* it self must *speak* in vain,  
 Nor *Credence* to its *Oracles* obtain ;  
 At once experience *Truth* and *Power* divine  
 And be thy *self* unto thy *self* a *Sign* !  
 Till thy *despair'd* thy *promis'd blessing* come,

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I seal

- 440 I seal thy Lips, and bid thee—thus be dumb!  
 Trembling I kneel'd, and wou'd have mercy cry'd,  
 But 'twas too late—my fault'ring Tongue deny'd  
 T' express my lab'ring thoughts abrupt intent:  
 The Angel nods, as knowing what I meant,  
 And back in Curls of Incense smiling went.  
 With mental Pray'r I strait addrest th' All-high,  
 Nor cou'd those adamantine bonds unty;  
 Which voluntary now fall off again:  
 And since kind Heav'n at once has broke my Chain,  
 450 And giv'n such Joys, I'll that attempt to raise,  
 And thee, O never ending Goodness! praise.  
 Awake my Lyre, I'll strain each tuneful String!  
 Awake my Voice which he has taught to sing.

Luke 1. 10.

22.

Zachary's Song.}

- Great God of Israel! how shall we thy Laud express, Luke 1. 67.  
 " And, never satisfi'd with praises blest?  
 Unutterable Goodness! how shall we  
 For all th' unutterable Blessings pay,  
 Of this triumphant happy day,  
 And what so largely we receive, restore to thee?  
 460 Who hast thy chosen Flock with gracious Eyes survey'd,  
 And visited with thine Almighty Aid!  
 A great Redemption for us wrought,  
 Surpassing our Desert or Thought,  
 Surpassing those when wand'ring wide  
 By Nilus and Euphrates side,  
 You sav'd from Egypt, and from Babel's pride.  
 Those only Types of this have been,  
 Those only were from Slavery, this from Sin.

68.

69.

I I.

- 470 Thee will we praise, thee will we sing,  
 We'll sing with ardent Love and awful Fear;  
 Who hast to Sion brought a great Deliverer,  
 A mighty Saviour, and a mighty King!  
 That promis'd Branch of Jesse's sacred Stem,

Zach. 6. 12.

Heir

Isai. 11. 1.  
Luke 1. 69.  
70.

Heir of his Father's Diadem;  
Whom many an antient Seer did descry  
Thro' the *mysterious Glass* of Prophecy,  
In the vast *Heav'n* of dark futurity :  
They saw his *Day*, tho' far remov'd.  
And seeing *smil'd*, and smiling lov'd :  
They saw great *Juda's Kingly Lion*, rouse,  
And his lov'd *Nations Cause* espouse;  
Vainly whole *Troops* against him rise,  
This vainly *fights*, and that as vainly *flies*;  
From their stern *Jaws* he tears away  
Th' already *half-devoured Prey*,  
71. And *rends* and *tramples* all our *Enemies*.

480

## I I I.

Which of you shall my *lofty Numbers* grace,  
72. Ye great *Fore-fathers* of the *chosen Race*?  
73. Thee *Father Abraham*, first I'll sing,  
From whose blest *Loins* so many *Nations* spring,  
The *Favourite*, the *Friend* of *Heav'n's Almighty King*!  
He gave his *Oath*, and thou thy *Son*,  
Gen. 22. 3.  
10. 16. When the *eternal League* begun :  
Offensive and *Defensive* 'tis,  
Luke 1. 74. His *Enemies* are *ours*, and *ours* are *his*:  
His *sacred Truth* he did to *witness* take  
While his *strong Words* the *solid Center* shake,  
74. While *Heav'n* and *Earth* remain'd, he would not us *for sake*;  
But *guide* us thro' fair *Vertue's Paths*, wherein  
For ever walk sweet *Peace* and *Immocence*,  
All *mischief* ever *banish'd* thence,  
All *Guilt* and *Danger* far remov'd,  
All that by him is *disapprov'd*,  
75. And *Fear*, the *Child* of *Sin*.

490

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## I V.

76. Nor thee, thou strange *prophetick Boy*,  
By *Heav'n inspir'd* e'r thou didst come  
From forth the *Closet* of the *Womb*,  
Thy aged *Parents Wonder*, and their *Joy*:  
Thee, tho' *unsung*, *unheeded* yet,

'Midst

'Midst *Crowds* of *Heroes* will the *Muse* forget !

Thee who the happy *News* shalt bring,

The *Harbinger* of *Heav'n's* high *King* ;

*Ibid.*

The *Banners* of his *Grace* display,

520 And scatter *Pardons* all the *Way*.

77.

He comes, he comes ! I see him swift advance,

He comes to our *Deliverance* :

\* I see his *Orient Light* arise

78.

Scatt'ring ten thousand *Suns* around the *Skies* :

It flash'd thro' *Chaos*, whose wild *Surges* fell,

As when the first strange *Day* was made ;

The *Fiends* were all of a new *World* afraid,

As wide it glar'd thro' all the inmost *Caves* of *Hell*.

If there it mov'd their *Dread*, though not their *Love*,

530 What *Wonders* shall it not perform above ?

79.

*Sin* to th' *Abyss* shall sink again,

" *Death* the great *Slayer*, shall himself be slain,

And *Truth* and *Heav'n-born Peace* for ever reign.

Thus sung the *Holy Sire* entranc'd, and we

Who heard, were little less in *Extasie* :

These triumphs finish'd, back we hast'ning come

To pleasant *Nazareth*, well weary'd home :

There fixing our abode, till now the *Sun*

Thro' three bright *Signs* his glorious *Race* had run,

540 Since we *Judea* left, and all our care,

Apply'd our homely *Cottage* to prepare

For the great *Prince*, and *Heav'n's* *Almighty Heir* ;

Whose *Birth* approach'd, which now we knew so near,

Each *Hour* his *Virgin Mothers* *Hope* and *Fear* :

Enough we had for *Need*, though not for *Pride*,

Yet ev'n that small convenience soon deny'd ;

The *Roman Edict* would not let us stay,

*Luk. 2. 1, 4, 5*

But to our *Birth-place*, *Bethlehem* call'd away ;

The antient Seat of *David's* *Royal Line*,

550 Whence the bright *Maids* *Original* and mine :

And when for our new *Journey* we prepare,

Hush'd were the churlish *Winds*, serene the *Air* ;

\* Departing *Winters* self grew calm and mild,

And as it went, put on smooth *Looks* and *smil'd* :

Whilst

Whilst in our way officious Nature strows  
 The *blew-ey'd Violet*, and the *blushing Rose* :  
 Does, to oblige us, all her *Glories* bring,  
 And all the *pretty Flow'rs* that dress the *Spring* ; \*  
*Narcissus*, who too well himself did please,  
 The *Iris* proud, and rich *Anemone's* :  
 From *Naz'reth's* odoriferous *Fields* got free,  
*Hermon* and beauteous *Tabor* soon we see:  
 Then o'r *Kedummim's* *Streams* our passage take,  
 Which lose themselves in the *Tiberian Lake*;  
 And thro' the well-known *Road* came joyful down :  
 On the third *Night* to *Salem's* sacred *Town* :  
 And our *Devotions* at the *Temple* pay'd  
 The next glad *Morn*, when there a while we stay'd,  
 We leave our *Friends* in the declining day,  
 And with *discourse* beguil'd the tedious *Way* :  
 Till when sweet *Bethlem* at a distance spy'd,  
 A secret *Joy* thro' all my *Soul* did glide ; \*  
*Encreasng* still, as still we came more near,  
 And *Rachel's Tomb* toth' right began t' appear : \*  
 Each noted place around, the *Maid* I show'd,  
 What e'r our *Eyes* could reach on either side the *Road* :  
 'Tis there, said I, still flows that precious *Spring*,  
 Which his three *Heroes* did to *David* bring !

2 Sam. 23.  
16.

1 Sam. 17.  
34.

'Twas there a *Youth*, he kept his *Flock*, and there  
 Met the curl'd *Lyon* and the rugged *Bear*.

She *shreekt* and clasp't me to her trembling *Breast*,  
 Then begg'd me that I would not tell the rest !

And now the *Night* her sable *Veil* had spread , }  
 Each little *Bird* coucht in its mossy *Bed*, }  
 And *Fowls* of stronger *Wing* to distant *Regions* fled ; }  
 As we to *Bethlem's* *Walls* well weary'd come,  
 And hear the *busie* *Towns* tumultuous *Hum* ; }  
 Whole *Droves* like us we see, who came too late,  
 Crowding to enter e'r they shut the *Gate* : }  
 And there so long we for admittance wait,  
 Till we i'th' *Windows* glim'ring *Lights* descry,  
*Extinct* in some, discovering *Midnight* nigh :  
 With *Fears* o'th' *Night*, and *Toys* o'th' *Day* oppress,  
 Long did we seek a *Place* for welcom *Rest*.

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The

The *Streets* and *Suburbs* fought, but fought in vain,  
New *disappointments* still increase our *Pain*.

And now new *Griefs* my much lov'd charge o'erpow'r,  
Who fast approaching found that fatal hour  
Of which her Sex so justly is afraid,

600 No more than that of *Death* to be delay'd:

"O my distracted Heart! forlorn and poor,

"Repell'd at each un hospitable Door,

"Strangers, benighted, tired, and yet far more

"Still more than all, and what I could not bear,

"What more than Life I lov'd must feel the largest share.

"How false th' opinion that it gives relief

"To have a sad Companion in our Grief?

"Afflictions strokes more thick and heavy fall

"When both each others feel, and both bear all.

610 "Yet quiet still her Breast; to Heaven resign'd;

"In an uneasy Body calm her mind;

"Not one impatient sigh or word let go,

"These only from her Lips divinely flow.

"It must be best for Heav'n will have it so.

"We may not murmur, tho' we justly give,

"And spite of clam'rous sence let's still believe!

Sham'd with the kind reproof I soon repress

My wayward Thoughts, and calm'd my murm'ring Breast;

\* This done, I to a well known Cave repair

620 Which her might shield, for whom my chiefest care

From the moist Heav'ns, and Nights unwholsom Air.

In storms a refuge to the panting Swains

When sudden Sleet came driving cross the Plains.

\* Whether by Art hew'd in the living Stone

Or Mother Natures antient work, unknown:

Short stubble and light reed, which our low state

Did best become, I gather'd at the Gate;

These to the Virgin for her Couch I gave,

Plac'd in the inmost Corner of the Cave:

630 Such pomp did David's Royal Heir assume,

Such was the Furniture, and such the Room:

The rest a Choir of modest Angels brings,

But veil their Faces with their purple Wings.

And now thro' liquid Air the silent Moon

In *silver Chariot* mounts to her *pale Noon* :  
 Still was the *Night* as *Immocence* or *Fear*,  
 Nor *humane Sounds*, nor *grazing Beasts* we hear ;  
 Faint did the *Lamp* on neighb'ring *Edar* burn, \*  
 By snatches shin'd awhile, then sunk into its *Urn*. \*  
 The very *Stars* with *drowsie motions* roll,  
 The *Bear* walks heavily around the *Pole* :  
 When spite of all my *Cares* I slumb'ring lay  
 Tir'd with the *Toils* and *sorrows* of the day.  
 Till a *strong light* thro' my clos'd *Eye-lids* shin'd,  
 As the *Sun's* mid-day glories chear the *blind* :  
 Wond'ring I wake, and strait surpriz'd behold  
 The *Cave* all delug'd with *etherial Gold* :  
 Glories almost too fine for grosser sence,  
 And num'rous *shining Forms* departing thence :  
 The *Virgin* too I saw, so brightly drest  
 I hardly cou'd discern her from the rest.  
 "In her chaste *Arms* the *eternal Infant* lies : \*  
 What an illustrious goodness in his *Eyes* ?  
 Which soon alike both *Lights* and *Shades* o'erpow'rs,  
 And all the modest *Beams* around devours :  
 I kneell'd adoring, and my *Eyes* imploy  
 To assist my fault'ring *Tongue*, and speak my joy :  
 Tho' from my pleasing *Trance* soon rais'd by *Fear*,  
 For nigh the *Cave* I humane *Footsteps* hear  
 And *rustic sounds* confus'd, which as they grew  
 More loud, before the *Gate* my self I threw,  
 With feeble force my precious charge to shield  
 From the rude *Swains* returning from the field ;  
 For such I thought 'em, till at length I spy,  
 As the fair morn began to gild the *Sky*  
 A *Troop* of harmless *Shepherds* mild and good,  
 Who near me on their *sheephooks* leaning stood,  
 And bowing low, for the bright *Babe* inquire,  
 The hope of *Israel* and the *worlds* desire :  
 Wond'ring from whence so soon they heard the news  
 I askt, nor they to clear my doubts refuse.  
 Two *sprightly Lads*, who could relate it best,  
 With *Chaplets* crown'd leapt forth from all the rest ;  
 Claim'd, who lately the leud *Town* had left

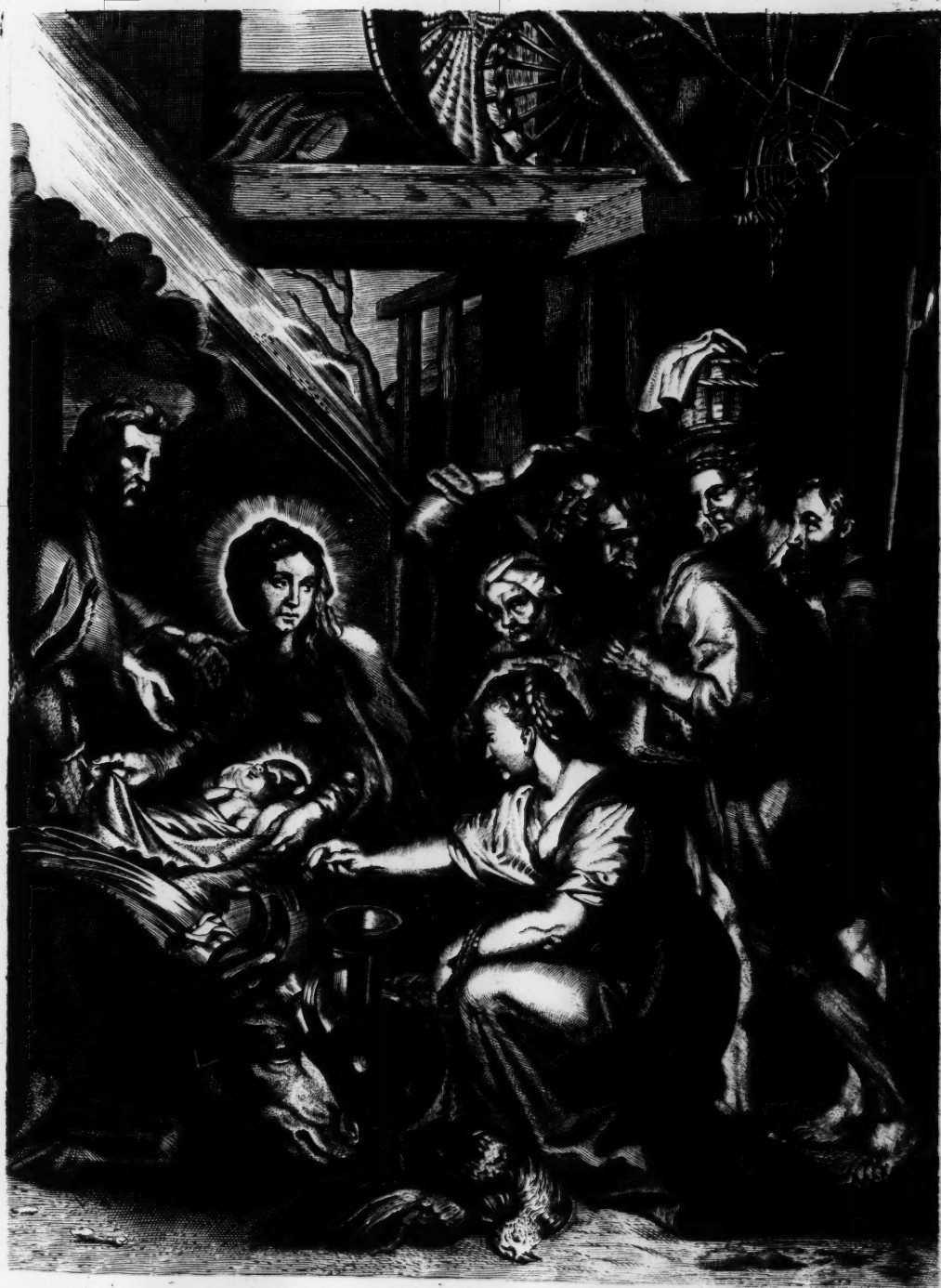
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Of



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*Luc: 2*

# *The Nativity.*

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- Of all his *long* his *foolish Hopes* bereft,  
 Tho' bounteous *Heav'n* what'er he now thought dear  
*Indulg'd*, in *Peace* and his *Urania* here:  
*Strephon*, a jolly youth, who did pretend  
 To be, and was, e'er *Love* bred *Hate*, his *Friend*:  
 680 Tho' since too oft, on many a *vain pretence*  
 He left the *Plains* and left his *Innocence*.  
 His *Soul* no track of *Modesty* or *Grace*  
*Retains*, as *steel'd* and *harden'd* as his *Face*:  
*Foul* as those loathsome *Brands* his *Body* bears,  
 And *black* as that *dissembled Robe* he wears:  
 For now he do's in *other Garments* shrowd  
 His *ugly Vice*. I saw him late, too *proud*  
*Claims* his *Friend*, or ev'n himself to *own*,  
 In *Town* by *Malchi's* nobler *Title* known;  
 690 Where with those *Priests* he *bans*, whose daily *Theme*  
 Is their still *patient Saviour* to *blaspheme*:  
 Not so ere while when *innocent* and *young*  
 With *Claims* thus his *Birth* he *sweetly sung*.

Christmas Caroll.

*Strephon*. **H**OW *Claims*- are we *dumb* with *Joy*?  
 Come tune thy *Pipe* to *Carols* *sweet*!  
 Let's welcom the *celestial Boy*,  
 And throw our *Garlands* at his *Feet*!

*Claims*. I have a *Lamb* as *pure* as *Snow*  
 Which my *Urania* smiling gave;  
 Yet shall he to his *Altars* goe  
 700 Nor shall her *Eyes* the *Victim* save.

*Strephon*. *Mistaken Swain*! he ne'er requires  
 That with such *off'rings* we should part:  
 Go give him *pure* and *fair desires*,  
 And praise him with an *humble heart*!

*Claims*. Then all my *hopes* and all my *fears*  
 I'll to their *ancient Lord* restore,  
 And all my *sighs* and all my *tears*,  
 His *Love* obtain'd, I ask no *more*.

When thus each others *rural skill* they'd try'd  
 To my *desire* young *Clains* thus reply'd :  
 As in yon *Plain* that stretches wide away  
 Near *Edars Tow'r* to guard our *Flocks* we lay,  
 The *Night*, as honest *Shepherds* use, we spent,  
 In *Tales* and *Songs* and *harmless merriment* :  
 On antient *Heroes stories* some proceed,  
 Who not *disdain'd* to touch the *tuneful reed* :

710

Gen. 28, 29. Old Father *Jacob's Travels* these relate,  
 31, 32, &c. And these *unstable Ruben's crime* and *fate* :  
 Gen. 35, 21, Others that valiant *Ephratean Swain*

720

1 Sam. 17. Who vast *Goliath* quell'd on *Elahs plain* ;  
 2, 49. How with his *Praises* all the *Valleys* rung ;  
 How well he *fought* how well he lov'd and *sung*.  
 While thus, on *Earths* soft *Couch* employ'd we lay  
 From neighbouring *Cottages* the *Bird of Day*  
 Loud *sounds* his first *alarm*, and every *star*  
 Revolving swift thro' *Heav'n's* high *Arch* declare  
 Their *Noon* was *past*, and *Night* began to *wear* : }

When on a sudden aged *Ægon* cries  
*See Shepherds* see, descending from the *Skies*  
*Yon light* ! Kind *Heav'n* ! What mean these *Prodigies* ?  
 The *Sun* it cannot be, for *Night's* not done,  
 And almost half his *Under-Day* to run ;  
 Besides, it *mounts* not, but *oblique descends*,  
 And hitherwards its *wondrous Journey* bends—  
 — He trembling said, but soon no more cou'd say ;

730

For the next moment all around was *day* ;  
 The *Ewes* disturb'd *arose* and scatter'd wide,  
 The little *Lambs* ran *bleating* by their *side* :  
 Our faithful *Dogs* coucht on the ground affraid,  
 And none besides my old *Lycisca* bay'd :

740

Profound we prostrate lay, long groveling there,  
 Nor cou'd th' *unsufferable splendor* bear :  
 Till a fair *Youth*, as my *Urania* fair  
 Sweet *Peace* and *Heav'n-born Joy* descending brings,  
 As soft he touch'd us with his *purple wings*.

Luke 2. 9.

10. Blest *Swains*, let no vain *Terrors* you affright !

Believe'tis no *Illusion* of the *Night* !  
 To you, he cry'd, I happy tidings bring

From

750 From yon *fair place*, and Heav'n's *Almighty King*.

To you, the *Lamb of God*, this happy morn

To you, the *Saviour of the World* is born

In *Ephratean Bethlem*, where of old

The *Royal Swain* so well did guard his *Fold*;

You'll find him wrapt in *feeble Infants bands*

Who *grasps* all *Nature* with his *mighty hands*.

A *Cave* and homely *Stable* claim his *birth* \*

Who rais'd the goodly *Pile of Heav'n and Earth*.

—He said and strait we saw the *welkin wide*

760 *Throng'd* with the *Heav'nly Host* from *side to side*;

*Thick* as those *glitt'ring notes* that ever *stray*

And *dance* in the *refulgent Beams* of *day*;

*Night* and our *Fear* they both from us *remove*,

And thus repeat those *Hymns* they learn'd *above*.

Luke 2. 11.

12.

13.

Song of the Angels.

**G**lory to our great *King on high*!

To *Heav'n's Imperial Majesty*!

To him that *sits upon the Throne*,

"The' ador'd *Three-One*!"

Luke 2. 14.

II.

*Peace* from the *Prince of Peace* we bring;

770 An *Amnesty* from *Heav'n's high King*.

Who at his *First-born's welcom birth*

Scatters *pardons* round the *Earth*.

III.

*Thunders* we must use no more

In which the *Law* was preacht before,

But strive ingenuous *Man* to move

With mild *Good-will* and *Heav'nly Love*.

Exod. 19. 30.

Thus *Hymning*, by degrees they leave our *sight*

And hitherward direct their *parting Light*.

Here, *Father*, we arriv'd —

On

- On that *bright Babe* desired to feast our *Eyes*, 780  
 The *subject* of so many *prophecies* !  
 They said, to their request consent I gave  
 And introduc'd 'em to the *well-known Cave* ;  
 With greedy *Eyes* when his *lov'd Face* they spy'd,  
 On his *lov'd Face* they gaz'd *unsatisfi'd* ;  
 Sill more surpriz'd more *miracles* behold !  
 Each humbled *Straw* indues the *form of Gold*.  
 Thro' the *dark Cave* they see *new day* arise,  
 Projected round from his *illustrious Eyes* ;  
 These o'er the *Gates* their *rustic Garlands* hung, 790  
 These *Flow'rs* and *Herbs* around profusely flung ;  
 And these the *Child* and these the *Mother* sung :  
 While others from the *Rock* live *Hony* bear,  
 Or fragrant *Balms* inestimable *Tear* :  
 Their *humble presents* paid, they part again,  
 Luke 2. 17. And spread the joyful *news* o'er all the *Plain*.  
 Seven times bright *Hesper* now had clos'd the *Day*,  
 As oft sweet *Phosphor* warn'd the *Stars* away :  
 Luke 2. 21. The eighth glad morn arising, when we bear  
 The *Holy Infant* to the *House of Pray'r* ; 800  
 Whence, as the *Law* directs, that mark he wore  
 On all our *pious Fathers* stamp'd before ;  
 Inscrub'd in *Blood* upon his *tender skin*,  
 Altho' he knew no stain of *guilt* or *sin*,  
 And the next *Moon* elaps'd, as custom calls,  
 Agen we speed for *antient Salems* walls ;  
 Our dear *first-born*, so *Holy* rites require  
 Levit. 12. 4. To dedicate to his *immortal Sire*.  
 Nor sooner to the *Temple Gates* we came  
 But th' *Incense* with a clear and *generous flame* 810  
 Shot strait to *Heav'n*. — The *pious Mother* went  
 Her *off'ring* to his *Father* to present ;  
 Exod. 2. 13. And her two *Turtles*, *innocent* as they,  
 Levit. 12. 6. Did near the *Sacred Altar* trembling lay :  
 But scarce the *double Sacrifice* was done,  
 To purge the *Mother* and present the *Son* ;  
 Luke 2. 25. When thro' the *admiring Croud* old *Simeon* came  
 Of noted *Virtue* and unblemish'd *Fame* ;  
 To whom when cold decrepid *Age* had spread



Book 2. p. 29. 54.

Luc: 2

*The Circumcision.*

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Book. 2 pag: 55.

Lac: 2

— Simeon in the Temple, holding Christ in his Arms.

- 820 The Snow of *fourſcore Winters* on his head;  
 As he one *Evening* in the *Temple* ſtay'd  
 And for ſad *Israel's* wiſh'd *redemption* pray'd,  
 A *Heav'nly Youth* of thoſe who waited there \*  
 Indues a thin-ſpun *Robe* of *ambient Air*  
 And bids the *aged Father* not *deſpair*,  
 For tho' too ſhort his *Thread of Life* were ſpun  
 Too many *precious Sands* already run,  
 Him vainly *threatning Death* ſhou'd not ſurprize  
 Till the *Meſſia* bleſt his *longing Eyes*:  
 830 The ſame bright *Form* appear'd this happy day  
 As on his *face* in *pray'r* he *proſtrate* lay;  
 And from his *Cloſet* beckon'd him away:  
 With *Joy* the good old man the *ſignal* takes,  
 And, all *extatick*, to the *Temple* makes:  
 In haſt he *chearful* came, *erect*, alone,  
 His uſeleſs *Crutches* now *aſide* were thrown:  
 Thro' all the *crowd* of *Prieſts* and *ſuppliants* preſs'd,  
 Then ſeiz'd the *Child* and laid him at his *Breaſt*;  
 With his dear *burden* to the *Altar* ran  
 840 And thus, with *ſacred rage* *inspir'd*, began.

Simeon's Song, or the Nunc Dimittis.

Luke 2. 29.

YES, Now thy Servant dies, he gladly dies!  
 This *Life*, dear Lord! prolong no more,  
 But as you *promis'd* me before  
 In *peace* now *cloſe* mine *Eyes*!  
 Mine *Eyes* which that dear *object* now has met  
 For which ſo long they gaz'd in vain,  
 For whole *delay* ſo long I did *complain*:  
 I've ſeen the *Sun* of *Righteouſneſs* ariſe;  
 'Tis time my *glimm'ring Lamps* forſake the *Skies*  
 And in the *ſhades* of *Death* for ever ſet.

30.

II.

- 850 The *World* already *bails* his *welcom birth*:  
 Already *humble Gifts* prepare  
 To meet and *bleſs* th' *Almighty Heir*  
 The *King* of *Heav'n* and *Earth*:

31, 32.  
 Matth. 2. 1.  
 11.

Him

Him the lost *Gentiles* shall their *Saviour* find,  
 Him *Heathen Lands* their *Lord* shall own,  
 Their *Lord* and *God*, him who alone  
 Not only giveth *sights* but *Eyes* toth' *blind*.

## III.

34. Ah stupid *Nation* ! Wilt thou still *refuse*  
 Still *hate* thy *Saviour* ? Ah *thrice* *harden'd* *Jews* ! 860  
 (*Grant Heav'n* these *boding fears* may not be true !)  
*Rejected* by your *Prince*, as he by you !  
 But Ah ! What *cruel Truths* I see  
 In the dark *Womb* of future *days* ?  
 To what a *curst* *Throne* will you your *Saviour* raise ?  
 How will you *crown* with *Thorns* and *Infamy* ?  
 35. What *wounds*, what *swords*, Great *Mother*, are prepar'd for thee ?

## IV.

- But with our *sufferings* *Heav'n's* at last inclin'd  
 For see a *glorious Scene* behind !  
 He comes he comes, *agen* these *Eyes* shall see, 870  
 Agen, dear *Saviour*, *welcom* thee !  
 The *Cloud* thy *Chariot*, and thy *Wings* the *Wind*,  
 In *Zion* shall appear  
 The great *deliverer*.  
 My *stubborn Nation* then shall *strive* no more,  
 But him whom once they *peirc'd*, *adore* :  
 32. 34. Now *Israels* *Glory*, as their *shame* before.

He said, when strait to *bliss* his *soul* retir'd, \*  
 And slumb'ring soft he with a *smile* *expir'd*.

New *wonders* still arise as these are past, 880  
 Like *Waves*, the *first* confounded in the last.  
 Each *Sex*, as well as *Age*, their *Lord* confess,  
 A *Prophet* first, and now a *Prophetess*.

- Luke 2. 36. *Anna*, a *Matron* Sage, and whilst a *Wife*  
 For spotless *Faith* renown'd, and holy *Life* ;  
 Old *Phanuels* *Heir*, of *Asher's* fruitful *Race*  
 Fam'd in her *Youth* for matchless *Mind* and *Face*,

Sought

- Sought by a hundred *Woers*, nor deny'd,  
 To bless the *happiest* by the name of *Bride* :  
 890 Seven years they liv'd and no *Dissension* knew ;  
 Tho' One at first, yet still more one they grew :  
 Their *Thoughts*, their *Wishes*, nay their *Souls* the same,  
 In nought they differ'd but in *Sex* and *Name* :  
 So intimately close the *knot* was ty'd,  
 That *Death* it self cou'd hardly them divide :  
 And when th' *untimely Grave* had him receiv'd,  
 And her of more than her own *Life* bereav'd,  
 She wonder'd how, and scarce believ'd she liv'd ;  
 All thoughts of any *second Love* defies,  
 900 And to all worldly *Joy* and *Pleasure* dies ;  
 Within the *Temple* waiting the blest *hour*,  
 Which her might to her much-lov'd *Lord* restore :  
 Her earthly *Frame* by *Fasts* so far refin'd,  
 That little now was left but *perfect mind* :  
 Oft her *pure Soul* to *Heav'n* wou'd take its flight  
 Loft and absorpt in *Glory infinite* :  
 Retir'd as oft, no *Look*, no *Thought* abroad,  
 Nothing she knew besides her *self* and *God* ;  
 Nay sometimes scarce distinct her *self* cou'd call ;  
 910 \* *Abstracted* from her self, for *God* was all.  
 What *darling Visions*, not to be exprest,  
 Her constant fervent pure *Devotions* blest !  
 What *Beatific Glories* warm'd her *Breast* !  
 What *crowds* of *beautious Seraphs* left the *Choir*,  
 At once, to imitate her and admire !  
 What *mystic Truths* by them to her reveal'd,  
 To all, but *them* and *Heav'n* it self, conceal'd !  
 From these she learns what strikes weak *Reason* dumb,  
 What tries ev'n *Faith*, that *God* shou'd *Man* become :  
 920 She learn'd the *time*, the *day*, the *hour* precise,  
 When we approach'd to bring our *Sacrifice* :  
 What *Joy*, what *Exultation* she express'd,  
 And hail'd her Saviour at the *Virgins breast* ?  
 Nor half content that him her *self* she h'd found ;  
 How gladly spred she the glad *News* around  
 \* To all the *Just*, by her and *Heav'n* approv'd,  
 To all who a *Redeemer wish'd* and lov'd ?

Luke 2. 37.

- Thus much, tho' what remains did more surprize,  
 For Fame reports three Princes great and wise,  
 Matth. 2. 1. Were late arriv'd, from near the Suns uprise;  
 From the fair Fields of happy Araby, \*  
 Judea's strange expected Prince to see;  
 Conducted safely by a wondrous Star  
 Cross all those sandy Worlds, outstretching far  
 Thro' the wide Wilderness, until at last,  
 To Moab's pleasant Plains and Hills they past;  
 Near Edom's Mount to Jordan's doubtful Brim, \*  
 'Twixt Selah and the cloudy Abarim:  
 Crossing the Flood, as it by Gilgal falls,  
 They soon arriv'd at antient Salems Walls;  
 2. And boldly for the new born King enquire,  
 The hope of Isr'el, and the Worlds desire!  
 Matth. 2. 3. Proud Herod heard, and trembled at the news,  
 Whose heavy Tyranny the injur'd Jews  
 So long had sighing born; nor they alone,  
 His very Friends beneath his Axes groan,  
 With his own blood he dyes his slipp'ry Throne. \*  
 Not all his sordid Flatt'ers now avail'd;  
 Their Hearts, as well as their fierce Tyrants fail'd;  
 Tho' him so late they their Messia hail'd: \*  
 Howe'er that Savage Wolf the Fox indu'd,  
 Awkwardly pious seem'd, and strangely good:  
 The Sages to his stately Palace brings,  
 And plac'd 'em in Apartments fit for Kings:  
 Dissembling Hospitable Piety,  
 Aloud he prais'd their Zeal and Industry:  
 Blest be th' unutterable Name! Said he,  
 Who ev'n to Gentile Worlds, so long conceal'd,  
 At last has our great promis'd Prince reveal'd!  
 O might we but the Royal Infant greet,  
 And throw our Crowns and Scepters at his Feet?  
 How much, how infinitely blest we were,  
 If to his Fathers House we him might bear?  
 How happy, might we wait and serve him there?  
 Thus close his Nets the sanguine Tyrant plac'd,  
 (For when our humble Roof the Sages grac'd,  
 They all repeated,) thus did them deceive,

930

940

950

960

So

- So easily will *Innocence* believe;  
 So firmly on his *Royal word* they lean'd;  
 970 Who instantly the *Sanhedrim* conven'd:  
*Sollicitous* he askt that happy place,  
 Which the *Messia's* glorious birth shou'd grace?  
 If it their antient *Sacred Books* declare;  
 ---As I remember, you, learn'd Sir, was there,  
 \* Fair *Rama's* Lord to wife *Gamaliel* cry'd,  
 When this propos'd- 'Tis true, the Sage reply'd;  
 That morning in the *Sanhedrim* I sat,  
 And 'twas by all resolv'd, on the debate,  
 That humble *Bethl'm*, *David's* antient seat,  
 980 Must by his God-like *Off-springs* birth be great:  
 As thus, inspir'd, the fam'd *Morasthite* sung,  
 While with his lofty sounds fair *Salems* Mountains rung.

Matth. 2. 4.

Micah's Propbesie.

- LET *Salem* boast her antient *Kings*,  
*Salem*, which Princely *David* sings;  
 And *Shemir's* vain *Apostate Town*,  
 Her *Gods*, her strength, her pleasure and renown!  
*Bethl'h'm* alone's my noble choice,  
 That claims my *Lyre* and claims my *Voice*,  
 In that shall *Israel's Land* and *Gentile- Worlds* rejoice;  
 990 Tho mean thou art and humble now,  
 Wide shall thy spreading *Glories* grow,  
 And all around, like fruitful *Jordan*, overflow:  
 For if a *Kings* or *Heroes* Seat,  
 Must by his *Residence* be great,  
 All others infinitely this o'erpow'rs,  
 Where *Heav'ns* high *King* is born, as well as ours.  
 Already I the *Royal Infant* see,  
 How long his *Rule*, how vast his *Realms* shall be?  
 Thro' boundless *Space* and *Time* he Reigns eternally!  
 1000 — The same, my Friend, says *Cephas*, did repeat  
 The same to him, the *Magi*, wise and great.  
 (Tho' that before, and much beside he knew,  
 Which from the *Sacred Oracles* he drew.)

Micah 2.

Nor they the humble *Bethl'hems Walls* disdain'd,  
 Nor long in *Herod's glittering Courts* remain'd ;  
 Thence hasten'd, ev'n by *him*, that *Prince* to find,  
 For *Isra'ls Scepter* and the *Worlds* design'd ;  
 Tho' e'er they went, by strictest bonds enjoin'd,  
 When him they found they the glad *News* should send,  
 That he with *adoration* might attend.

1010

Matth. 2. 8. Was but too plain discover'd by th' event ;

For they no sooner safely enter'd were  
 Under the *Convoy* of their first bright *Star*,  
 Our *lowly Roof*, the rev'rend *Sire* goes on,  
 Whither, not long before, our *Offerings* done,  
 We from the *Temple* came-- no sooner they

9. Did *Gifts* at once and *Adoration* pay  
 To th' *Infant King*- but by a *Vision* warn'd,  
 To their own happy *Country* they return'd ;  
 Nor call'd at *Salem*, as their first intent,

1020

But round, by *secret winding ways*, they went.  
 What said not *Herod* when the *Truth* he found ?  
 12. 16. The *Air* how did his fruitless *Curses* wound,  
 Which all were lost in *Wind*, or on his *Head* rebound.

But tho' they soon were past his *rage* and *pow'r*,  
 The *Thunder* ended in a *bloody Show'r*  
 On *Mourning Bethl'hem*, which at first hung high,  
 And at a distance gather'd in the *Skie*:

'Twas just descending when an *Angel* came ;  
 'Twas he who first from *scandal* and from *blame*  
 Clear'd the chaste *Maid*, aloud he bids me *rise*,  
 (I saw concern and pity in his *Eyes* ; )

1030

13. Rise e'er too late and our dear *pledg convey*,  
 With his unspotted *Mother*, wide away  
 To *Egypt's* distant *Fields* ; nor thence remove :  
 'Till he receiv'd *Comission* from above,  
 As now he *Convoy'd* out to guard us home.

— An *hours* delay was *Death*, the *Guards* were come  
 From *bloody Herod*, eager to destroy  
 His dreaded *Rival* in the *God-like Boy*.

1040

Arriv'd already at the *City Gate*,  
 And only there did for *Admittance* wait.

Starting



Book 2 pag: 60.

Alt. 2

*The Adoration of the Magi.*

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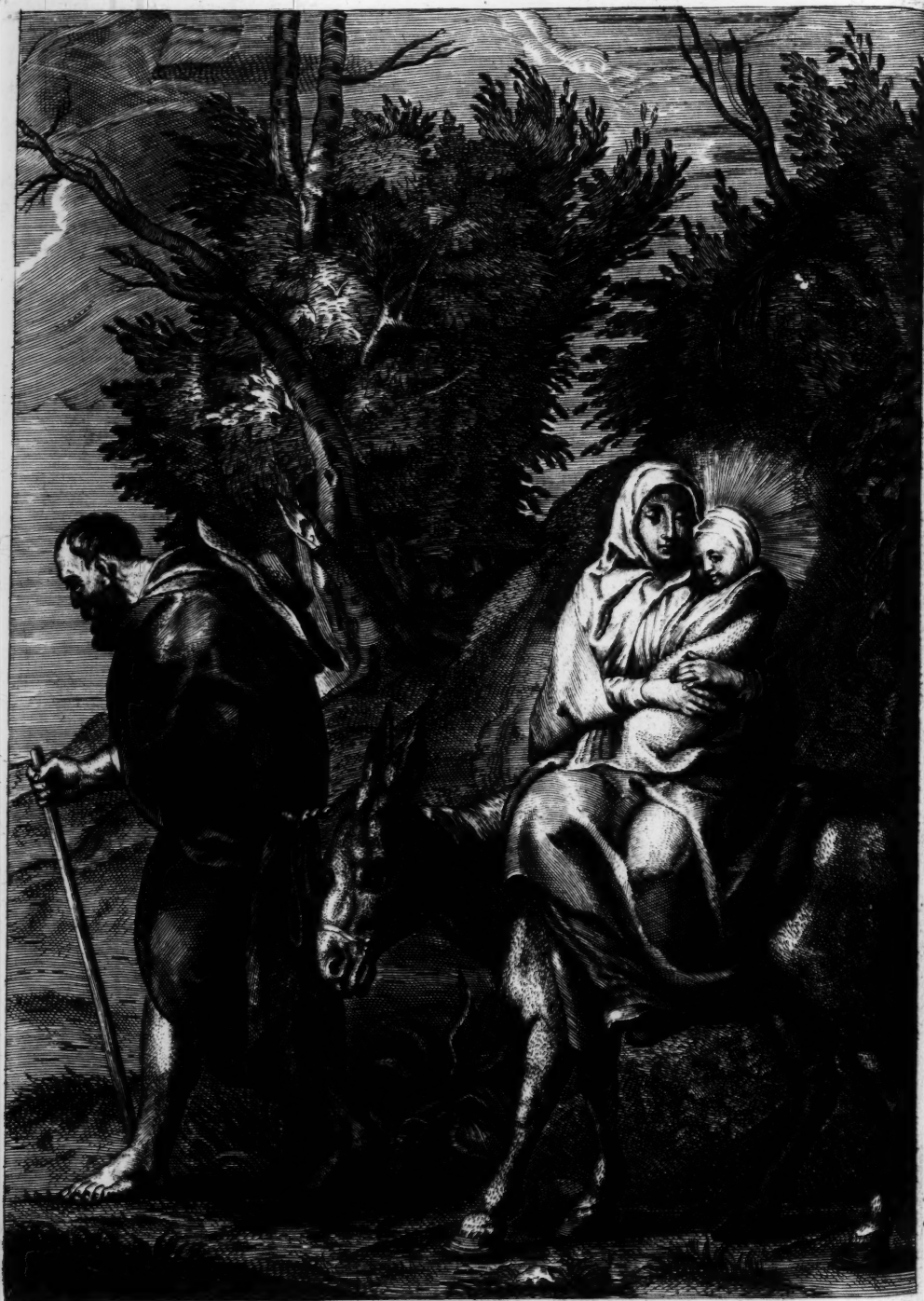


Book 2. pag: 61.

The Slaughter of the Children of Bethlehem.

Plat. 2

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Book 2 pag:16.

The Flight of Joseph & Mary into Egypt.

Mat: 2

Starting I rose, for my lov'd Charge affraid,  
 Nor in the Town one precious moment stay'd,  
 Scarce had I time to tell the Sacred Maid,  
 What my concern and this strange hurry meant,  
 But silent thro' the Southern Gate we went;  
 Nor many paces from the Wall had gone,  
 1050 When all the busie Streets with Torches shone,  
 Crossing from House to House, which we espy  
 \* From a small Hill, and strait a dismal cry  
 Of Blood and Murther did our Ears affright,  
 With doubled Horror thro' the silent Night.  
 Loud Shrieks we sometimes heard, nor that alone,  
 Oft we distinguish'd some deep dying Groan,  
 These of their barb'rous Foes for Mercy pray'd,  
 These, desperate grown, with fruitless arms invade.  
 How gashly must that Scene of Horror be,

Matth. 2.  
18.

1060 Entire, which we did thus by piecemeal see?  
 Here mangled Infants from the Windows fall,  
 And Herod's bloody Banner on the Wall;  
 There Children dasht on Marble pavements lie,  
 There gor'd aloft on Pikes or Halberts die.

The Virgin shriek'd with Fear almost oppress'd,  
 And clapt the Royal Infant to her breast;  
 Nor dar'd we more of the sad sight partake,  
 Trembling lest we our selves a part shou'd make;  
 But we e'er morning, in our speedy Flight,  
 1070 \* Had reach'd the Forrest of the Tekoite;  
 Beth-baccere we shun with cautious fear,  
 For Herod's Garrison we knew was there;  
 And past the Woods, and Siddim's Plain came down  
 ---On the third morn, to Sheba's bord'ring Town:  
 ---There leaving Palestine, our Course we take,  
 \* O'er the vast Sands by Syrbon's waining Lake  
 \* And Casius Mount, with Palms and Cedars crown'd,  
 For mighty Pompey's Fate and Tomb renown'd:  
 There entring on proud Mizraim's fruitful Soil,  
 1080 \* Which asks no Rain, and knows no God but Nile;  
 \* Near old Bethshemeshe we the River crost,  
 Which both its antient Name and Gods has lost,  
 Now Heliopolis; advancing on

To

To the proud *Walls* of neighb'ring *Babylon* ; \*  
 Nor dare so near our dreaded Foe abide,  
 But still pierce further, and at last reside  
 At Royal *Noph*, now *Memphis*, *Egypt's* pride ;  
 (Near those vast *Pyramids* which wound the *Sky*, \*  
 Whilst at midway the empty *Clouds* go by ;  
 Vain *Monuments* of *Pow'r* and *Luxury* ;  
 Huge *useless Wonders*, *Wens* on *Natures* face,  
 The *Younger Brothers* of the *Babel-race* ; )  
 And there in wish'd *obscurity* remain'd,  
 By an old *Friend*, with *kindness* entertain'd.

1090

— But the *day wears*, nor need I now relate  
 What's known so well, proud *Herod's* dreadful *Fate*,

*Vid. Joseph. Aniq.* An *end* he did, worthy his *Crimes*, receive :  
 Nor must I say how we did *Egypt* leave,  
 By the kind *Angel* warn'd, how a *new fear*  
 Surpriz'd us, when, our happy *Birth-place* near,  
 We heard, to our *uneasiness* and *pain*,

1100

*Matth. 2. 22.* The *Tyrant's* Son did in *Judea* reign :  
 How by divine *Direction* guided, we,  
 Still *Northward* went to distant *Galilee* ;  
 Till to fair *Nazareth* again we came,

*Matth. 2. 23.* That thence the Royal Child might bear his name,  
 As antient *Prophets* sung-- how great his *state* ? \*  
 What *Angels* on his *Infancy* did wait ?

How he encreas'd in *Age* and *Piety*,  
 How still t' his Holy *Mother*, and to me,  
 Exact *Obedience* paid——

1110

What *Wonders* we from those that past *presage*,  
 From *Youth* and *Childhood* meas'ring *Manly* *Age*.  
 In ev'ry *Virtue*, ev'ry *State* compleat ;

This only of his *Actions* I'll repeat,  
 Tho' many more I must in *silence* pass,  
 Well worthy *Marble* *Piles* or *Leaves* of *Brass*.  
 Three *Lustres* scarce compleat, e'er the soft down, \*  
 His *Nectar* dropping *Lips* began to crown ;

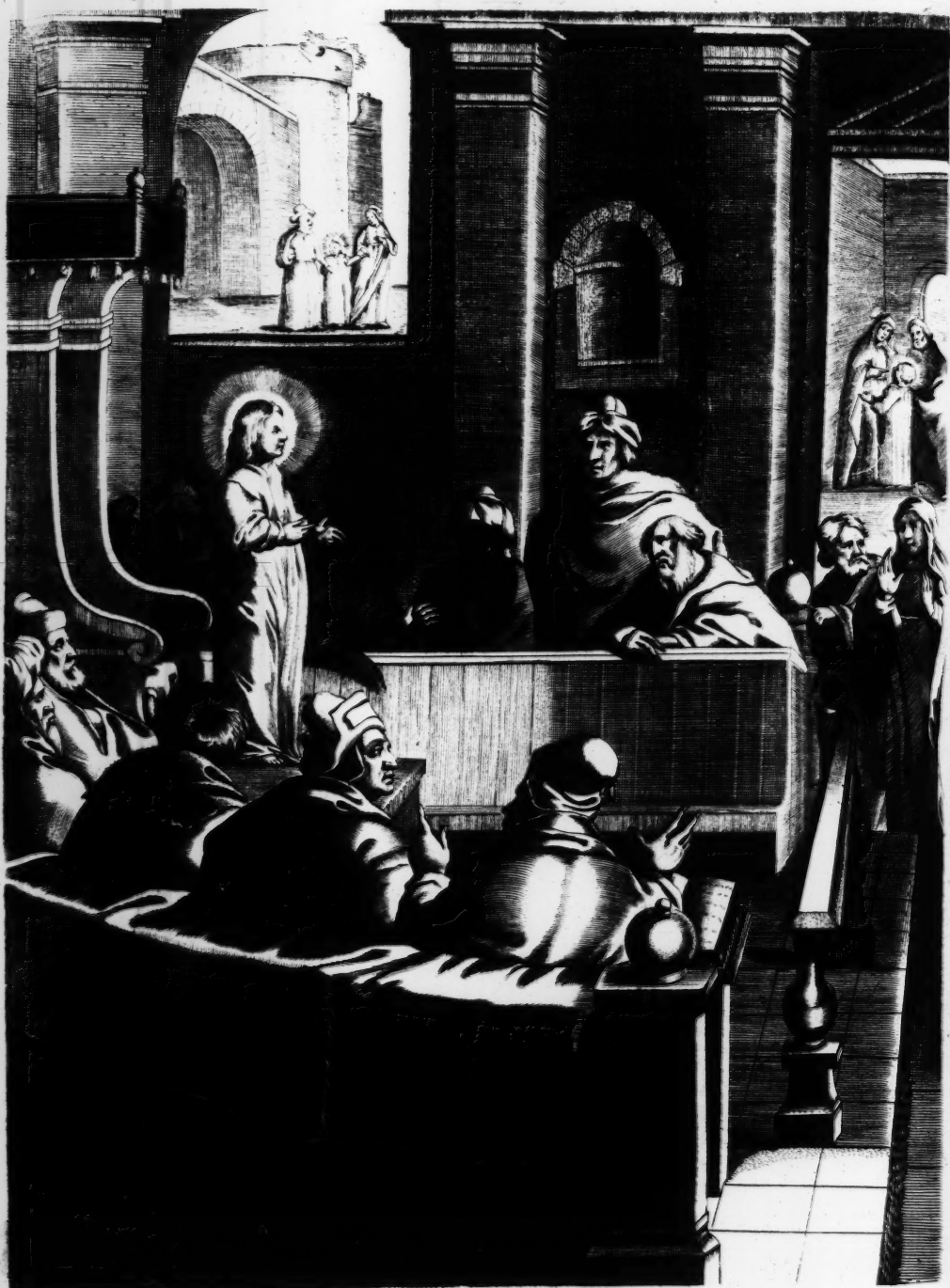
*Luke 2. 41. 42.* We to the *Pasch* ascending, with us he  
 Observes with *Joy* the glad *Solemnity*.

1120

Which now in festal *Songs* and *Off'rings* past,  
 T' our own sweet *Nazareth* again we hast.

But

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Book 2. pag: 63.

Christ among the Doctors.

Lac: 2

- But missing him, we both began to fear,  
Nor tidings cou'd from all our *Kindred* hear;  
We search each *Troop*, returning from the *Pasch*,  
*Zebedee* and his *Grandfire Heli* ask,  
Ask o'er and o'er, but cou'd no comfort gain.  
As a fair *Hind* who wand'ring o'er the *Plain*,  
1130 Or some thick *Wood*, her tender *Fawn* has lost,  
So look'd the *Virgin*, so lamenting *crost*  
Each *Street* and *Road*, in vain she sought and mourn'd,  
Nor less when to the *Town* next morn return'd:  
Two days, alike, in fruitless search we spent,  
Two *Nights* in *Tears*, and him, as lost, lament:  
Her *Feet* ne'er rest by day, by night her *Eyes*,  
Which delug'd saw the third sad *Morn* arise:  
Humane endeavours vain, to *Heav'n* she flies,  
Resolv'd to seek him in the *House* of *Pray'r*,  
1140 And from his *Father* ask *Direction* there:  
We sought, and him amidst the *Scribes* we found,  
A pleas'd, a numerous *Audience* seated round,  
His *Words* admiring, on his *Lips* they hung,  
And blest'd each sound of his harmonious *Tongue*:  
How far his *Sence* his tender *Age* outran!  
Beyond a *Child*, he spake beyond a *Man*!  
--- *Heav'ns*! was it he? Good *Nicodemus* cry'd:  
Then in the *Schools*, as chanc'd, I did *preside*,  
And heard it all; the wond'rous *Youth* admir'd,  
1150 Nor thought him less than by high *Heav'n* inspir'd!  
So lofty, yet so evident and clear,  
All his surprizing *Thoughts* and *Notions* were  
Each look, each word, such a peculiar *Grace*;  
So modest, and so grave his heav'nly *Face*,  
Envy it self, his *Foe*, cou'd hardly prove;  
He shar'd at once our *Wonder* and our *Love*.  
If then, with *Zeal*, the happy *Friend* rejoyn'd,  
So justly you admir'd so great a *Mind*,  
How wou'd you then, if him you now wou'd see?  
1160 How *Fathers*! wou'd you all soon rival me?  
He now excels himself, as others then,  
He's fairer far than all the *Sons* of *Men*:  
Mild *Mercy* mixt with awful *Goodness* shine

Luke 2. 44.

45.

46.

Ibid.

47.

All o'er, confessing *Love* and *Pow'r* divine:  
 Each *Look*, each *Line*, bespeaks *immod'rate Grace*,  
 And shows his *Fathers Image* in his *Face* :

--- Yet he but *injures*, who like me commends,  
 The best of *Masters* and the best of *Friends*.  
 Ah, had you once, like me, his *Goodness* prov'd;  
 Were he but *known* he cou'd not but be lov'd.

1170

--- A *warmth* like yours, *success* can never fail,  
 So strongly you *persuade*, you must *prevail*,  
 Wife *Nicodemus* cries, for your great *Friend*,  
 Whom I my self *desire* this *Night* t' attend,  
 To find if *Truth* will these *Encomiums* bear,  
 Or heighthen'd you present his *Character*.

Gladly I claim the *word*, the *Saint* reply'd,  
 And for the *honour* prels to be your *Guide* :  
 They joyn, tho' all the *Company* divide;  
 When *Joseph* first saluted every *Guest*,  
 And the next *morning* fix'd to hear the *rest*.

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1180

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*The End of the Second Book.*

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# NOTES

ON

The LIFE of CHRIST.

BOOK II.

\* **A**LL silent stood when Rama's Lord had done.] As I ended the First Book, so I begin the Second, with an Imitation of *Virgil's*, *Conticuere omnes*, and *Interea Aneas*. By Rama's Lord is meant *Joseph of Arimathea*, *Vide* Notes on the First Book.

\* So when our Prince shall Israel's Throne regain,  
So may I by his side for ever reign.]

It's too plain to need any great matter of Proof, that *S. Peter* especially, and I believe the greatest part or all of the other Disciples, did expect at that time the *Temporal Reign* of the *Messiah*. As for *S. Peter's Wish* here, to reign by his Side, on his Throne, the same with that of *Zebedee's Sons* afterwards, a Modern Critic tells us, 'twas the Custom for the *antient Throne* to be made of a great Capacity, able to contain several Persons. As for the Form of the Asseveration, So when our Prince, &c, 'tis not unlike that which *Grotius* quotes out of their *Cbetub*, "*Ita videam consolationem Israel*," So may I see the Consolation of *Israel*: which, he says, was an usual Affirmation among the Jews.

Which these, which Fame, which all the World attest.] These, the two other Disciples: Fame, for we read of the Fame of *Jesus*, *Matth. 4. 24. Luke 4. 14, 37. & 14. 1.* Herod heard of the Fame of *Jesus*, and in several other places. All the World here is no more than *Jew and Gentile*, or all the *Roman World*, which every one knows was at that time called the *παῖς οἰκουμένης*. Nor were his Miracles only known to the *Syrians*, *Matth. 4. 24.* The *Phenicians*, *Mar. 7. 26.* and afterwards the *Grecians*, *John 12. 20.* but to the *Romans* also, as the *Centurion*, and probably many others. *Vid. plur. infra.*

\* From whose wise Books his Sacred Name we gain.] See our Learned *Mede*, on *Daniel's Weeks*, which he proves must be accomplished about the time of our Saviour's coming, whichever of the assigned *Epoches* we take for their beginning. And 'tis his Observation, that we have the very Name of the *Messiah* from that Prophet, *Dan. 9. 25, 26.* where he's called *Messiah the Prince*; and 'tis added, *Messiah shall be cut off, but not for himself.* See more in Notes on *Lib. vii.*

\* The Period past our Rabbies all declare;

And come he is, or we must now despair.] *Malachy* having foretold, that the Lord should suddenly come to his Temple; the Jews having lost their Legislative power; the Weeks of *Daniel* being now accomplished; the *Baptist* also appearing in the Spirit and Power of *Elias*, and indeed all other Prophecies of the *Messiah* compleated, and all centring in this very time; it would be but very reasonable to suppose the Rabbies did at that time publickly declare their Expectation of him, tho we had no positive proof for such an Assertion. But yet further, 'tis not only

K

plain

plain from the *Evangelists* that he was then generally expected by the whole Nation of the *Jews*, (whence I say *Of what all Israel knows*) and even the *Samaritans*, that Woman who was none of the best, nor, 'tis to be presum'd, the wisest among 'em, yet speaking on't as a thing out of Question, *the Messiah cometh*, &c., with a present signification; not only this is notorious, but even their great Men express'd themselves freely to the same Sense; thus old *Simeon*, whom some suppose a great *Rabbi* amongst them, and *Caiaphas*, who prophesied very clearly even of the *Messiah's* Sufferings. And *Josephus* confirms the same, plainly acknowledging, that at that time, some great Prince was, by an antient Tradition or Prophecy, expected in the East, which, according to his usual Flattery, he applies to *Vespasian*. With all which the modern *Jews* find themselves so press'd, that they have been forc'd to own the time when we know the *Messiah* did really come, was indeed that appointed for his coming, but 'twas delay'd, they say, for the Sins of the People: 'tis answer'd, the Promise of the *Messiah* was absolute, and he was to come to save his People from their Sins, when the World was in a desperate Condition, and, as one of the *Rabbies* says, "filled with Dogs, Wolves, and Goats instead of Men. Others of 'em say he did then really come, but is not yet declared or revealed, remaining all this while incognito. And a third sort, as I find it quoted by a learned Person from their *Bab Berachoth*, that the *Messiah* was really born, and that of poor Parents, and in the time of the latter Temple, but was snatch'd away again for the Sins of their Nation; which is true enough, tho not in the sense they intended. Nay I find one of their *Rabbies*, *Sam Marochianus de adventu Messiae*, who goes further than any of these, "I dread and fear, O Lord, says he, lest that *Jesus* "who was slain by our Fathers, and whom the Christians worship, should be that "Righteous one, sold for Silver, according to the Prophet *Amos*.

24. By that fell Idumean Wolf oppress'd. ] *Herod* the Great, generally suppos'd an *Edomite*, tho some make him of *Ascalon*.

28. Dissembling Piety our Temple rais'd. ] He enlarg'd, adorn'd, and as good as rebuilt the second Temple, as *Joseph. Antiq. lib. 15. cap. 14.* which tho some learned Men have denied, as *Eckius* and *Villalpandus*, yet one would think *Josephus* should best know, having so often officiated in it, and perhaps seen part of it building with his own Eyes; nor does he at all flatter *Herod*, who was dead many years before, whatever he says of *Vespasian*. This Temple was in truth a very magnificent Structure, tho, by the leave of our Master *Cowley*, much inferior to that of *Solomon*, as shall appear more largely in Notes on *Lib. vii.* The main body of it was finished by *Herod* himself in eight Years and an half, employing about a thousand Carriages and eleven thousand Men, but 'twas forty six years before the whole was completed by the *Jews*, as they told our Saviour.

31. And makes th' High-Priest himself a Sacrifice. ] *John Hircannus*, who was, if I mistake not, his Father-in-law into the bargain. See *Joseph. Antiq. Lib. 6, &c. 7.*

36. Their Idol Eagle to our Temple brings. ] Who percht on proud *Antonia* clapt his Wings. ] *Antonia* was a Castle built by *Herod* in honour of his Friend *Anthony*, near the Temple, at the North-West Corner, on an inaccessible Rock fifty Cubits high, and the Castle upon it forty Cubits more; which was four square, with four Towers at the Corners, commanding all the Temple, into which there were also secret Passages from it. See the Description of it *Joseph. Antiq. lib. 6. cap. 7.* But not only the Roman Banners, which the *Jews* lookt upon as Idols, and perhaps they were not mistaken, might offend the Zealots, when waving on the Towers so near their Temple; but *Josephus* tells us in his *Antiq. lib. 17. cap. 18.* "that *Herod* did really erect a Golden Eagle, of an almost inestimable value, on the very Portal of the Temple, which *Judas* and *Mattias*, two "brave young Men, and zealous for their Law, were so much offended at, that "they got their Friends together, and cut it all to pieces with their Swords and "Axes, tho it cost many of their Lives.

38. Judah no more gives Laws. ] this seems the most natural Interpretation of the Sceptre's departing from *Judah*, that is, the Legislative Power, which till now remain'd with those two Tribes returning from Captivity.

41. Our

41. *Our Substance seiz'd, &c. Which my fierce Country could not tamely bear.*] See a large account of the Insurrection of the Galilean Jews against the Romans under Judas Gaulonitis, (so called from the City Golan in Bashan) on occasion of this Taxation, in *Joseph. Antiq. lib. 18. cap. 1.*

71. *And brought, of seven Sabbatic years, the last.*] *Joseph* 'tis probable was a middle-ag'd person at the time of his Marriage. The *Sabbatic Year* is either the seventh Year, or seven Years, a Week of Years: suppose him then born either in the last year of the first Sabbath, or the very seventh or Sabbatic year, he might be now something above forty.

76. *Old Heli's Daughter did the Garland bear.*] *Heli* is said to be the Father of the Blessed Virgin. See *Eusebius* his Ecclesiastical History, who, from the relation of some Christian Jews, gives one of the clearest Solutions of the difficulties in Genealogies that I've ever seen; tho' 'tis true his Scheme is liable to some Objections, and I should be glad to see any that was not.

93. *And scarce could Eden's Loss it self lament.*] The Harshness of this Thought I've endeavour'd to soften by the word *scarce*, at the beginning of the Verse, and if there needs any more to do it, the Reader is desired to consider that *Joseph* speaks here as a Lover, and therefore must be allowed to think more extravagantly than another Person.

94. *Tender, not fond, &c.*] The Ideal Character of a good Wife. See the rest below, *Yet still, &c.*

112. *I found her pregnant, now 'twas plain to sight.*] This was the best way I could think of to manage so nice a point with that Gravity the Subject requir'd.

141. *On whose fair Soul no thought of Ill's impress.*] Not that I think her Immaculate in the Popish sense, but only as to the Opinion *Joseph* had entertained concerning her.

148. *Five Courses more through her short Orb had gone.*] The Remainder of nine Months must be allowed before, for obvious Reasons.

163. *Thus the sweet Rose, &c.*] The Thought's too good to be my own, I had it from that of *Vida*,  
*Rore velut demissa caput Rosa matutino.*

199. *Thrice happy oft I call'd and counted her.*] In this Thought all Writers that I've yet seen on this Subject, either Prose or Verse, have agreed: for Verse *Vida*, thus,

*Illam felicem tacitè mecum ipsa vocabam,  
Quam Pater omnipotens tanto cumularet honore.*

And *Sannazarius*, I think beyond him here, which he is not often.

— *Oculos dejecta modestos  
Suspirat, Matremque Dei venientis adorat  
Felicemque illam, humanà nec lege creatam  
Sæpe vocat, necdum ipsa suos jam sentit honores.*

212. *All hail! belov'd of Heav'n, and full of Grace.*] Wherein I include both Sences of the *χαίρετε καὶ εὐχαριστεῖτε*.

237. *My Faith I not refuse, &c.*] I chose to take all the Angel's Discourse, and Virgin's Answer together, which makes 'em more entire, and I think more Poetical than if with many Interruptions and Interrogations.

251. *And melt my ravish'd Soul with heavenly Love.*] Not unlike *Vida's*,

*Visaque prædulci mihi corda liquecere amore.*

260. *A far greater name than Wife.*] That of a Friend.

261. *Yet still I bore an undisputed sway.*] Undoubtedly the Blessed Virgin was endu'd with all Conjugal as well as Solitary Graces and Virtues, and accordingly from her I here draw the Picture of a good Wife; more defensibly I'm sure than the contrary is often done by the Italian Painters, who from their Wives, and sometimes Mistresses, usually

usually draw their *Madonna's*, or Pictures of the Blessed Virgin ; nay, I'm credibly informed, something very like it was done some few years since in *Ireland*, where they borrowed the *Face* of a very lovely Person of Quality to put upon the *Virgin*, I suppose, that they might have some *Excuse* for their *Idolatry*.

264. *In our low House, &c.* ] *Vida* bestows many *Marble Pillars* on't, and makes it a famous business, indeed more like the *Palace* of her *Ancestors*, than an Habitation for Persons of their low Fortunes ; I think therefore my *House* is better than his, a mean low built thing agreeable to their way of living. suppose like one of our Cottages in *Lincolnshire*.

280.—my Consent — And Company obtain'd.] I think it more probable that her Husband *Joseph* went with her, than that she should wander by her self quite cross the Country.

283. *Fatal Gilboa.* ] The Reason of that Epithet is assign'd in the next Verse.

286. *New Walls of Shemir's antient Town.* ] *Samaria*, first nam'd from *Shemir*, of whom its Ground was bought : long after rebuilt by *Herod*, and called *Sebaste*.

288. *Near Dothan's Plains.* ] I am not ignorant that most of our modern Travellers, especially the Catholics, make *Dothan* far enough from *Shechem* and *Samaria* ; nay they describe it, *Relicks* and all (the Pitt that *Joseph* was put in, and 'tis a wonder they ha'n't a small parcel of his Coat too) about two hours journey from *Magdala*, some scores of Miles from the true *Dothan* ; which 'tis plain must be near *Samaria*, for when *Jacob* sent *Joseph* to look for his Brethren, he told him they were at, or near, *Shechem* ; but they were gone thence to *Dothan*, whither he soon followed and found 'em, which he could not so easily have done, had they driven their Cattle quite over *Gilboa* and *Kishon*, almost sixty Miles from *Shechem*. Thus can Ignorance remove both *Plains* and *Mountains* where *Faith* is too weak to do it.

289. *Gerizim's proud Altar.* ] I say *Altar* not *Temple*, because at this time I believe they had no *Temple* there, what they once had being demolished, in his zeal, by *John Hyrcanus*, before the Birth of our Saviour : I say, *Built in spite*, because, as *Josephus* tells us, "*Manasse*, the Son-in-law of *Tobias*, being banish'd from *Jerusalem*, *Nehem. 13. 28.* fled to the *Heathen* or *Mungrel-Samaritans*, and built there an *Anti-Temple* on Mount *Gerizim*."

293. *And the third Noon.* ] 'Tis about three days Journey from *Nazareth* to *Jerusalem*, as *Surinus* tells us *Lib. 2. p. 305.* But *Zachary's* house not being much further, they might travel a little faster, and get thither that Night.

296. *To Geba Town, our welcome Journey's end.* ] *Zachary's* House, says *Fuller*, was near to *Emmaus*, tho in his Map 'tis of the two nearer *Geba*, and it might indeed be near both, since there's but little distance between 'em.

298. *The pleasant Seat of Aged Zachary.* ] To tell the truth, I built *Zachary's* House from the very Ground my self, and thought it all pure Fancy, but it luckily happens 'twas exactly such a one as I describe it, as I have since found in my *Pilgrim*, p. 433. "*Maison de Saint Zacharie, &c.* The House of *St. Zachary* is very pleasantly seated on the top of a little Hill. It has a Fountain of delicate Crystal Waters, not far from the Gate which is towards the East."

300. *Such as an humble Country-Priest became.* ] I can't think him any more ; or but a sort of *Prebendary* at the height of his Preferment, by his waiting in his course at the Temple, much as ours do at the *Cathedrals*.

311. *A Crystal Stream.* ] See last Note but one.

327. *And ever since as strangely silent been* ] *Vide infra.*

329. *Thus inspir'd began.* ] 'Tis probable she had her Son's Name by *Inspiration*, as *Zachary* had it revealed, since he could not tell it her, and if he had written it before, she might with that have satisfied their Relations without anew consulting him.

350. "*Hail Mary !* ] I hope there's nothing superstitious in this *Poetical Address* to the Blessed *Virgin*, as I'm sure there's no *Flattery* in that which follows it, nor will either therefore offend any judicious Reader, any more than *Hail, bright Cecilia, &c.*

472. *Indue with purer Forms.* ] According to the Chymists Fancy, who talk much of curing the Leprosy of baser Metals, in order to their Transmutation. 411. Of

411. *Of those around Tablets and Style demands.]* The ancient way of writing, among most Nations; so well known, there's, I think, no need to describe it.

485. *Till thrice we saw the Silver Cynthia's Wane.]* 'Tis not exprest indeed that the Virgin was present at Elizabeth's Labour, but it seems extreamly probable, for the Angel told her at his *Salutation*, that 'twas then the sixth Month with her that was called Barren; and afterwards *Mary* abode with her three Months, when her full time being come, 'tis not likely her Cousin would leave her before she saw her delivered.

444. *The Angel nods, as knowing what I meant.]* This he might easily do (without being in a proper sence, *εσδογμών*, which belongs to God only) by *Zachary's* *Action*, *Face*, and other Circumstances.

493. *When the Eternal League began.]* *Eternal*, if understood of the Covenant made with the natural Posterity of *Abraham* for outward Blessings, must only signify a long time, as it usually does in the Holy Scriptures. If of the spiritual Children of faithful *Abraham*, it must be taken in its proper sence; either of which will do in the present Case.

523. *I see his Orient Light arise.]* The Word *Orient* is taken in our Language (unless I'm out) either for *Illustrious* or *Eastern*. I aim therein at an old but a good word which our Translators here make use of, who render the word *ἀνατολή*, the *Day-spring*, tho it signifieth also the *Branch*, by which Name our Saviour was often foretold; which Sence of the Word I've also given.

553. *Departing Winter's self.]* It does not much affect me whether our Saviour's birth were in *December*, *September*, *March*, or whatever Month besides; tho I'm extreamly well satisfied I've one day appointed, whereon to celebrate the Memory of that greatest Blessing that God ever gave to Man.

558. *And all the pretty Flowers that dress the Spring.]* The End of *Winter* is the Beginning of the *Spring*; and for the Flowers at that time growing wild in *Palestine*, see *Eugene Rogier*, who liv'd some time in the very Convent of *Nazareth*, as I find him quoted by *Walker*, in his *Life of Christ* p. 79. §. 102. "This City of *Nazareth*, says he, "is well called a Flower, for I might affirm, that having run through many Realms, and view'd many Provinces in *Asia*, *Afric*, and *Europe*, I never saw any comparable to this of *Nazareth*, for the great number of fair and odoriferous Plants and Flowers, which grow wild there throughout all the Seasons of the Year: for from *December* to *April*, all the little Hills, Fields and Way-sides are enamell'd with *Anemonies*, *Hyacinths*, &c. and *Surius* to the same sence, and almost in the same words.

563. *Then o'er Kedummim's Streams.]* *Vid. Lib. 1.*

572. "A secret Joy through all my Soul did glide.] From that true, and I think universal Observation of the Poet, *Nescio quâ natale solum*, &c.

574. "And Rachel's Tomb to th' left began t' appear.] A bad imitation of that in *Virgil*,

*Hinc adeo media est nobis via, namque sepulchrum  
Incipit apparere Bianoris. —*

619. "This done, I to a well known Cave repair.] *Walker's* account on't is thus, p. 26.

§ 27. " 'Tis, says he, a place of common receipt on the East side of *Bethlehem*, without the Town made in a hollow Rock, as is usual for *Stables* in that Rocky Country, where was a Manger also cut out of the Stone. *Surius* says, that about *Ann. Dom.* 326. the Empreſs *Helena* built a stately Church over this Cave, which remains to this day, the Cave or Grott it self being under the Quire. The very place where Tradition says the Blessed Virgin was deliver'd, being cover'd with an handsome white *Marble*, in the middle of which is inlaid a green *Jasper*, of about a span diameter, round which *Jasper* is a Circle of Gold, in form of a Sun, with four Rays of several Colours, made of *Diamonds*, *Rubies*, *Granates*, and other precious stones, in the Circle are graven in Capital Characters these Words, HERE WAS BORN JESUS CHRIST OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

624. *Whether*

624. *Whether by Art bew'd in the living Stone.*] From *Sannazarus*,  
*Incertum manibusve hominum geniove potentis*  
*Naturæ formatum*——

628. *Faint did the Lamp on neighbouring Edar burn.*] The Watch-Tower of *Edar*, in the Fields of *Bethlehem*, North East from the Town.

652. *In her chaste Arms th' Eternal Infant lies.*] I think 'tis *Cowley's* thought and words.

668. *Lowting low.*] One of *Spencer's* and I think *Chaucer's* Phrases, signifying no more than a rustic sort of a Bow.

674. *Claius, who lately the lewd Town had left.*] An innocent pastoral Fable, proper enough, I think, here; some not unlike it being used by *Casimir* and others on the same occasion. But I am sensible there are some parts of this Description which ha'n't the true Character of Pastoral Poetry: tho for the Greek Names they were common then among the Jews, witness *S. Peter* himself, and why not *Shepherds* as well as *Fishermen*?

718. *Old Father Jacob's Travels these relate, &c.*] A probable Subject enough for their Songs and Discourses, it being in this very place where he pitcht his Tent, *Gen. 35. 21, 22.*

757. *A Cave and homely Stable claim his Birth.*] By the word *Stable* there's more Liberty allowed than if 't had been *Manger*, the Greek *φάτνη* signifying both, answering I think pretty exactly to *Præsepe* in the Latin. However all Antiquity have agreed that Christ was born in a *Cave*, not an *House*, as *Grotius* proves out of *Justin* and others.

787. *Each humble Straw induces the Form of Gold.*] From that of *Vida*,  
 —— *Quæque*

*Stramina tetra, modo horrebant, nunc aurea cernas.*

823. *An Heavenly Youth of those who waited there*] According to *Mr. Mede's* Notion, and indeed the belief of all Antiquity, that the Angels are always attending in *Holy Places*, in which, according to him, consists the *Shechinah*, or *Tokens* of God's peculiar Presence.

879. *He said, when strait to Bliss his Soul expir'd,*

*And slumbering soft he with a Smile expir'd.*] It's very probable *Simeon* liv'd not long after this Prophecy, and he could never dye in better Time, than immediately after he had made it. The same Thought almost, exactly in the same dress, I've since met in *Vida*,

*Hæc ubi, confestim veluti cedentia somno,*

*Lumina demisit, placidâque ibi morte quievit.*

910. *Abstracted from herself, for God was all.*] Three or four of these Lines contain a great part of the so much talk'd of mystical Divinity, which I'm inclin'd to think has neither so much nor so little in't as many have imagined. It seems indeed no more than an affectation of hard Words to express or rather conceal such Truths as are plain and easie; and if the Professors of it would but honestly tell us, that by their *super-essential Union of Nothing with Nothing*, their *Self-annihilation*, &c. they only meant [The most profound abatement and humiliation of a pious Mind before the Almighty, abstracted from all outward Objects, most intimately retired into it self, yet not deferring any thing to its own Merits, but exerting the most fervent Acts of Prostration and Adoration,] This would be good sense, and what any good Christian might easily understand.

926. *To all the Just, by her and Heav'n approv'd.*] See our *Mede's* notion of the *Σεβασμὸς*, among his excellent Works.

931. *From the fair Fields of happy Araby.*] They came from the East, as the Scripture tells us, and *Arabia* lay that way from the *Holy Land*. Nor am I much concerned whether they were *Kings*, a sort of *Royetelets*, like the *Arabian Sheeks* at present, or *Wise Men* only, tho I rather incline to the latter, because of their *Poverty*, since, had they been rich, we can't suppose their Presents would have left the Virgin so poor, that both *Joseph* and his Son should still work at their Trades, as we find they did. But let 'em be never so poor, or never so wise, I can scarce believe 'em downright *Wizards*, as some of the Fathers make 'em.

937. *To Jordan's doubtful Brim.*] Because it overflows all its Banks in time of Harvest. *Josh. 3. 15.*

947. *With his own Blood he dyes the slippery Throne.*] He kill'd his Wife *Marianne*, his Brother *Pheroras*, his three Sons, *Alexander*, *Aristobulus*, and *Antipater*, the last just as he was himself expiring; and indeed if they were like their Father, 'twere pity any of the breed should have been left. *Vid. Jos. Antiq. lib. 6. cap. 17. & lib. 7.*

950. *Tho him so late they their Messiah hail'd.*] *Eusebius*, in his History, gives an account of that Sect among the *Jews* mentioned in the Evangelists, and called *Herodians*, who, as he says, flattered *Herod the Great* with the Title of the *Messiah*, celebrating a religious annual Feast to his Honour. 'Tis perhaps worth remark, that not one of those, who unjustly usurp'd that incommunicable Title, either in those ages or since, as he, *Barcochebas*, *Judas*, and in our times, *David Sabbati-Sevi*, and others, but what came to miserable Ends.

975. *Rama's Lord.*] *Joseph of Arimathea*, as before.

1051. — *Which we espy—From a small Hill.*] If there should be none such found in the Maps of *Bethlehem*, I hope the Reader will easily pardon it, since the throwing up two or three Mountains is but a small Poetical Miracle.

1070. *Had reach'd the Forest of the Tekoite—Beth-Haccerem we shun.*] The Forest or Wilderness of *Tekoab* lies a little South of *Bethlehem*, in the way to *Egypt*, and *Beth-Haccerem* is near it; we read in *Jer. 6. 1.* of both the Places together, *Blow the trumpet in Tekoab* (which signifies the sound of a Trumpet) *set up a sign of fire in Beth-Haccerem*, a place I suppose much of the Nature of our Beacons. Now this *Beth-Haccerem* may either signify the House of Strong Men, or the House of Rusticks; the former Interpretation I follow, supposing it a strong Garrison, probably in some narrow Pass of that Wilderness.

1076. *O'er the vast Sands, by Sirbon's wand'ring Lake.*] This Lake had formerly an Inlet into the Sea, which being in time choakt up, it now still grows less and less. 'Tis reckon'd the utmost Eastern Bound.

1077. *And Casius Mount—For mighty Pompey's Fate and Tomb renown'd.*] Near this was *Pompey the Great* basely killed, and afterwards buried by a poor Souldier. But the Emperour *Adrian* in the same place erected a fair Monument.

1080. *Which asks no Rain, and owns no God but Nile.*] If it be a false Thought let *Lucan* answer for't, since 'tis his, who thus of *Egypt*,

— *Nil indiga mercis*

*Aut Jovis, in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.*

1081. *Near old Bethshemesh we the River cross,*  
*Which both its Antient Name and God hath lost.* — *Now Heliopolis*] Its antient Name seems to have been *On*, hence called *Oni* by *Ptolomey*, but by the *Jews* *Bethshemesh*, or *House of the Sun*, near akin to *Heliopolis*, or the City of the Sun, one of the Cities which, 'twas prophesied, should leave their Idols, and speak the Language of *Canaan*. To which place many Authors think our Saviour was carried, but I go a little further, as *Vida* does, and fix him more in the inland Country.

1084. *To the proud Walls of neighbouring Babylon.*] This *Babylon*, from whence many think *S. Peter* wrote his first Epistle (tho *Bellarmino* will have it *Rome*, rather than not get him there at all) has been a considerable Place, tho nothing like its Name-sake in *Chaldaea*. It stood just at the Confluence of the Rivers *Trajanus* and *Nilus*.

1088. *Near those vast Pyramids.*] All we can certainly tell the Reader concerning those unwieldy Wonders, is, that they were made for no body knows what, and built by no body knows whom: They stand most of 'em about *Memphis*, on the West bank of the River.

1106. *That thence the Royal Child might bear his Name.*] From that *S. Matt. 2. ult.* He shall be called, (an *Hebraism* for) He shall be, a *Nazarene*; but where is this Prophecie? I think both in *Isaiab* and *Zachary*, our Saviour being promis'd under the name of *Nazarene* derived from the Branch נצר *Nazar*, which signifies the same thing.

1117. *Three Lustres scarce compleat.*] A Lustre is about four Years, and therefore 3 Lustres I think a more tolerable Periphrasis to express our Saviour's Age, than if I had borrow'd one from *Quarles* or *Reynolds*, and said, *When the Clock of his Age struck Twelve.*

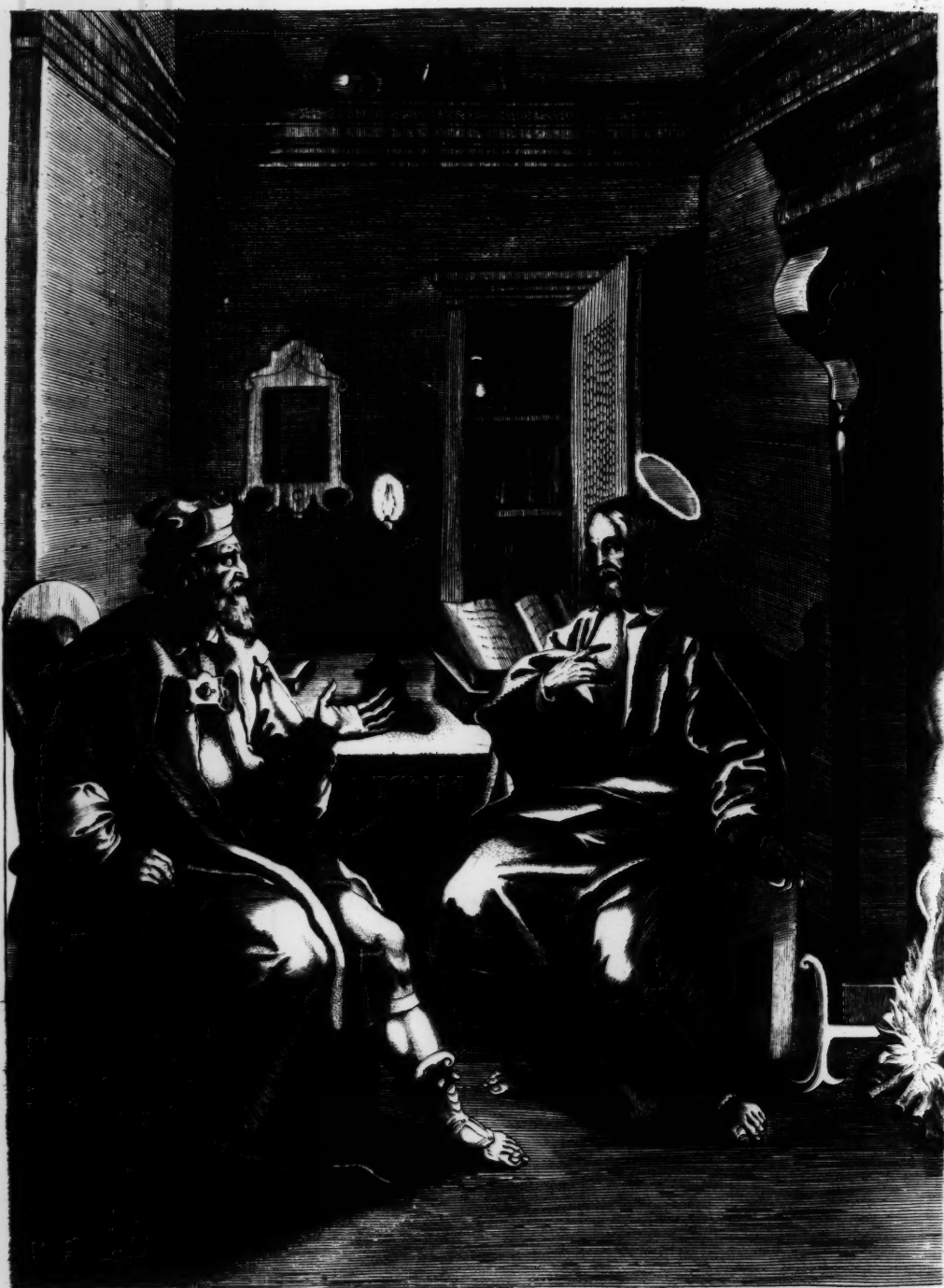
T H E

# THE ARGUMENT OF THE Third BOOK.

**T**HE Introduction from the Happiness and Pleasure of pious Contemplation and Meditation. Nicodemus and the three Disciples find our Saviour at Gethsemane. His discourse with him concerning several Mysteries of the Christian Faith. Nicodemus departs well satisfied with the Conference; and Gamaliel being indisposed, the meeting and further Relation of the three Disciples is adjourned the next day from Joseph's Garden to Gamaliel's House, where S. John goes on with their Discourse of our Saviour, giving an account of the Baptist's History, his Character, Preaching, Prophecies and Baptism, to which many come, and among the rest our Saviour, who is attested there by the descent of the Holy-Ghost, like a Dove, accompany'd with a Voice from Heaven; at which the People being about to take him by force and make him a King, he retires thence into the Wilderness, as well to escape their Importunity, and prepare for his approaching Work, as by God's permission to be tempted of the Devil. The Description of that part of the Wilderness whither our Saviour went. In the mean while Lucifer, who being alarm'd at the Wonders of our Saviour's Birth, and his appearance now at Jordan, and doubting him to be the true Messiah prophesied of to destroy his Kingdom, had observed him at his Baptism, but frighted thence by the Thunder, fell down into the Lake of Sodom, arises thence at Midnight, and gives the signal to all the Fiends to meet him there; his Speech on the occasion of their meeting, Molochus for undertaking to destroy our Saviour, but Lucifer forbids him, and himself sets about it: he finds our Saviour, and accosts him in the shape of an old Man almost famished, pressing him with his first Temptation, to work a Miracle, and change Stones into Bread: But our Saviour knowing him through his disguise, rejects his Temptation; Night approaching he attacks him with others raising a Tempest, and several other ways endeavouring to fright him, but without success. The next Morning he accosts him in a glorious Form, tho' not denying himself, finding he was discovered, but pretending Love to Mankind, especially to our Saviour, and offering him a Banquet, which he had provided in the midst of a Paradise rais'd in the Wilderness. The Song of two attendant Spirits to invite our Saviour to eat of the Feast, which, on his refusal, vanishes; and the Devil enrag'd changes himself into the Form of a Dragon, and snatching up our Saviour, hurries him away in the Air, and sets him on a Pinnacle of the Temple, whence he shews him below, the Priests, the Jews and Gentiles in their three Courts gazing at him, the Roman Garrison taking their Pleasure in the Amphitheatre, and the Castle Antonia unguarded, persuading him to descend in the Flame of the Altar, that the Jews might acknowledg him, and under his conduct redeem their Freedom, which he might more securely do, because God had promis'd to give his Angels charge over him. Our Saviour having answered his Text with another, the Devil once more snatches him up and carries him to the top of Pisgah representing in the Air all the Kingdoms of the World, with their Riches and Glory, shews him the Ishmaelites travelling through the Desarts with Caravans of Gold and Spices: the Kingdoms of Ethiopia, the Isles of the Mediterranean, Italy, Rome, France, Britain: Then back to East beyond Persia, over to China and India, the principal Rarities whereof he describes. And still more East, crosses an undiscovered Strait, a new World, whither one of his Attendants was then conducting a Colony of Tartars; offering him his choice of all these, or, if none would satisfy him, to raise him a Throne on Pisgah, and make him King of both those Worlds, if, by way of Homage for them, he'd bow down and adore him. At which blasphemous Proposition, our Saviour instantly commands the Devil to leave him, the time wherein he was permitted to tempt him being now elaps'd, who accordingly vanishes away in a Cloud of Smoke and Fire.

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*Book 3. pag: 73.*

CHRIST with NICODEMUS.

10-3

THE  
LIFE  
OF  
CHRIST:  
A N  
Heroic Poem.

BOOK III.

\*  ND now the Night her peaceful reign began

Indulging food to *Beasts* and rest to *Man*  
To all but him, whom *love* of *Truth* denies

Psalms 104.  
20, 23.

\* E'r the day dawn to close his watchful  
Eyes:

Who from the *busie* Worlds tumultuous *Noise*  
Retir'd, at once *himself* and *Heav'n* enjoys;  
Now *dives* in Mother *Natures* deepest *springs*  
Searching the *Causes* and the *seeds* of *things*:

\* Now higher soars on *Contemplations* *Wings*;

10 Views all the glorious *Furniture* on high

L

That

That decks the *Almighties Palace* in the Sky ;  
 Thence the great *Maker* argu'd, hastens on,  
 Till past our *narrow Earths attraction* gone,  
 Past ev'n *this World*, his vigorous *Mind* can trace \*  
 Some *Angel* thro' th' *imaginary space* ;  
 Thence follows to the *Throne*, and prostrate there  
 With equal *Zeal* and *Love* presents his *Pray'r*  
 Before th' *All-high*, loose from all worldly *care*,  
 All the *dull Joys*, we wretched *Mortals* know  
 And these *vexatious hopes* and *fears* below.

}

20

Go then my *Soul* ! thro' *time* and *matter* fly,  
 Beyond the *Earth* and *Air* and *Sea* and *Sky* !  
 Beyond the *place* where mortal *Seeds* are hurl'd, \*  
 Beyond the *flaming Limits* of the *World* :  
 Long *infinite durations* measure so  
 As rowling *Numbers* still themself's *outgo* !  
 View *Those bright worlds* of *Joy* which in each other *shine* !  
 Live well thro' this *short world*, and they shall all be thine !

But first must many a bitter *blast* be o'r  
 As please high *Heav'n* ; many a fierce *Tempest* more  
 Our little *weather-beaten Bark* must find  
 And *some* perhaps, *some few white Days* behind :  
 First in this *narrow Creek*, *beneath a Storm*  
 Must we our long appointed *Task* perform :  
 Attend our Lord t' his *Cross*, bewail him there,  
 And weep upon his *sacred Sepulchre* ;  
 Who in good actions all his *Life* employ'd  
 And only in his *Fathers Service* joy'd :  
 By *Day* he in the *Temple* pray'd and taught ;  
 Still *Night* arriv'd, a calm retirement sought  
 At *sweet Gethsemane*, there was he found  
 By *Zebedee's two Sons*, who *Coasting* round  
 From *Calvary* thro' *Salem's Northern bound* \*  
 With *Cephas* and the trembling *Rabbi* came

30

40

}

John 3. 21

Too *fearful* yet and much concern'd for *Fame* ;  
 Whom mild our Lord receiv'd—  
 With wonted *Sweetness* and *Benignity* ;  
 Silent a while he gaz'd, intent to see  
 Such *Royal Meekness* *Humble Majesty* ;  
 (For now the *Silver Moon* began to *shine*)

}

50

Charm'd

Charm'd with his *Godlike* meen and *Form Divine* :

Then thus. — If my *Confession* ought avail

Great Sir, who in the very *Entrance* fail ;

If *Rabbi* ! such as me you e'r receive,

*Afraid* to own those *Truths* I must believe :

Permit me to *acknowledg* what's your due,

Nay all our *Sanhedrim* must own 'tis true ;

And did not *Int'rest* blind 'em wou'd confess

With loud *Hosanna's* they believe no less :

60 That you the *wondrous Prophet* oft foretold

In the *Mosaick Oracles* of old :

Approv'd from *Heav'n* by many a mighty sign,

John 3. 2.

Your *Mission* and your *Doctrine* all-divine :

True said our Lord---My *Miracles* are an *Appeal* to *sence*

And are to that, *Authentic Evidence* ;

'Gainst all *Opposers* they the *Truth* attest,

*Silence* the *Tongue*, but cannot warm the *Breast* :

A *Change* far deeper my *strict Laws* require

Of those who not in vain to *Heav'n* aspire ;

70 'Tis a *new Birth*, a *change* at once i'th' *whole*,

v. 3.

At once perform'd in *Body*, *mind*, and *Soul* :

On these *mysterious words* the *Sage* debates,

And on their *sence* a while he *hesitates* :

Then thus goes on — *Rabbi* ! of what you say

If *Sence* may not be *Judg*, sure *Reason* may ;

And *Reason* seems *express* and *clear* to me

This *strange new Birth* you urge can never be :

To whom our Lord — And *Rabbi* are you read

So meanly then among the *mighty Dead* ?

80 Must others from your *Lips* *Instruction* learn,

Who not your self these plain *first Truths* discern ?

If *Reason* what *Sense* offers justly weigh,

And o'r it bears an *undisputed sway* ;

Why should not *Reason* to *Religion* yield

As *Sence* when *Reason* comes must quit the *Field* ?

'Tis a good humble *Guide*, but when it *soars* too high

'Tis *reason* what seems *reason* to deny.

Shall mans weak *knowledg* fathom boundless *might*,

Or *Limits* fix to what is *infinite* ?

90 Or the *great Spirit* by your *low Laws* confin'd

- Act* nothing that's beyond a *Mortal Mind*;  
 Which as it please its *favours* can convey  
*Unknown* to men the *Reason, Time, and Way*?  
 16. Go track the *Wind* and tell me where it goes?  
 From what deep *Source* its headlong *Current* flows?  
 Whence into *Gulphs* 'tis form'd, and *how* and *where*  
 It makes such *strange Meanders* in the *Air*?  
 How, not a *Body*, or not so to fight  
 All bodie's yield to its *impetuous* might?  
 If you're with *modest* silence forc'd to own  
 Ev'n much of that which *strikes* the *Sense* unknown;  
 With more of *reason* you'll your *reason* see  
 In *Revelation* loft and *Mystery*:  
 Nor darkly this to *Saints* of old reveal'd  
 Matth. 11. Tho' from the *wise* and *prudent* now conceal'd;  
 25. This saw great *Jesses* Son by *heav'n* inspir'd,  
 Psal. 51. 10. Who a new *Heart* with *ardent Vows* desir'd:  
 The *Prophet* this, who struck with *sacred awe*  
 Ezek. 11. 9. Near *Chebars* streams the wondrous *Vision* saw:  
 18, 21. \* This ev'n the *Gentile World*— but that *pure Law*  
 I now *promulge*, far nobler *Truth* contains,  
 Which yet to you and them *unknown* remains:  
 John 3. 12. \* A *God* that takes the *Form* of *man* to dy;  
 A *Son* of *Man* that lives *Eternally*:  
 A *God* who *Robes* of *mortal Clay* doth wear  
 13. To *Place* confin'd — a *Man* that's ev'ry where:  
 16, 17. Sent by the *Father* yet *Himself* the *same*;  
 Isaiah 9. 6. (The *Everlasting Father* is his *Name*,)  
 On this *bad world* the last *Efforts* to prove  
 Of undeserv'd, yet *unexhausted Love*,  
 Lost man to save, and raise to endless *Day*,  
 Firm *Faith* in him and *holy Works* the way.  
 John 3. 18, The *Sage* with his *short visit* not content  
 19, 20. Almost a *Convert* from the *Garden* went:  
 From what he *knew*, what was behind he *guest*,  
 And more *impatient* grew to hear the *rest*:  
 Scarce did the *Suns* impartial *beams* begin  
 To gild a *World* of *Vanity* and *Sin*,  
 E'r he next *morning* did *Gamaliel* see  
 And him agen *invites* to *Calvary*;

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120

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Who

- Who, indispos'd of Joseph had desir'd  
 The Conference, which they all so much admir'd,  
 Might at his house be finish'd, where retir'd,  
 And undisturb'd th' Apostles might relate  
 What yet remain'd of their great Masters fate:  
 Th' Arimathean yields, and when they came  
 With like Facility they grant the same;  
 Who at the house arriv'd and they and he  
 Receiv'd with Cheerful Hospitality,  
 140 His Friends, with a short neat Collation cheerd,  
 Gamaliel thus, the Room and Table cleer'd,  
 To Zebedees, and Jona's son address't:  
 What yesterday you told us, 'tis confest,  
 The Air of truth and wonder has, nor we  
 Without a groundless Incredulity  
 Can doubt what such high attestation brings,  
 From Heav'n, and Earth, from Shepherds, Angels, Kings:  
 Whose firm foundation equally relies  
 On Faith, and Sense, Wonders, and Prophecies:  
 150 Since this from what's already past is clear,  
 The rest more earnest we desire to hear!  
 Thus he, thus all who sat attentive there:  
 When th' Elder of the Zebedean pair;  
 If this so much your wonder move, rejoyn'd,  
 What will be left for what remains behind,  
 Which yet far more Deserves? ———  
 What by all Israel was at once Discern'd  
 \* Or from our Master's sacred Lips we learn'd?  
 His Abstinence, his Tryal, and distress,  
 160 And dreadful Combat in the Wilderness  
 With mans sworn foe, and heav'ns, who thro' the Air  
 Him to the Temples Roof did fearless bear:  
 But first how he did Heav'ns Commands obey,  
 Baptis'd altho' no crimes to purge away  
 In Jordan's sacred Waves, more pure than they:  
 For now vast Crouds you might at Enon see  
 With the great Son of aged Zachary:  
 Enon and Salim, where rich Jordan falls  
 \* Not far remov'd from valiant Bethshan's Walls,  
 120 \* And old Bethabara, where ferrying o'r

Mat. 3. ult.

John 3. 24.

Men

- Men first arrive upon the *distant shore* :  
 Here the great *Baptist* came, who from a *Child*,  
 Matt. 3. 1. His *Life* had spent in *Juda's fertile wild*,  
 \* *Ten thousand little Villas* scattering wide  
 Their fruitful *Flocks* and *Fields* on every side:  
*Austere* he liv'd, remov'd from all resort  
 Of the *proud City* or the *pompous Court* :  
 Here tho' he was to a *fair Fortune* born  
 The *Worlds vain Pleasures* soon he learnt to scorn :  
 Such *humble Cloathing* and mean *Food* he us'd, 180  
 As *frugal Nature* of her self produc'd ;  
 Matt. 3. 4. His *Robes* from the rough *Camels shoulders* torn  
 Such spoils of *Beasts* by ancient *Hero's* worn,  
 2. Kings 1. Such great *Elijah* wore, his *Food* he found  
 8. Ready prepar'd on every *Tree* and *Ground* ;  
 And if by *chance* on his *low Table* lay  
 Matt. 3. 4. A *Honey-Comb*, 'twas then a *festal day* :  
 How little *frugal Nature* will suffice !  
 How hard to please *luxurious Avarice* !  
 Thus taught the *pamper'd World* to conquer *Sense* 190  
 Matt. 11. 18. Himself a pattern of *strict Abstinence* :  
 Severe his *Life* and *Garb*, his *Words* the same,  
 From *Heav'n* he arm'd with *Zeal* and *Thunder* came  
 To rouse a *stupid World*, abroad he went  
 Matt. 3. 2. By *Jordan's banks* and cry'd aloud *Repent* !  
 Turn, *Israel*, turn, and cast thy *sins* away !  
 Repent before the great and *dreadful day* !  
 Gloomy and dark as *Hell's* or *Egypt's* night,  
 Or only seen in *Claps* of fearful *light*.  
 This *beauteous Vault* above no more the same, 200  
 Mal. 4. 1. But like an *Oven*, hot with deadly *flame* ; \*  
 'Tis fed and kindled by th' *Almighty's breath*  
 Which pleas'd gives *life*, but angry *storms* and *death* :  
 Large *flakes* of pointed *flame* wide circling round  
 Shall lick the *stubble* from the *gaping ground* :  
 Both *Pharisee* and *Sadducee* must go \*  
 Matt. 23. And bear their *Sin* in endless *worlds* of woe :  
 33. The holy *Hypocrite* and *Atheist* lewd \*  
 Luke 3. 7. But first you *Pharisees* a *viperous brood* ! \*  
 Could you be e'er mistaken? Could you be 210

Misled with your *Infallibility*?

What strange *Caprice* did you to good incline?

How came you once to shun the *Wrath divine*?

*Prest* with your *Crimes*, the Church, the Church, you cry

Your meaning *Grandure*, *Wealth*, and *Policy* :

Each one a *Child of God*, all sign'd and seal'd

As your *Salvation* were from *Heav'n* reveal'd.

How long will madly you against the *Skies*

A *War* maintain, how long believe in *Lies*?

220 Fly *Wretches* rather, e'r it be too late!

For *Refuge* fly from swift approaching *Fate*!

You're *lost* if you a *moment* longer stay,

You're *safe* if now you turn for now you may,

*Repentance* and an *holy Life* the way.

So you'll among those *holy Souls* have place

Rescu'd and sav'd by *Heav'n's* peculiar grace

From this *vast* ruin, so your *longing Eyes*

Shall see the *Sun of Righteousness* arise;

Arise to close each *Mortal Wound* within,

230 To cure the *Poison* of that *Serpent*, *Sin* :

High-rai'd he like the *Brazen-Serpent* brings

\* *Life* and *Salvation* in his *healing Wings* :

None look but *live*, recovering *gasping breath*,

And *wondrous Strength* amidst the *pangs* of *Death*.

These the *true promis'd Canaan* shall possess,

While others *perish* in the *Wilderness*;

These shall thro' the wide *World* triumphing go,

And by their blood subdue each *hell-born* *Foe*;

All *Lands* their *sacred Law* shall entertain,

240 And o'r the *Nations* the *Messiah* reign :

What strange *effects* among th' admiring *Jews*

His *holy Life* and *Doctrine* did produce

Is known to all; each *crowding Region* hears,

*Purg'd* in blest *Jordans Waves*, but first in *tears* :

\* Those who in wild *Perea* wander'd wide,

Near *Jabock's Ford* or *Arnon's Streams* reside;

*Succoth* and *Peniel* whose ill-natur'd *Pride*

Brave *Jerubball* reveng'd when *Midian* fled;

And where before his *Flocks* old *Jacob* fed:

250 \* *Jabesh* where *Saul* such *welcome succours* brought,

Matth. 3.  
Luke 37.

Matth. 3. 8.

Mal. 4. 2.

Num. 21. 9.

Numb. 32.

24. 25.

Heb. 3. 17.

Matth. 3. 2.

Judges 6. 8,

16, 17.

Gen. 33: 17.

And

- And *Gilboa* where he *successless* fought,  
 1. Sam. last chap. *Heav'n* and his *Foes* engag'd, and in th' *unequal* strife  
 He lost the *day*, his *Sons*, his *Crown*, and *Life*.  
 All who on either bank of *Jordan* go,  
 Joshua 3. 15. Whose *Fields* his fruitful *Waters* overflow :  
 John 1. 44. Some from *Bethsaida* far more distant came,  
 Attracted by the *Prophets* growing *Fame* :  
 From strong *Tiberias* some, and some came down  
 From *Tabor's* Mount and fam'd *Bethulia's* Town :  
 These from old *Shalem*, *Thebez*, *Bezek* goe, \* 260  
 From *Pisgah* these, and these from *Jericho*;  
 Matt. 3. 5. But thousands from the *Royal City* come  
 And almost empty leave their *Native home*,  
 You know how much our *Elders* did esteem  
 The *Baptist*, know the *message* sent to him,  
 And *honours* paid by our learn'd *Sanhedrim*. }  
 John 1. 19. Too well *Gamaliel* with a *sigh* reply'd, }  
 I know that *story* and the *fatal pride* }  
 With which his *Testimony* we deny'd : }  
 In vain we *saw* and *heard*, for I was sent 270  
 The *Truth* to try, and still I *dread* th' *event*  
 Of our *rejecting* him ; but Sir *proceed* !  
 He thus——The *Baptist* now had *thousands* freed  
 In *Jordan's* *Waves*, their *Leprosie* of *Sin*  
 First *open* laid, then *wash'd* away therein :  
 After the rest our *Saviour* came, content  
 Matt. 3. 13. And *pleas'd* that such *vast* *crowds* before him went!  
 Whom when the *Baptist* in the *stream* did see  
 John 1. 33. The *Divine* *Spirit* soft-whispering *this is he* ;  
 With *pious* *reverence* at his *Feet* he fell 280  
 And *baild* the *undoubted* *King* of *Israel* :  
 Nor dar'd attempt to *purge* what knew no *Crime*  
 Matt. 3. 14. But *trembling* ask'd to be *Baptiz'd* of him :  
 Our *Saviour* mild requires him to permit  
 He all *perform'd* that wiser *Heav'n* thought fit ;  
 Who came the *Law* and *Gospel* to fulfil,  
 To *do* and *suffer* all his *Fathers* *Will* :  
 He yields at length, unwilling and *afraid*  
 And what he cou'd not *comprehend*, *obey'd* :  
 Nor sooner he who came the *World* to *save*

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Book 3. pag: 81.

The Baptism of Christ by John  
the Baptist at Jordan.

Mat: 3  
Mar: 1  
Luc: 3

Had sanctifi'd fair Jordan's Limpid wave  
By washing there, no sooner from the stream  
He reach'd the Bank, when, lo! a Heav'nly beam  
Shot from the Clouds, which modestly remove

*The Baptism.*

\* To give it way, and lo! a wondrous Dove  
Almost unsufferable to behold,

Matt. 3. 16.

Silver his Breast, his Neck and Wings of Gold  
Came softly wafted thro' the yielding Air,

Psal. 68. 13.

And whilst he kneel'd in Extasie and Pray'r

300 Upon our Saviour's sacred Head did rest

At once enlighten'd that and warm'd his Breast;

With Grace immeasurable did inspire

And fill'd him with his own Celestial fire:

Agen the Clouds with lambent Lightning broke,

And thus th' All-high in awful Thunder spoke.

"Th' Eternal Son of God by Miracles approv'd

"Glad Mortals here behold! whom from my Breast belov'd,

"I, the Eternal Father full of Mercy gave

"To rescue sinful Man, and from just vengeance save.

310 All knew the Voice of their Eternal Lord,

All heard and knew, and trembled, and ador'd;

Prepare to kiss the Son, due honours bring,

And o'er his own lov'd Nation hail him King.

But ah! for Earthly Thrones he was not born,

Here all the Crowns he sought were made of Thorn:

Those glitt'ring Toys he cou'd with ease despise,

And to the Desert thence the Hero flies,

To shun what others often court in vain,

Destroy the World and damn themselves to gain:

320 A dreadful Wild there is, outstretching wide

\* Its spacious skirts by fruitful Edom's side,

Impervious to the Suns all-cheering light;

There reign black horror and perpetual night:

Never disturb'd by one intruding Star

To guide the weary wandring Traveller:

A dark uncomfortable Vault the whole:

And underneath here sooty Currents rowl

Of dull Bitumen, there their period make

And stagnate in some melancholy Lake.

330 No Flow'rs on the unlucky Rivage grew,

No *Herb* or *Tree* but the black poy's'nous *Yew*,  
 Rough *Cypresses* for sad *herbes* only made,  
 And heavy *Ebon* casting deadly *shade*,  
 With *Thunder-blasted Oaks* —

If any where an open *Plat* was found,  
*Vast Serpents* rowl'd along the *sandy Ground*,  
 Their num'rous *Trains*; on half-burnt *Trunks* around }  
 Sate *Birds obscene*, foul *Harpies*, *Vultures* fell,  
 And all the ugly monstrous *Forms of Hell*;  
 All *mischiefs* carri'd in their *Voice* and *Face*  
 Nor could bode more to that unhappy place. 340

Such was the *field of battle*, such the *stage*  
 Where our *Great Captain* did all *Hell* engage:  
*Rapt*, by the *sacred Spirit*, he thither flies \*  
 Ardent t' achieve the glorious *Enterprize*:  
 Already he his *Rebels strength* did know  
 Already grappled the redoubted *Foe*:  
 Who stung with *envy*, swoln with foolish *pride*  
 His mighty *Rivals* force successless try'd;  
 The *sacred Mount of God* affecting vain 350  
*Transfixt*: he fell with all his *blasted Train*,  
 To those uncomfortable *Regions* where  
 For ever reign *Confusion* and *Despair*:  
 Whence sometimes *sallying* out, the *burden'd Air* }  
 They *lash* with loathsome *Wings*, and pleas'd disperse  
*Mischeif* and *Murder* round the *Universe*:  
 With these their *Prince* himself had broke his *Chain*  
 And hardly here less *absolute* did reign  
 Than in his own sad *Realms*, since that unhappy fall  
 Which in our *luckless Parents* lost us all: 360

Gen. 3.

Rom. 5. 12.

Gen. 3. 15.

His *Fate* he knew, and did disdainful dread  
 That the weak *womans seed* must bruise his head:  
 This deep he now *revolv'd* with *conscious fear*;  
 Concluding his long *fated-fall* was near:  
 Himself wide *ranging* round, with *peircing eyes*  
 He much *discern'd*, and much his *watchful spies*:  
 From those at *Herod's Court* in *ambush* lay,  
 From those who *bask'd* in the *warm beams* of day;  
 Who in *lone Woods* like *lustful Satyrs* rove,  
 Or *Earthly Fiends* that *Blood* and *Murder* love: 370

What

- What yet had *pass'd* he *heard*, and all reserv'd  
 In his dark *mind*, but had himself observ'd  
 What at the *Temple* chanc'd, for always there  
 With deep *malicious thoughts*, and utmost *care*  
 He watch'd to *catch* each loose unguarded *Pray'r*;  
 Which *wandering* found, before they reach'd the *Throne*,  
 He seiz'd as his and thought 'em all his *own*:  
 Alarm'd with all the *Wonders* heard and seen  
 He *Mary's Son* did from his *Birth* begin  
 380 As the great *promis'd Seed* to *hate* and *fear*,  
 But more when he from *Jordan's banks* did hear  
 By a *quick subtle Spirit* posted there  
 The famous *Baptist* did to all declare  
 In no dark *Types* involv'd, express and plain,  
 The near approach of the *Messias's reign*:  
 Away he *posts* in *person*, unesp'y'd,  
 And mingled with the *Crowd* on *Jordan's side*,  
 Who all *Baptiz'd*, when *Jesus* was not found  
 He *soars* aloft and *sweeping* wide around  
 390 The *fields Triumphant* did a while survey,  
 Agen prepar'd to cut his *trackless way*  
 To *Gods high Temple* and the *sacred Town*,  
 Till from his *Chariot* looking envious down  
 As with a *Curse* he left 'em, he descry'd  
 The *Baptist* kneel, the *People* scatt'ring wide,  
 His dreaded *Foe* amidst the *Waves* appear;  
 He *trembling* saw, and almost dropt for *fear*;  
 But when he did th' *attesting Thunder* hear  
 By whose *intolerable Terrors* driv'n  
 400 Wielded by *Michael's arm* of old he fled from *Heav'n*,  
 No more he cou'd endure ———  
 But thence *precipitate* his *flight* did take  
 Wide *swooping* down thro' *Sodom's Brimstone-lake*:  
 So *tumbling* thro' the *Clouds* the *Vulture* flies  
 As at vast *distance* he the *Quarry* spies,  
 Struck by the *Royal Eagles* piercing *Eyes*:  
 Confus'd and *trembling* there *obscure* he lay  
 Nor durst agen ascend, till *hated day*  
 Forsook the *World*, and *night* a *covert* made  
 410 To hide his *shame* in her lov'd *conscious shade*:

Then mounting from the deep with Sulphur crown'd  
 All flaming, cast his glaring Eyes around  
 And gladly wou'd have curst the unhappy ground,  
 But finding 'twas too late, did doubly rave;  
 Then for a Council strait the Signal gave:  
 The Demons croud from ev'ry lonely Grave.  
 Each wretch whom they, possess'd, in triumph led  
 Thro' the polluted Mansions of the dead:  
 The Conclave fills, from Earth and Hell away  
 They hast, proud Belial, Lustful Asmoday:  
 Their Nature in their Looks and Forms exprest,  
 And haughty Moloch taller than the rest:  
 Ev'n more enrag'd than when at first he fell  
 Their Prince appear'd, and something worse than Hell,  
 More deadly, more malicious did surpriſe  
 His Court, nor dar'd they meet his angry Eyes.  
 None durst accost the wayward Tyrant, none  
 Durst speak or look, but trembled round his Throne,  
 Who thus enrag'd began — And are we grown  
 So tamely good, so worthy more than Hell  
 We dare not bravely once agen rebel?  
 None Council, none advise, nor act, but yield  
 Without one parting stroke the glorious Field  
 To this young Conqueror? Must our Empire fall  
 And he alone possess the spacious Ball?  
 Forbid it Fate and these right Hands, nor we  
 So long in vain have tasted Liberty:  
 He can but thunder, and long since we knew  
 And felt the worst his angry Bolts can do:  
 Shall Man his Slave so oft his Vengeance dare  
 Ev'n while he sues for Peace and offers fair,  
 And we do less, who must of Grace despair?  
 Or will you all forget for what you fell  
 And humbly praise your Conqueror ev'n in Hell?  
 Must I forsake and abdicate my Throne  
 And you Heav'n's-Deputy your Saviour own?  
 How else so tame, so silent cou'd you be  
 Nought said or done worthy your selv's or me?  
 Proud Moloch heard, but cou'd no longer bear,  
 Furious he rose, with the same scornful Air

420

430

440

450

That

- That cost him *Heav'n* — 'Tis *well* he cries, 'tis *well*,  
 That he who dares speak thus, is *Prince of Hell*!  
*Half* this, if from an *Angel*, should have cost  
 His fall from thole blest *Regions* we have lost,  
 Tho' it more deeply sunk me — Are we priz'd  
 No more than basely to be scandaliz'd  
 With feeble *Penitence*? Can that be born  
 In *Hell*, which even earthly *Tyrants* scorn?  
 But *time* and *words* are lost, you know we're true  
 460 Sworn *Enemies* to *Heav'n*, and *Friends* to you:  
 — And to convince you, strait such deeds we'll do  
 As *Hell* shall env' at once, and spread our fame;  
 For late my self from *Jordan's Banks* I came,  
 Where I a holy *Pharisee* posselt  
 And lest my darling *Viper* in his *Breast*:  
*Asmodeus* too was there, and all the day,  
 Within a jolly *Saducee* he lay:  
 In vain it *Thunder'd* for we both did stay,  
 And mark'd the *Son of God* whose haunts we know,  
 470 Who thence did to the dreadful *Desart* go  
 Where *Israel* wander'd; thither I'll pursue,  
 And nothing want besides *Commands* from you  
 To crush this dreadful *Foe*: the *Woods* I'll fire  
 Nor can he scape but must, if man, expire  
 I th' circling *Flames*; if these too weak shou'd prove  
 The solid *Earth* I'd from its *Axis* move,  
 Its *Bowels* to the affrighted *Center* rive  
 And in the *Gulph* intomb him yet alive;  
 Or *Whirlwinds* raise, vast *Hills* and *Rocks* displace  
 480 And dash all *Pisgah* on his mangled *Face*:  
 He said, and hardly wou'd for *Orders* stay,  
 Till the grim *Prince of Hell* obstructs his way,  
 Lifting his *Iron-Mace* — To me, he cries,  
 Alone belongs this glorious *Enterprize*:  
 I'll instantly about the great *Design*  
 Mine be the *Glory*, as the *Danger* mine!  
*Heav'n* soon shall *Mourning* wear, all *Hell* shall joy:  
 Him first I'll tempt to *Sin*, and then destroy.  
 This said, in haste the sooty *Conclave* rose,  
 490 And to the *Wild* disguis'd their *Leader* goes:

Instruct

Instruct with wonted *guileful Arts*, and found  
 Our Saviour lowly *prostrate* on the Ground :  
 Intent his spotless *Pray'r* before th' *All-high*  
 He offers, rapt in holy *Extasie* ;  
 For *strength* against the dreadful *Combat* nigh :

The Tempta-  
 tion.

He ask'd that him we might our pattern make,  
 He ask'd as man, what he as God might take :  
 Soon did the *Fiend's* vain hopes begin to fail ,  
 O'er them that pray he knows he can't prevail ;  
 Yet *Tempts* invisible, and did prepare  
 His keenest *Darts*, all quench'd with *Faith* and *Pray'r*,  
 Or driv'n rebated back, or lost in *Air*.  
 Oft wou'd his *Thoughts* disorder by the chain  
 Of former *Thoughts*, but try'd as oft in vain :  
 And with the same *success* did on him try  
 False hopes and joys and worldly vanity :  
 Objects within ; and those before his face,  
 The solitude and horror of the place :

Fruitless they fell and all his *Labours* mock,  
 As storms of *Hail* against the solid *Rock* ;  
 Each rude *Affault* unmov'd our Saviour bore,  
 His mind still fix'd on *Heav'n* as 'twas before :

The *Tempter* of his heav'nly *Arms* afraid  
 With caution first attacks him, whilst he pray'd ;  
 But when six *Sabbaths* now he, prostrate laid,  
 The seventh well worn, at length to faint began,  
 And humbly tho' a God confest the man ;  
 When this the *Enemy* insulting spy'd  
 With secret wicked Joy, he's mine he cry'd !

Matt. 4. 2.

This Son of God I soon shall *Triumph* o'er

Luke 3. ult.

With as much ease subdu'd as that before : \*

So much his mortal weakness did despise  
 Almost he'd fallen on without disguise ;  
 But soon with deep *Serpentine* guile repress  
 Those first warm eager thoughts that fill'd his breast :  
 Resolv'd a while incognito to try  
 What strength, or wit, what force and policy  
 He must expect in his new *Enemy*,  
 E'er open he attack'd him—this to do  
 Round his soul *Form* thin airy *Robes* he threw,

Such

500

510

520

530



Book 3. pag: 86

Christ's Temptation in the Wilderness.  
Depart.

Mat: 4  
Mar: 1  
Luc: 4

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Such as a *poor old man* might best beseem,  
And such who e'er had seen had counted him :  
*Lean fallow Checks, hollow'd with cares and age,*  
*Dim eyes* which did approaching death presage :  
*Mov'd his pale wither'd lips and palsy'd head*  
And to our Saviour thus *dissembling* said :

*Hail Son of God by signs from Heav'n approv'd!*  
*Great Prophet Hail, by God and men belov'd!*  
*Full sixty Springs by Heav'n's peculiar Grace*

540 *Within the borders of this hideous place*  
\* *Have I remain'd, as holy Essenes use,*  
*Far from the harden'd unbelieving Jews ;*  
*Long since by Revelation warn'd, I thee*  
*Like aged Simeon e'er my death should see ;*  
*And when of late the mighty Baptist came*  
*To Jordan's banks whose wondrous life and fame*  
*Fill'd all the Wild, me from my Cell he brought*  
*And the Messiah him at first I thought :*  
*But soon my heighten'd Expectations fell*

550 *When him no Sign no glorious Miracle*  
*Attested, which the Angel did reveal*  
*Shou'd still attend, and be the Saviour's Seal :*  
*This Sign to thee on Jordan's banks was giv'n*  
*When the bright Dove and wond'rous Voice from Heav'n*  
*At once descended, this amidst the Crowd*  
*I saw, and had like Simeon hail'd thee loud*  
*Hadst thou not by some pow'r to us unseen*  
*Swift to this lonely Desert hurry'd been ;*  
*Whither with longing eyes, that fain wou'd see*

560 *More near, and weary feet I follow'd thee ;*  
*But soon lost sight and track, and often crost*  
*By different paths at length my self I lost :*  
*Already once since I first wander'd here*  
*The silver Moon has fill'd her little year,*  
\* *And half another now is almost past*  
*Since I of any humane Food did tast :*  
*On Roots and Leaves and humble Acorns fed*  
*I liv'd, nor ask'd the luxury of Bread :*  
*With trembling steps oft have I search'd around*

570 *The Forrest, all but this unhappy Ground,*

Which

Which sure no *humane* Foot e'r trac'd before ;  
 Oft did I *hear* within the *Lions* roar,  
 Oft *bones* and *lucklefs* *Carcasses* espy  
 Behind some *Bush* half-torn *unburied* lie,  
 Of some lost *Passenger*, and did *despair*  
 My *self* to *scape* or *find* thee living there.  
 Yet in I *prest*, if *dead* *just* *Rites* to pay  
 And o'r thy *Grave* my *self* *lamenting* lay :  
 But since my *boding* *fears* are yet in vain,  
 Since nothing here that *Nature* can *sustain*  
 No *Fruits*, nor *Herbs*, nor *Leaves*, nor *Roots* are found,  
 Nought *friend* to *Life* above or *under* ground :  
 If thou the *promis'd* *hop'd* *Messia* be  
 A *Wonder* work, and *save* thy *self* and me !  
 I else must *perish* here, and you no *less*  
 By these *wan* *Looks* and *fainting* *Eyes* *confess* ;  
 Nor longer *wait*, but all thy *self* *appear* !  
 Exert the *God* nor *pine* *unpitied* here !  
 These *stones*, (there *stones* by chance thick *scatter'd* lay )  
 With *speed* *command*, nor can they but *obey*  
*Command* them *strait* the *Form* of *bread* t' *indue* !  
 I ask no *more*, *content* as well as you  
 With such *mean* *Fare* ——

580

590

Tho' our *Forefathers* were with *Manna* fed  
 I only beg for *mens*, not *Angels* bread.  
 To whom our *Saviour* thus, whose *piercing* *Eyes*  
 The *Fiend* *discover'd* thro' the *Saints* *disguise* :  
 Full well can I *discern* thy *black* *intent*  
 And all that's by so *fair* a *semblance* meant :  
 The *Serpent* in the *grass* full well I *spy*,  
 And to thy *first* *Temptation* thus *reply* :

600

The *sacred* *Oracles* all *anxious* care  
 For *Food* forbid, and thus 'tis *written* there.  
 " 'Tis not *Bread* only do's *Mans* *life* *sustain*  
 Nor were the *Trees* and *Herbs* all made in *vain* :  
 The *Trees* and *Herbs* did *Gods* *dread* *Word* produce,  
 That these we in *extremities* might *use* :  
 These in the *neighbouring* *Woods* in *plenty* grow  
 Tho' here are none, and *thither* may we go  
 If either *needs*, nor *tempt* th' *All-high* to show

Matth 4.4.  
 Deut. 8. 3.

2  
 3

610

A

A sign where he doth common means afford:  
 Who made the World by his commanding Word;  
 To all things did their proper Natures give,  
 And still preserves those Pow'rs by which we live;  
 Nay the first Cause who all these Causes made  
 Can soon produce th' Effects without their aid:  
 His Word preserves that Soul on him depends,  
 Firm strength divine, and heav'nly Vigour lends,  
 And nourishes to Life that never ends.

}

- 620 The Fiend did in imperfect Curses vent  
 His rage, and murm'ring thence reluctant went:  
 Thro' dismal gloomy Shades unseen did glide,  
 And for the next assault himself provide.  
 Whilst the true Son of God no shelter found,  
 But weary cold and hungry on the Ground  
 Sweet sleep in vain he courts, for at his head  
 The Tempter env'ing ev'n his homely bed  
 On some hard Rock, returns with ugly dreams  
 Of Precipices vast and pitchy streams,
- 630 Of thoughts morose and vain—The man's distress  
 \* With sinless fears, the God repels the rest.  
 Nor sooner frightened sleep did him forsake,  
 And he from short imperfect slumbers wake,  
 When distant gath'ring storms he heard on high,  
 And Infant Thunders mustering round the Sky,  
 Which to that Forrest all their forces led,  
 With hideous crack discharging o'r his head:  
 The Clouds the Signal take: and when a while they low'r'd  
 \* "From many a horrid rift abortive pow'r'd
- 640 Fierce rain, which did with sheets of flame conspire,  
 Like Egypt's dreadful Plague: water with fire  
 In ruin reconcil'd; nor slept the winds  
 \* Where them inclos'd their airy Leader binds  
 "Within their stony Caves, but rush'd abroad,  
 And swept with saily wings thro' Heav'n's high-road:  
 \* "From the four hinges of the World they ran,  
 "To the vex'd Wilderness, which soon began  
 To feel their mighty rage; there scatt'ring wide  
 \* Disrobe the beauteous trees of all their pride

And *Earth* of them, their *deep-fang'd* roots gave way,  
 And on the ground vast trunks *dismember'd* lay :  
 The *Sky-saluting Pine*, and *sturdy Oak*,  
 Proof against all but *Heav'ns-almighty stroke*,  
 Still *proof* till now ———  
 Which had a *thousand tempest's* rage disdain'd,  
 And there *coeval* with the *World* remain'd ;  
 In vain they plead their long *prescription* now :  
 " Loaden with *stormy blasts* their *stiff-necks* bow,  
 Now this, now that way *sway'd*, and all around  
 Like *Earthquakes* with *Convulsions* heave the ground ;  
 Till *fiercer* blasts them from the *Center* tear,  
 And dart like *chaff* or *stubble* round the air.  
 Now *Hills* of *Sand* came rolling with the *wind*  
*Death-threat'ning*, now the *solid Rock* behind  
 On which as *chanc'd*, our *Lord* his *head* reclin'd  
 In horrid *Clifts* by bellowing *Earth-quakes* rent  
 Part *sunk abrupt*, part from red *Volcans* sent  
 Huge *glowing* stones, which thick as *sparks* aspire,  
*Tempestuous smoak*, and *flame* and *waves* of *fire*:  
 Sharp *sleet* and *driving-rain* the while did pow'r  
 Direct against his face a *rustling show'r* ;  
 Now doubly *forc'd* by the *impetuous wind*,  
 Now *hizzing* in th' *enraged flames* behind :  
 " From the *rude storm* ill wast thou *shrouded* then  
 O patient Son of God — *Birds*, *beasts*, and *men*  
 Were now, than thee with better *shelter* blest ;  
*Men houses* have, *Beasts dens*, each *bird* a *nest*  
 But thou no *place* thy *weary'd Limbs* to *rest*.  
 Yet only thou *unshaken* didst remain  
 And *bells Artillery* was spent in vain ;  
 Tho' still the *Fiend* do's his vain *Arts* repeat  
*New malice* gath'ring from each *new defeat* :  
 The *Flames* were *quench'd* the *winds* and *tempest* fell,  
 At his *Command*, all dark as his own *hell* :  
 No *sounds* are heard, or *Objects* now appear,  
 A *gloomy silence* reigning every where ;  
 A while it *reign'd* but with more *horrid noise*  
 Was soon *disturb'd*, the loud *lamenting Voice*

650

660

670

680

Of

Of all that mortal breasts can move to fear  
 690 At distance thro' the trees our Lord did bear :  
 Shrill shrieks for help that still approacht more near :  
 Of Rapes and murders the redoubled cry,  
 ( While glitt'ring Swords he thro' the Shades cou'd spy, )  
 Then interrupted groans, such theirs who lie  
 In Lives weak twilight, gasping thick for breath,  
 And struggling in the Agonies of Death :  
 Or, sculking close behind some Bush or tree  
 He by the glowworms glimm'ring light cou'd see  
 Fierce shaggy Ruffians, hoary Villains they  
 700 Appear'd, which hunted more for blood than prey :  
 Some their strong steely jav'lings poise, the rest  
 Their Arrows nick, and level at his breast :  
 The Bow-string twangs, out flies the airy dart,  
 But can no more affright, than pierce his heart ;  
 That and the tempters curses lost in wind,  
 As all his other terrors yet behind.  
 Each hideous Beast which once to Eden came  
 From the first Adam to receive their name  
 The Fiend produc'd, the second to affright,  
 710 In the dead mazes of that dreadful night :  
 \* All that with Noah hosted, all and more,  
 For Sun-burnt Afric sent her monstrous store ;  
 Here from the slimy banks of fertile Nile  
 Came slow, the vast amphibious Crocodile :  
 Who on Cyrene's Sands do's fearless see,  
 And with him bring Serpents as large as he :  
 The false Hyena's face was here discern'd,  
 Ev'n more than what She Apes in flatt'ry learn'd :  
 There the fell Wolf and frightful Panther came,  
 720 With the Stern Ounce whose bloody Eyes shot Flame  
 Across the Grove, the nimble Tyger too ;  
 All hideous forms, some false and others true.  
 For many a Fiend with dreadful shape and face,  
 Had mixt themselves among the brutal race ;  
 And when the Beasts by Nature fierce and wild  
 Soon at our Saviours sight grew tame and mild ;  
 These pusht 'em on, and urg'd with all their pow'r  
 To seize their hated Foe, and him devour :

Mark 1.13.  
 Gen. 2. 19,  
 20.

The roaring *Herd* himself th' *Arch-Traytor* led,  
 And like a *Leopard* darted at his head  
 His *spotted Form*, but when the *pow'rs of Hell*  
 He found too *weak* to storm that *Cittadel*,  
 "Strait into *trackless Air* dissolv'd he fell :  
 Two other *Fiends* like *fierce Jackalls* did bay \*  
 And warn'd the *kingly Lyon* to his prey ;  
 He *stately stalks* along, prepar'd t' engage,  
 And *lashes* his *firm sides* with *dreadful rage* :  
 But when he *Juda's princely Lyon* saw,  
 Struck with a *fear unknown* and *wondrous awe*,  
 His *angry ster* he gently *pacify'd*,  
 And *lick'd* his *hands* and *couch'd* him by his *side* ;  
 Then soon at them he *leaps* that brought him there  
 Who mock his *anger* *fleeing* into *air*.

730

740

*Fearless* our *Saviour* stood, nor *Beasts* nor *Night*  
 Nor those *dread Forms* which *guilty man* affright  
 Once mov'd him, tho' *dire Spectres* now invade,  
 And *glide* with *double horror* thro' the *shade* :  
 With *flaming Torches* here and *Flambos* high  
 Erect, a *Corps* at *distance* passes by ;  
 There *shreeking Ghosts* glare cross, and face him there,  
 With *bloody breasts*, *fix'd eyes*, *dishevel'd hair* ;  
 Last, *wicked Spirits* in *monstrous Forms* infest,  
 And *shake* their *fiery Darts* against his *breast* :  
 In vain their *number*, *rage* and *yells* increase,  
 "He sits *unmov'd* in *calm* and *sinless peace*. \*

750

Thus past the *night* till *Phosphor's* cheerful *Ray*  
 Warn'd *guilty Ghosts* and *glim'ring stars* away ;  
 And gently *beckons* on the *rising day* :  
 Whilst, e'er the *Sun* had shown his *radiant face*  
 Our *Lord* forsakes th' *uncomfortable place*  
 Of his so long *abode*, and as it *rose*,  
 Hungry and cold to a near *Hillock* goes,  
 Bending to *East*, there dropping by the *storm*  
 His *Robes* to *dry* and *frozen Limbs* to *warm* :  
 Him did the *Tempter* impudent, pursue,  
 Resolv'd to *attack*, tho' well his *strength* he knew  
 In *glorious form* accosts him, rob'd in *Light*,  
 And *welcomes* from the *horrors* of the *Night*,

760

Welcomes

- Welcoms with *false devoir*, on *bended knee*,  
 770 And *parasitical Humility*,  
 From that *sad place* where they *encount'ed last*,  
 Where he so many *tedious hours* had *past*;  
 Nor any longer wou'd himself *disown*,  
 So oft thro' all his *thin disguises* known;  
 Yet veils his *canker'd spite* in *semblance fair*,  
 What's lost in *force*, he'd now by *fraud* repair:  
 Then with *feign'd show* of *pity* thus he said;  
 Tho' us *Mankind* as *Enemies* upbraid,  
 Them in th' *extreams* of *Life* we often aid;  
 780 By *Oracles* important *Truths* decide,  
 And *Tables* for the *poor* and *old* provide:  
 If this, O *Son of God*! for them we do,  
 What *service* can be thought too *great* for you?  
 Tho' lately you, *discourt'ous*, me deny'd,  
 When your *Divinity* I wou'd have try'd;  
 Did me so *modest* a *request* refuse,  
 Nor *Bread*, for that alone I ask'd, *produce*;  
 No *Niggard* of my *Gifts*, thou soon shalt see  
 How richly I'll *unask'd* provide for thee:  
 790 He said and *stampt*,—*strait* from the *Ground* arise  
 All *Trees* that cou'd compose a *Paradice*:  
 The *stately Oak*, the *sailing beauteous Pine*,  
 Th' *eternal Cedar*, fit for *Works divine*;  
 The *shady Chesnut*, and the *Walnut fair*  
 \* The *Lover-Myrtle*, *Lotus* chaste and rare,  
 From *sunburnt Affric* brought and *planted* there:  
 \* The *virtuous Palm*, which do's by *pressures rise*  
 And spite of *weight*, *triumphant* mean the *Skys*:  
 The *Cherrys* next their *blushing Lips* incline;  
 800 The *gold cheek'd Quince* with looks and *smell* divine.  
 The *silken Peach* with noble *flavour* blest,  
 The *Plumb*, whose name *Armenian* fields *confest*:  
 The *juicy Mulberry* which *fables feign*  
 Two *Lovers Blood* with *purple dy* did *stain*:  
 Over their *heads* up *springs* the *mantling Vine*  
 Nor needs its *husband Elm* whereon to *twine*;  
 So large the *Trunk*, so wide the *Branches* rose  
 They of themselves long *leavy Vaults* compose:

But

But yet for Ornament did not disdain

Woodbines and *Eglantine* to entertain :

810

This humble, *stoops* and *decks* the *Arbours* side,

That gawdier, mounts aloft with decent pride ;

With the rich *clust'ring* *Grapes* so close entwinn'd,

That *Fruit* and *Flow'rs* at once the *gath'ers* find.

A little more remov'd but plain to view

In low *warm* *Groves* the golden *Orange* grew :

The *silver* *Limons* next, and next to these

The rich *Pomgranate*, croses the *stormy* *Seas*

Well worth the pains, from *Punic* *Carthage* brought : \*

The *Ground* beneath like a fair *Carpet* wrought

820

With various *Flow'rs*, so regular and true

The *Figures* seem'd, and yet so careless too,

As *Art* and *Nature* both the *Landskip* drew. }

Around the place, all neatly border'd, grows

Cantic. 2.2. The *Lily* of the *Vale* with *Sharons* *Rose* :

*Nard*, *Camphire*, *Jassmin*, ev'ry fragrant *sweet*

Cantic. 1. Which did in God's fair *Spouses* *Garden* meet :

12, 14.

Here mossy *Benches*, voluntary *rose*,

Cantic. 3.

Where the sweet *Musk* and *blew-ey'd* *Violet* grows ;

14, 15, 16.

I'th' midst a *Table* did it self present

830

*Loaden* with each choice *dish* that might content

An hungry *Epicure* ; a vast wild *Boar*

The middle fill'd, the rest was cover'd o'er

With *Dishes* pil'd, which court *smell*, *tast*, and *sight*,

With various *show* and *order* exquisite.

From distant *Regions* to the *Banquet* came

*Sea*, *Earth*, and *Air's* *Provision*, wild and tame,

Each *Beast* of sportive *chase*, and *Fowl* of game. }

" Each *Fish* that do's in *Sea* or *River* dwell

Or *Pond* ; or *smooth*, or arm'd with *scale* or *shell* :

840

All that *Bethsaida's* well-wrought *Nets* cou'd take \*

In *Air*, or *Desarts* wild, or neighbouring *Lake*.

What crown'd the rest on a neat *side-board* nigh

Vast stores of noble *Wines* stood sparkling by ;

Prov. 23. 3. In *Chrystal* *Walls*, how dangerous to behold ?

Or *Massy* *Goblets* wrought of *Ophirs* *Gold*.

Bright *Youths* and brighter *Maid*s wait cheerful round,

Their flowing *hair* with od'rous *Garlands* Crown'd,

A

A *Charger* this, where *Golden Fruit* did shine  
 850 Supports; that holds a *Flask* of *generous Wine*;  
 All pleas'd with the *fair Office* they enjoy'd,  
 And look'd as if they wish'd to be employ'd.  
 Two lovely *Nymphs*——  
 Whose *Charms* what ever's *Mortal* far excel,  
 Lovely as ever *Tempted Man* to *Hell*,  
 At once shot *Darts* from their false *Eyes* and *Tongue*  
 And to their warbling *Lutes* harmonious sung:

Say, what *Songs* shall we prepare  
 For both *Worlds* immortal *Heir*?  
 860 How our *Joy* our *Love* express  
 In this *Barren Wilderness*?  
*Honey* from thy *Feet* did flow,  
 O'er thy *Head* fair *Arbors* grow;  
 At thy sight fierce *Beasts* grew mild,  
 And the barren *Desart* smil'd.  
*Welcom, welcom, welcom* thrice  
 To this happy *Paradice*!  
 Here no *Serpent* need you fear,  
 No forbidden *Fruit* is here.  
 870 Hark the *Amorous Turtles* call!  
 Hark! the *silver Waters* fall!  
 And a gentle *spicy breeze*  
 Whispers thro' the *rustling Trees*:  
 These, the rugged *Tempest* o'er,  
 Storms and *Whirlwinds* heard no more,  
 These the *Hero* all invite  
 To soft *Love* and gay *Delight*.  
 Safe and friendly all appears;  
 We thy gentle *Ministers*!  
 880 We this *Food* before thee plac'd,  
 Nor disdain to sit and tast!

Thus they, back fell each weak rebated *Dart*,  
 This reach'd our Saviour's *Ears*, but not his *Heart*:  
 No dang'rous *softness* there crept slyly in,  
 Nor the first *Embryo-motion* of a *Sin*:  
 The *Tempter* their design as vain pursues,

*Earnest,*

Earnest, their *Invitation* he renews;  
 To whom our *Lord*—*Perish* thy gifts with thee!  
 Alike I scorn thy spite and flattery:  
 How kind a *Friend* thou art to man and me  
 Me, the last *Night* has shown, man's Off-spring, all  
 Those mischiefs waiting his unhappy Fall:  
 Those *Oracles* which thou so high dost prize  
 What are they but ambiguous specious *Lyes*?  
 That *Food* with which thou dost thy *Vassals* treat,  
 And make each *Wretch* his own *Damnation* Eat,  
 Are either fancy'd *Viands*, shap'd of *Air*,  
 As thy lean *Hags* with such delusive fare  
 Oft feasted but still famish'd, plainly shew;  
 Or else ill-got if solid they, and true:  
 The richest fare thou canst thy *Friends* afford  
 The stol'n remains of some *Luxurious* board:  
 Such this, set out with so much pomp and state  
 Nor can thy pow'r one single grain create: \*

890

900

"To whom thus answer'd Satan male-content  
 If all's suspect which freely I present,  
 What follows you by causeless jealousy  
 Deserve—tis Nature's voice friendly to be  
 With *Friends* and dreadful to my *Enemy*: \*  
 And thus I give what you refus'd ere while  
 "To such as dearly earn'd the far-fetch'd spoil!"

910

He said, strait *Meat* and *Table* disappear'd,  
 Fowl *Harpy's* *Wings* and ugly *Talons* heard;  
 Each greedy of the *Feast* a part receiv's  
 And in their room uncleanly *Ordure* leav's: \*

Soon then th' *Arch-Traytor* all himself appear'd;  
 Each monstrous *Form* that *Mortals* ever fear'd  
 Successive he puts on, our *Lord* t' affright;  
 No more a glorious *Angel* rob'd in *Light*,  
 Humane no more, a hideous *Beak* his *Nose*,  
 His cank' red *Breast* blew poy's'nous *scales* inclose;  
 A *Dragons* horrid *Train* behind him grows,  
 A *Dragons* Batt-like *Wings* he did display;  
 And underneath his hands, no hands were they,  
 But pounces fit for such a *Bird* of prey,  
 In which our *Saviour* snatcht, he swift did bear,

920

And

- And with him soars sublime thro' yielding Air ;  
 As some fierce Hawk whose cruel Talons strook  
 A harmless Dove near Cherith's silver Brook,  
 930 Then o'er the neighb'ring Fields with his weak prey  
 Wheeling, triumphant, cuts his pathless way:  
 Thus did the Prince of all the Airy host,  
 Who back from distant Paran's desert Coast  
 Hurry's our Lord, to his great Fathers Will,  
 O'er Bozra's Rock and Edom's fruitful Hill,  
 In whose West-bounds to Moserah they come,  
 And Hor, renown'd for holy Aaron's Tomb:  
 \* Near Sodom's dreadful Lake arriv'd, in haste  
 \* Twixt Halak they, and dire Acrabbim past:  
 940 Kadesh and Zin, to th' left behind they leave,  
 Them Debirs airy Regions next receive;  
 \* Now Debir 'tis, once Kiriath-sephir nam'd,  
 For valiant Othniel's dear-bought Conquest fam'd:  
 Empire and Love his Triumphs did divide  
 He humbled first the Canaanitish pride,  
 Then won the charming Achsah for his Bride.  
 Here the miraculous sight——  
 Some learn'd Astronomer the People show'd  
 As o'er the Town, he mark'd their airy road:  
 950 Men, Matrons, Children, Maids, all run to see  
 With hands and eyes uplift the Prodigie:  
 Short was the sight, they're in a moment gon  
 To Maon, Ziph, and woody Jeshimon;  
 Hebron to th' left, which twice a Crown did grace,  
 And more remov'd, descry that cursed place  
 Which held of old the faithless fore-skin'd Race:  
 Gaza by Bezor's brook, and Gerar fair,  
 Proud Ashdod, Ashkelon, and Ekron, where  
 \* While stood Philistia's state, th' Arch-fiend abhorr'd  
 960 With Temple and with Altars was ador'd;  
 Who next o'er Libnah's walls his course did steer,  
 \* And leaving on the left strong Lachish near,  
 They Tekoa's Wood below and Bethlem spy;  
 \* Then shooting swift o'er Saveth's Vale descry  
 Royal Jerusalem, whose Southern bound  
 By sacred Zion's beauteous Turrets crown'd

Num. 20. 22.

Judg. 1. 12.

2 Kings 1. 2.

Where pleasant *Millo* lies outstretch'd, they pass \*  
 Whose walls by *Siloam's* gentle *Waves* are wash'd;  
 Which thence declining, into *Kidron* pour  
 By *Sol'mon's* royal *Seat* and *Ophel's* *Tow'r*; \*  
 Not ev'n to curse the *Town* th' *Arch-rebel* stay'd,  
 But soon from thence our patient *Lord* convey'd  
 To his *Fathers* house, that spacious *Temple*, where  
 All *Israel* wait with *Sacrifice* and *Pray'r*:  
 Near *Herod's* lofty *Tow'r* he with him fell, \*

970

Matt. 4. 5.

And drops him on the highest *Pinacle*;  
 On *saily* *Wings* then flutt'ring by his side  
 Him, grinning, thus accosts with scornful pride.

"There stand, if stand thou canst; thy skill 'twill ask:  
 —Or wou'dst thou undertake a nobler *Task* :

980

Wou'dst thou th' unquestion'd *Son of God* be hail'd,  
 (Which much I doubt, since I've so long prevail'd  
 On thy weak mortal frame) below thee see  
 Vast *Crowds*, who leave their *Pray'rs* to look at thee!

Thee from yon *Court* the vested *Priests* perceive, \*  
 Their morning *Sacrifice* unfinish'd leave;

Whilst from the next, with lifted eyes and hands \*

Thy own lov'd *Israel*, gazing on thee stands;  
 And in the *Third*, thick-kneeling at the *Gate* \*

990

As much amaz'd the humble *Gentiles* wait;  
 Wou'd *Victims* pay, struck with religious fear,  
 And think they see some *God* or *Hero* here:  
 Now wou'dst thou set thy injur'd *Nation* free  
 As did of old the valiant *Maccabee*,

Now is the time, the golden moment now;

Fate waits thy *Will*, a greater *Hero* thou:

Vid. Notes on  
Lib. 2.

No more these marks of *Idol-bondage* bear,  
 But drive yon *Eagle*, proudly perching there  
 Transfix'd with his own *Thunder* thro' the *Air*.

}

And see *Occasion* courts to mighty things  
 Well-worthy thee and thy long *Race of Kings*:  
 Below thee to the right direct thine eyes,  
 And see *Antonia's* *Tow'r* unguarded lies;

1000

On th' other side regardless now of *War*  
 The *Roman* Youth, unbent, and sporting there  
 In *Herod's* spacious *Amphitheatre*: \*

}

Vid. Joseph  
Antiqu.

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*Book 3. pag: 99.*

*King David The Psalmist.*

Or else by *Zions Daughters beauty* won,  
 Dropping their *Arms* already they're *undon*.  
 Now may'st thou with *success* thy *Title own* ;  
 1010 Now bravely *strike* and be for ever *known* !  
 Thee then if ought the *sense of Glory* warms,  
 0701 If *Incense* pleases, *adoration* charms ;  
 Or what moves more , if glad thou wou'dst *fulfil*  
 What's all thy *pleasure*, thy great *Fathers will* ;  
 Who made it *Fate*, declaring long before ,  
 Thee *Men*, thee ev'n his *Angels* should adore ;  
 Plunge hence in *sight* of all th' admiring *Town*,  
 And in the *Altars flames* waft softly down !  
 So shall the wond'ring *World* due honours bring  
 1020 At once *adore* the *God*, and *hail* the *King*.  
 Nor canst thou, if true *Heir* of *Earth* and *Skies*,  
 0801 Suspect th' *event* of this *bold Enterprize* ;  
 For thus, while with his *Notes* fair *Zion* rung,  
 To his *Harp* inspir'd thy great *Fore-father* sung.

Heb. i. 6.

Blest is the *Man* whose *sure* defence  
 Firm *Faith* and spotless *Innocence* !  
 Thrice blest, who compass round with *Hosts of Foes*  
 Can on the *everlasting Arms* repose !  
 Nor will that *God* whom thou thy *hope* dost make  
 1030 Refuse to bear thy *gasping Cry* :  
 0901 Nor will he *helpless* let thee *die* ;  
 Nor will he thy *Protection* e'er forsake !  
 See with what *hast* the *blessed Spirits* above  
 At his *Commands* fly circling round,  
 And make thy *Dwelling* sacred ground !  
 See with what *hast* they to thy *succour* move !  
 With what *officious* *Care* and tender *Love* !  
 These, *above*, soft-hov'ring o'er,  
 These *behind*, and these *before*,  
 1040 Thy glorious *Guard de Cor* ?  
 'Thee these gentle *Spirits* shall bear  
 Unhurt thro' yielding *Air*,  
 On their soft *Wings*, and set thee lightly down  
 Least thou sho'dst *crush* thy foot on some *relentless stone*.

Psal. 91. 1.

2. 3.

11.

He said and stopt,—with *meekness* in his *Eyes*  
 Temper'd *severe*, thus short our *Lord* replies:  
 As *plain* tis *Writ*.——

Deut. 6. 16. When murm'ring *Israel* went thro' *Paran's Coasts*,  
 Matt. 4. 7. "Thou shalt not *Tempt* thy *God*, the *Lord* of *Hosts*,  
 To whom the *Fiend*, tho' oft his *force* he'd try'd  
*Repuls'd*, thus *impudent*, *agen* reply'd:

1050

Less *firmness* cou'd I not expect to find  
 In one who owns such an *exalted mind*:  
 These *petty Crowns* with *Justice* you *disdain*  
 Who over all the *World* deserve to *reign*,  
 Come with me then one *airy Journey* more,  
 And see what *Gifts* I've yet reserv'd in *store*!  
 Nor sooner had he thus *dissembling* said  
 But *snatching* swift he thence our *Lord* convey'd  
 O'er *lofty Olivet*, who soon below  
*Enshemesh* sees, and *beauteous Jericho*; \*

1060

Josh. 15. 6. *Gilgal* to th' *left*, and ancient *Bohan's stone*  
 To th' *right* they *leave*, and thence as *swift* proceed  
 O'er *Jordan's stream*, nor *ford* nor *ferry* need;  
 Which past *sublime*, they on its *Eastern side*

Josh. 22. 24. The ruins of *Ed's doubtful Altar* spy'd, \*

Josh. 3. 16. Near *Adam* and *Zaretans* ancient *Town*,  
 Not far from whence he sets our *Saviour* down  
 On *Pisgah mount*, whence long before he knew  
 Some courteous *Angel* did to *Moses* shew

1070

Deut. 34. 2. *Canaans blest Land* on *Jordan's either side*, \*  
 Whilst wrapt in *Clouds*, the *sly Seducer* pry'd  
 And learn'd the *wond'rous Art*, the skill he learn'd  
 By which far distant *Objects* are *discern'd*;  
 Yet to th' *Invention* adds, *Experience* gain'd  
 By time, part *truly* shown, tho' more was *feign'd*:  
 With *Mimic skill* did aptly first prepare

*Figures* exactly wrought of *pliant Air*;  
 Then gave 'em *Form*, with *Colours* gilt the whole, \*

1080

And where they needed fill'd with *secret Soul*.  
*Towns, Cities, Kingdoms, Bird, and Beast, and Man*  
 All fitly rang'd, the *Tempter* thus began:  
 Well have we speeded by my *Care* and *Skill*

O'er

- O'er *field* and *sedgy brook*, and *dale* and *hill* ;  
 \* Conducted with no *injury* but *fear*  
 To *Moab's plains* and this fair *station* here :  
 Whence cast thine *eyes* around and see what e'er  
 The *World* can boast of *excellent* or *fair*  
 1090 Of *great* or *good* ! what e'er thou see'st is *mine*,  
 And at an *easie* rate shall all be *thine*.  
 West bending to the *South*, beneath thee, see  
 The *Desart* and the happy *Araby* !  
 Those *Trains* of *Men* and *Beasts* which strike thine *Eyes*  
 Rich-loaden *Caravans* of *Gold* and *Spice* ;  
 \* Which *Ishmael's* wealthy *Off-spring* far away  
 Thro' thole vast *Sands* from *Persia's Gulf* convey  
 To *Zoan's* fertile *fields*, and thence disperse  
 \* The wealthy *Traffick* of the *Universe* :  
 1100 Still more to *South* vast *Lubim's* *Desarts* see !  
 Nor there a *Kingdom* will I offer thee ;  
 \* Tho' proud of *Golden Sands* and *Groves* of *Spice*  
 \* They their parch'd *Country* think a *Paradise* :  
 From those *wide Worlds* let thy *lost eye* retire  
 And see if ought there is can please thee *nigher* !  
 To the great *Western Ocean* turn thine *eyes*,  
 Where many a *beauteous Island* scatter'd lies  
*Crete*, *Cyprus*, *Rhodes* — but thou shalt these *despise* ;  
 \* Ev'n fair *Trimacria* too thou shalt *disdain*  
 1110 Whose three *sharp Points* defie the *roaring Main* :  
 To *North* of which behold yon *lovely Plain*  
 \* Washt by the *sounding Sea* on either *side*  
 \* Which thro' the midst a *Ledge* of *Hills* divide !  
 See to the *South*, not far within the *Land*  
 \* Near a fair *Stream* a *Royal City* stand ;  
 On *seven small pleasant Hills* divinely built !  
 A thousand lofty *Turrets* richly gilt  
 She boasting shows, and *climbing* over all  
 On that *steep Rock*, the glitt'ring *Capitol* :  
 1120 'Tis *Rome* the *Mistress* of the *World* you see,  
 Which pleas'd shall bend its haughty *Neck* to thee :  
 \* *Eternal Rome*, which thee her *Lord* shall *own*  
 \* And raise thee to the *Purple* and the *Throne* :  
 Or wou'dst thou aim at something *worthier praise* ;

Matt. 4. 8.

Gen. 37.25.

By

By thine own *arms* a mighty *Empire* raise ;  
 Over yon *cloudy mountains* with me go  
 Whose *Tops* all horrid with *eternal snow* ;  
 And see that *lovely Plain* outstretcht below !  
 'Twixt where *Garumna's waters* gently creep, \*  
 And rapid *Rhene* runs foaming to the deep ; \*  
 Wash'd by the *Brittish* and *Ligustick* Seas ;  
 And by yon mighty *Hills*, ( the *Pyrenees*  
 From old *Tradition* them the *Natives* call, )  
 Fenc'd to the *South*,— The fam'd *Transalpine Gaul* !  
 The *people* daring, curious, active, brave,  
 Yet will be *slaves* themselves while *others* they *enslave* : \*  
 Their diff'rent *Tribes* thou by my help mayst gain, \*  
 Unite 'em all and in *Lutetia* reign :  
 Nor this *fair chance* refuse till 'tis too late,  
 For if aright I *scam'd* the *rolls* of *Fate*  
 Here shall in after-days a *Prince* arise  
 Who tho' thy *Name* he bears will thee *despise*, }  
 And aid the *banners* of thine *Enemies* :  
 Nor will like thee my *proffer'd* help disdain,  
 But gladly by my *Arts* and *Arms* will reign :  
 I'll make him *Great*, whoever dares *rebel*,  
**Great** as my *self*, enthron'd and crown'd in *Hell*.

1130

1140

Or wou'dst thou chuse a less *luxuriant Soil*  
 See in the *Oceany* on fair *Western Isle*,  
 Whose three *sharp points* th' insulting *Waves* divide ! \*  
 See with what *beauteous Rivers* 'tis supply'd !  
 How rich the happy *Fields* thro' where they *glide* !  
 Well knew the old *Phenicians* that blest'd *place* : \*  
 Enur'd to *Pain*, there lives an *hardy race* ;  
 Daring as *Virtues self*, for *conquest* made ;  
 " *Peace* but their *Recreation*, *War* their *Trade*.  
 Jealous of *Liberty* they *chains* refuse,  
 Fair *Death* before inglorious *Life* they chuse ;  
 Force cannot *bend*, but *kindness* may improve,  
 And mildly melt their gen'rous *warmth* to *Love* :  
 From one they *love* they never can retire,  
 But wade thro' *Seas* of *blood* and *Walls* of *Fire* :  
 These may thy *Goodness* and thy *Wisdom* charm,  
 Thy heav'nly *Eloquence* their *rage* disarm :

1150

1160

Polish

Polish the rugged *mass*, their Gold refine,  
And make 't in its own *native Lustre* shine;  
The gentle *Arts* of *Peace* implanting there,  
Well worthy thy best *Industry* and *Care*.

Or woud'st thou rather them by *Force* obtain,

1170 By *Laws* unbridled, *absolutely* reign,  
As *likes* thee best thou shalt the *Scepter* gain:  
Tho' that must cost us *blood*— See gath'ring there  
Upon the *Gallic* side a *hovering War*

\* *Refug'd Androgeus* to the *Throne* to bear!  
Of *Horse* and *Foot* the *dusty-squadrons* move,  
Their *skill* they try, and *Piles* and *Javelins* prove:  
*Charge*, and *retreat*, and *wheel* and *charge* agen:

\* *Huge* weighty *Cataphracts*, and *Iron men*  
With other *Troops* commix'd, whose *arms* more *light*,  
1180 To change fair *Albions cliffs* to *red* from *white*:  
If they go *there*, they must expect to *fight*!

\* For *cross* the *Morine Seas* (nor *Sail* nor *Oar*  
\* Our *passage* needs,) on the *Rutupian* shore  
Near *Dubris* point cov'ring the *blacken'd* strand  
See there a *thousand Chariots* plough the *Sand*!  
*Ten thousand Warriors* trebled, mustering near,  
Each arm'd with *Dart* and *Sword* and knotty *Spear*.  
Heark with what eager *Shouts* they rend the *Skies*  
In hope to *grapple* soon their *Enemies*!

1190 Yon *milk-white-Steed*, now *stately* trots around,  
Now *paws* the *Sand* and *beats* the *ecchoing Ground*;  
Proud of its weight, its *Riders Glory* shares,  
The great, the brave *Cassibelan* it bears.  
What *diff'rent Int'rests* he together ties:

What *Worlds* he arms 'gainst *Britains Enemies*!  
\* *Soul* of the *League* and *Head* of the *Allies*.  
Tho' *Rome's* proud *Gen'ral's* all the *World* esteem  
None ev'r could *think*, or *speak*, or *act* like him;  
In *Counsel* cool, in *Action* brave and *warm*,

1200 \* *Pallas* his *Head* directs, and *Mars* his *Arm*:  
Pursues *unweary'd* what he undertakes,  
Ev'n of *ill-Fortune* just *advantage* makes?  
Yet that he's *Great* he hardly seems to *know*,  
Altho', except himself, all *think* him so.

Ev'n

Ev'n *I must praise him*, yet if thou to me,  
I'll make him bend and homage pay to thee.

Thus have I offer'd what the world can boast  
Of Rich or Great upon the *Western Coast*:

But ah ! how little have I yet reveal'd,  
To what's behind the *wealthier East* conceal'd.

1210

Nor will I, in the *passage*, ask thy *Eyes*

For *Dammesek*, that *earthly Paradise* ; \*

Nor stay thee long by fair *Euphrates* side, \*

Tho' there the *Roman* and the *Parthian* pride

This instant friendly meet, in yon *small Isle* \*

And *Herod* both attempts to *reconcile* :

Brave *Artaban* is he who higheft there

Is plac'd— Observe his great, his *warlike air* !

Sprung from the old *Arfacide* \*

Much less will we in those wide *regions* stay

1220

Where *mighty Indus* headlong cuts its way,

Thro' whose vast *Currents* *Alexander* *hurl'd* \*

Some *Desarts* won, and thought h' *had all the World* :

Still further on to ' *utmost Eastern* bound

Direct thine *Eye*— “ Where no more *World* is found :

Wide *Fields*, rich *Towns*, tall *Groves*, fair *Rivers* see,

Here, Son of God, 's a *Country* worthy thee ?

No *Histories* as yet its *Name* have shown,

To *Rome* alike, and fabling *Greece* unknown. \*

'Tis *China* call'd, unnumber'd Millions there,

1230

Who live so well, th' almost *deserve* thy *care* :

*Pious* and good, mild and ingenuous they,

One *King*, one *God*, those spacious *realms* obey. \*

There *Arts* and *Arms* in such perfection be, \*

As this cold *Western World* did never see :

Yon *River* which against the *Temple* glides \*

And thence exact in two vast *streams* divides.

That *Bridge*, *prodigious*, hanging in the *air*,

That more *prodigious Wall* outstretching there ;

Wild *Magogs*'s wand'ring off-spring to restrain,

1240

Tho' oft it tries to curb their *rage* in vain,

All these th' effect of *industry* and *pain*,

All mortal *works*, altho' they hardly less

Than some *divine Artificer* confess.

There

\* There reigns a peaceful Prince, who, did he see  
Thy *Virtue*, gladly wou'd submit to thee,  
And hold his *Kingdom* as thy *Deputy*.

More wou'dst thou yet? from my exhaustless store  
I've shown thee all this *World*, but yet have more:  
Yet farther *Worlds*. For still more *Northward* see  
Bending to *East*, what num'rous *Droves* there be  
Marching in haste, a potent *Colony*

\* For a new *World*; from those I'll *Subjects* raise  
1410 Which shall be mine to long *succeeding days*:

\* See that *small Strait* already cover'd o'r,  
Already have they reach'd the happy *Shore*,  
One of my *menial Spirits* walks before:

\* *First strikes* that mighty *Islands Western Strand*,  
And safe conducts 'em to their *destin'd Land*:  
Look not with *partial Eyes*, and you'll confess  
*Canaan* itself 's to this a *Wilderness*:

A beauteous *Face* of *Nature* yet *unseen*,  
The *Flow'rs* still *fresh*, the *Trees* are ever *green*;

1420 *Trees* ever since the *Worlds Creation*, grown,  
Delicious *Fruits* of *Tasts* and *Names unknown*!  
You'd *Eshcol's Grapes* despise, if these I'd bring:

\* No *Winter* there, there reigns *eternal Spring*:  
Hither, lest me my *Subjects* shou'd disown  
At your *approach*, you all and I have *none*;  
This *chosen few* I hither did convey  
Where I'll enjoy an *undisputed sway*.

This *promis'd Land* I frankly gave, nor I  
Am always *envious*, nor do always *lye*:

1430 Nor from my *Slaves large Tribute* ask, content  
With *homage* paid, and just *acknowledgment*:  
Me Prince o'th' *airy Host* thy *Father* made,  
Whom ever since have *Spirits* and *Storms* obey'd:  
*God* of this *World* by him himself I'm stil'd,  
And, like a *God*, I'm *placable* and *mild*  
To those *adore* me—No *uneasie task*!  
Yet this is all for all the *World* I ask;  
Nay take *both Worlds*—here I'll erect thy *Throne*,  
From *East* to *West* sway this *vast Globe* alone!

Ephes. 2. 2.

2 Cor. 4. 4.

This only shall the fair Condition be  
 From us, as God, accept it on thy knee,  
 And as we're *Heav'ns*, be thou *our Deputy!*

1440

Unmov'd, our Lord till then the Tempter bore,  
 But when he thus blasphem'd, wou'd bear no more.

He lets thro his weak *humane Nature* shine,  
 As *Sol* thro' *Clouds*, one *Ray* of the *Divine* :

With this he drove the wicked Tempter thence,  
 When thus he'd said --- *Blasphemer* get thee hence !

Thy time's *elaps'd* --- Too much I heard before,  
 But now thy *arrogance* will bear no more :

1450

Matth.4.10. 'Tis writ --- "The Lord thy God alone adore !

That God whose *Vengeance* thou wou'd'st scape in vain,  
 Who *black Blasphemers* dooms to endless Pain.

Enrag'd, confus'd, defeated, *curfing* fell,  
*Gnawing* his *Tongue*, the baffl'd Prince of *Hell* :

Such *Looks* and *Words* he cou'd longer bear,  
 His *short-liv'd World's* dissolv'd and lost in *Air* ;

And down he *sinks blaspheming* in *despair* :  
 Did thence to th' *howling Wilderness* retire,

*Ibid.* v.11. Born in a *dusky Globe* of *Smoak* and *Fire*.

1460

The End of the Third Book.

## Notes on the Third Book.

4. **E**'RE the day dawn to close his watchful Eyes.] See this Thought infinitely better manag'd by *Milton*, on *Melancholy*, in his *Miscellanies*.

9. Till past our narrow Earths attraction gon.] Alluding to the commonly receiv'd notion of the Earths magnetical force within its own Atmosphere.

14. Past e'en this World.] All the visible Frame or System of the Creation.

23. Beyond the place where mortal Deeds are bur'd.] From *Lucretius*.

43. From Calvary thro' Salem's Northern bound.] This was their way to *Gethsemane*, going round by the Tower of *Hananiab*, the Gate of *Epbraim*, the old Gate, the Fish-Gate, and at the North-East corner, the Gate of *Benjamin*, and so cross the Valley to *Gethsemane*.

158. From our Masters sacred Lips we learn'd.] I think, as 'tis already said in the Preface, it's at least full as probable that *St. Peter*, *St. John*, or *St. James* should know all these minute particular Passages, as that the Poet shou'd, especially when we not only suppose, but know that they were all Inspir'd, one of 'em committing most of these things himself to Writing, another dictating to *St. Mark* when he did the same.

169. Not far remov'd from valiant Bethshan's Walls.] A Garrison of the *Philistins*, which it seems they kept a long time in the very heart of *Israel*; against whose Walls, not far from *Mount Gilboa* they hung in Triumph the Bones of *Saul* and *Jonathan*, till the men of *Jabesh-Gilead* in requital for their Eyes, ventured their Lives to fetch 'em thence and give 'em an handsom Burial.

170. And old Bethabara.] *Bethabara*, or *Betharaba*, as 'tis also Written, signifies no more than the House of Passage, or the Ferry-house: 'Twas situated on the Eastern side of *Jordan*. There's another place of that Name, and probably for the same Reason, near the fall of that River into the Dead Sea: But this where *St. John* the Baptist and our Saviour were chiefly Conversant, must be the more Northerly of the two, because of *Euon* and *Salim* near it.

173. His Life had spent in Juda's fertile Wild.] There are warm disputes concerning this Wilderness of *Juda*, whether properly and strictly so call'd, with nothing in't besides Beasts and Trees, whom the *Papists* wou'd fain have us believe he endeavour'd at first to Edifie for want of better Auditors: (the Reason, I suppose, why *St. Anthony* and other of their Legendary-miracle-mongers have since done the same, Preaching to Hogs, Fishes, or whatever was next to 'em) Or whether it were only a part of the Country call'd the Wild, or Wilderness, as our *Wild of Kent*, (*Wild*, *Weald*, and *Wold*, being, I fancy, the same thing in old English) notwithstanding the Name; as well Inhabited as any other part of the Country, which is the Opinion generally embrac'd by our Protestant Writers: I take the middle way, describing it a rustick sort of a place, but not without any rational Inhabitants. Nay, it had a great many, since several Cities are described in't by the sacred Writers, (tho' those might only be Villages) and the Rabbies going much farther. The Account they give of their *Montanum Regale*, which *Lightsfoot* thinks the same with the Hill-Country of *Judea*, where *Zachary* liv'd, and that with the Wilderness of *Judea*, being as follows. "*Montanum Judaea* &c. "The Hill-Country, or if you will Highlands of *Judea*, are call'd by the Jews the Royal Highlands, and in *Psalms* 75. 6. The Mountains of the Wilderness, and yet in these Highlands there are ten thousand Cities, in their *Taanith*, Fol. 69. And again "Seah Hierusalem excedit Seah deserti, & tamen in eo sunt Myrias Urbium.

201. But like an Oven, hot with deadly flame.] This and what follows, is the substance of 4. *Mal*. "Behold the day comes that shall burn as an Oven; and I think the Interpretation I give of all the Proud, and all that do Wickedly; that 'tis to be understood of the Pharisees and Sadducees, is at least probable.

223. Life and Salvation in his healing Wings.] Methinks that passage of "the Sun of Righteousness arising with healing under his Wings, seems to allude to the Brazen Serpent, a Type of Christ, which was lifted up in the Wilderness, and on

which whosoever look'd, after they were bitten by the *Serpents*, immediately recover'd.

245. *Those who in wild Perea wander'd wide.* ] Of this *Perea*, thus *Fuller*, *Lib. 1. p. 37.* *Perea*, says he, "is a Country containing all the Land once belonging to *Reuben*, *Gad* and *Manasse*, on the East of *Jordan*."

260. *From ancient Shalem.* ] Some think this place is that Country whereof *Melchizedeck* was King, and the same with *Salem*, tho' others different from both.

291. *Had sanctifi'd fair Jordan's Limpid Waves.* ] According to that in our *Form of Baptism*, *Who, by the Baptism of thy Son Jesus Christ in the River of Jordan, didst sanctify Water to the mystical washing away of Sin.* Meaning only setting apart, or consecrating the Element for that Sacramental Use.

321. *Its spacious Skirts by fruitful Edom's side.* ] I grant it's probable, that our Saviour went not so far as this *Wild of Paran*, filed, in Holy Scriptures, the great and howling Wilderness; containing in it many others, as *Etbam*, *Sin*, *Sinai*, *Kadesh*, and, as it seems, on the very Edge of it, that of *Judab*; through all which the *Israelites* so long wandered. I say, 'tis probable enough our Saviour might be carried to some *Desart* nearer *Jordan*; but neither in fixing him here is there any absurdity, since we suppose it done by a supernatural Power: nor is he there at greater distance than in *Milton's Paradise Regain'd*, who chafes the Wilderness of *Judaea*, as the Seat of his Temptation; whereas I go more West, on the Borders of *Edom*, the Reason of which a skillful Reader will find before the End of this Book.

244. *Rapt by the Sacred Spirit he thither flies.* ] It must be the *Holy Spirit*, for it could not be his own, since 'tis an odd and hardly proper Expression, to say, a Man leads himself any where: nor could it be the *Wicked Spirit*, or the *Tempter*, who did indeed afterwards hurry him about, because 'tis said, *after he had been there forty days and forty nights*, nay, after he was an hungry, not till the End of that time, then 'tis said, in *St. Matt. 4. 3.* that the *Tempter* came, not return'd, to him.

350. *The sacred Mount of God, affecting-vain.* ] *Vid. Milton's Paradise Lost*, that Verse being turn'd in his Mould, as well as supposing his Notion.

392. *To God's high Temple, and the Sacred Town.* ] *Jerusalem* is called the *Holy City*, *St. Matth. 4. 5.*

470. *Who thence did to the dreadful Desart goe, — Where Israel wander'd.* ] *Vide supra.*

515. *But when five Sabbaths now, He, prostrate laid, — The sixth well worn.* ] Sabbath for Week is common among the Sacred Writers. Six Sabbaths would have been six Weeks, or forty two days, but he fasting but forty, the sixth was not complete.

521. *With as much ease subdu'd as that before.* ] *Adam*, who is called the Son of God, *St. Luke 3. ult.* because immediately produced by him, without any natural Parent.

565. *And half another now is almost past.* ] Twenty eight Days to a proper Lunar Month, and twelve more are almost half another.

617. *His Word preserves the Soul on him depends.* ] I have, I think, included all those Sences, wherein Interpreters take those Words.

631. *The Man's distrust, — With sinless Fears.* ] It lengthens not my Hero's Character, to suppose something of Concern or Fear impress'd on his Fancy, when sleeping, since he is always represented intrepid and firm while awake, even in the greatest Dangers; and even here 'tis added, *The God repell'd the rest.*

639. *From many an horrid rift abortive Power.* ] I believe I need not tell the Reader, I here begin to make bold with Mr. *Milton*, about twenty of whose Lines I've wrought into my Storm, for a very good reason, because they're extremely fine, and I could not get near so good of my own. However I've own'd and mark'd every one of 'em, nay even each half Verse for which I have been beholden to him.

643. *Where, them enclos'd, their Airy Leader binds.* ] Tho we have no *Aeolus* to introduce into a Christian Poem; yet there's what will do as well, the Prince of the Power of the Air; who, no doubt, by God's permission, has Winds and Storms at his Command.

646. *From*

646. *From the four Hinges of the World they ran.*] 'Tis *Milton's* Thought, and a very beautiful Variation for the four *Cardinal Points*.

649. *Disrobe the beauteous Trees of all their Pride.*] There might be Trees in other parts of the Wilderness, tho I describe none just where our Saviour remain'd, besides a few blasted Oaks and Yews. Thus at *Elim*, one of the Stations of *Israel* coming out of *Egypt*, we read of threescore and ten Palmitrees, and twelve Wells of Water, *Exod. 15. ult.*

656. *And there, co-eval with the World, remain'd.*] So 'tis stor'd of the *Hereynian Oaks*, and I know no reason why I mayn't make these of equal standing.

663. *Now Hills of Sand came rolling with the Wind.*] 'Tis usual in those Countries, for vast Storms, or rather Hurricanes of Sand to arise, and being driven with the Wind, overthrow, stifle and bury Passengers, whole Caravans, and sometimes make *Mummy* of whole Armies, as 'tis reported of that of *Cambyse* in the *Libyan* Desarts. See *Thevenot*, in his Description of *Egypt*.

711. *All that with Noah hosted, all and more.*] The Truth and Ground of which see in the next Verse, the old *Saw*, even yet holding good, as modern Travellers tell us, *Africa semper aliquid apportat novi*.

715. *Who on Cyrene's Sands doth fearless see,*  
*And with him brings Serpents as large as he.*] *Cyrene* is a dreadful Desert Country, to the North west of *Egypt*, against the greater *Syrtis*, now a part of *Barbary*; where, as modern Geographers tell us, is a City, to this day, called *Corena*. 'Tis inhabited with little else but such vast Serpents as *Europeans* can scarce believe ever in Nature; and so indeed is almost all *Africa*, some of 'em so big, that Eye-witnesses tell us, it's common, when any of those dreadful Creatures are killed, to find a whole Sheep or Calf in their Bellies. See *Ludolphus* of *Ethiopia*, and *Vansleb* of *Egypt*.

734. *Two other Fiends, like fierce Jackals did bay,*  
*And warn'd the Kingly Lion to his Prey.*] These Creatures are very frequent in those Countries, and indeed, where ever the *Lion* is, being a sort of a *Scaring-Dog* to that Royal Beast. The *Pilgrim* says, he met with many of them in his Journey from *Sidon* (now *Seyde*) to *Damascus*. He describes 'em somewhat less and more white than *Foxes*, keeping themselves all day in the Craggs of the Mountains, and coming down at night to seek their Prey and demand Contributions from the neighbouring Villages.

755. *He sits unmov'd in calm and sinless Peace.*] A Verse of *Milton's*.

795. *Lotus chaff and rare,*—*From Sun-burnt Afric brought.*] Chaff, see *Orvid*; Rare, because far fetch'd; namely, from that part of *Africa*, where the *Lotophagi* (*Lotus-Eaters*) inhabit, North of the *Pisylli*, and West of *Cyrene*.

819. *From Punic Carthage brought.*] Whence it takes its Name.

841. *All that Bethsaida's well-wrought Nets could take,*  
*In Air, or Desarts wild, or neigbb'ring Lake.*] *Bethsaida* is generally interpreted, an *House of Hunting*, at first, probably, only a *Place of Pleasure*, a sort of a *Lodge* in the Desert, or Forest, adjoining. Fuller is for another Etymology, and tells us, the word *צרי* signifies *Fishing* as well as *Hunting*; whence, he thinks, it rather took its Name, by reason of the neighbouring *Lake*. Both which Opinions are here reconciled, since, probably, 'twas a place of general Divertisement; both *Hunting*, *Fishing*, and *Fowling*.

904. *Nor can thy Power one single Grain create.*] Proper Creation, or the Production of something out of nothing, can be alone the Act of infinite Power, which no wonder that we can't comprehend, unless we were our selves Infinite.

909. — *'Tis Nature's Voice, friendly to be*  
*With Friends, and dreadful to my Enemy.*] I suppose few but know whose Notion that is; nor am I very sollicitous whether or no *Satan* takes it amiss, that I should make him one of the *Hobbits*, tho they've gone yet farther, and would fain make him nothing at all.

915. *And in their room uncleanly Ordure leaves.*] From that of *Virgil*, when the *Harpies* had snatch'd away the Feast of *Phineus*,—*Fædissima Ventris—Probrivæ, and Vestigia fæda relinquunt*.

939. *'Twixt Halak they, and dire Acrabbim pass'd.*] There is a place just at the South-West

South-West Corner of the *Dead-Sea*, called *Mahaleh-Acrabbim*, see *Josh. 15. 3* in *English*, the *crawling up of Serpents*; probably, from many of them coming up to that forlorn Place from the adjoining Wilderness, near which the *Jews* were plagued with fiery Serpents. Opposite to which stands Mount *Halak*, *vid. Josh. 11. 17.* between which two Places, I suppose *Satan* took his airy Journey.

942. Now *Debir* 'tis, once *Kirjath-Sephir* nam'd,  
For Valiant *Othniel's* dear-bought Conquest fam'd.] This *Debir*, which signifies an Oratory, called also *Kirjath-Sephir*, or the City of a Book, is thought to have been a *Canaanitish* University. 'Tis situated in the Tribe of *Judab*, South of *Hebron*, not far from the Plain of *Mamre*. The History of its Conquest by *Othniel*, *vid. Judg. 1. 12.*

954. *Hebron* to th' Left, which twice a Crown did grace.] 'Twas one of the *Canaanitish* Royal Cities, *Josh. 10. 37.* and the Place where *David* was first crowned King of *Judab*, remaining there seven Years, *2 Sam. 2. 3, 4.* and *5. 5.*

959. Th' Arch-fiend abhor'd, — With Temple and with Altars was ador'd.] See *2 Kings 1. 2.* where we read of the Oracle of *Baal-zebub*, the God of *Ekron*; the same undoubtedly with *Beelzebub* in the New Testament.

962. And leaving on the left strong *Lachish* near.] This City was besieged by *Sennacherib*, but we don't read that he took it, nay, it's said he departed from it, *2 Kings 19. 8.* and 'twas one of the last which held out against *Nebuchadnezzar*, *Jer. 34. 7.*

964. Then shooting swift o'er *Saveh's* Vale.] This Valley of *Saveh* is a little South of *Jerusalem*; 'tis mentioned twice, and, I think, no more, in the Holy Scriptures, once by its proper Name, *Gen. 14. 17.* as the place where the King of *Sodom* met *Abraham*, and *Melchisedeck* came forth and gave him Bread and Wine. The second only by a Periphrasis called the King's Dale, *2 Sam. 18. 18.* as 'tis also in the former place.

967. Where pleasant *Millo* lies.] *Millo*, which signifies a Filling, because built in the void Space between *Sion* and *Jerusalem*, was begun by King *David*, *2 Sam. 5. 9.* and finished under *Solomon*, *Jeroboam* being Overseer of the Work, *1 Kings 11. 27.*

970. By *Solomon's* Royal Seat, and *Ophel's* Tower.] *Solomon* had three Palaces, or Houses, in *Jerusalem*; one, the House of the Forest of *Lebanon*, *2 Kings 7. 2.* like our *St. James's*, or the Elector's Palace at *Dresden*. The second, the House of *Pharad's* Daughter, *1 Kings 7. 8.* And the third, his own Dwelling-House, which was thirteen Years in Building, *1 Kings 7. 1.* Which last is generally placed, in the Maps of *Jerusalem*, near the Banks of *Siloam*, opposite to *Millo*. The Tower of *Ophel* is placed a little Easterly of this Palace, near the Fall of *Siloam* into *Kidron*.

975. Near *Herod's* Lofty Tower.] The old Tower in *Solomon's* Temple was of the Nature of a Porch, and very magnificent, as 'tis describ'd *1 Kings 6. 3.* and *2 Chron. 3. 4.* From both which we learn, 'twas twenty Cubits long, ten broad, and an hundred and twenty high (sacred Cubits), and consequently, the Temple it self reaching but to thirty Cubits, this must be four times the height on't, and *Herod's* was not inferiour. I say near this Tower, rather than upon it, because 'twas too great a Height to see distinctly what was done below. I suppose it might be on some of those stately Galleries *Josephus* mentions. See more *Lib. vii.*

985. Thee from yon Court the vested Priests perceive.] The Altar whereon the Sacrifices were offered, was not within the covered part of the Temple, for what should they have done there with the Smoak of so vast a number of Sacrifices, but *sub dio*, in the open Air, in a Court; Incense only being offered within the Temple. Into which Court the Priests only came, as into the second none but Jews with their Sacrifices, whence they were taken in by the Priests, and the third was the outward Court, or that of the Gentiles.

1006. In *Herod's* spacious Amphitheatre.] Of which see a noble Description, *Jos. Antiq. lib. 15. cap. 11.*

1061. *Eushemesh* sees, and beauteous *Jericho*] *Eushemesh* sounds in our Language, the Fountain of the Sun; perhaps from some medicinal Waters hereabouts, as our *Bath*, formerly

formerly *Aqua Solis*. *Beauteous Jericho*, the situation of it was pleasant, said the Inhabitants to the Prophet; and *Fuller* and *Surius* describe it in the same manner, "the Fields about it, as the latter says, being covered with Orange-trees, Limon-trees, Palm-trees, and others, intermingled every where with those Flowers, called the Roses of *Jericho*."

1067. *The Ruines of Ed's doubtful Altar spy'd.* ] Doubtful, because Geographers can't agree on which side of *Jordan* to place it.

1072. *Canaan's blest Land, on Jordan's either side.* ] *Vid. Deut. 34. 1, 2. All the Land of Gilead unto Dan, all Naphtali, Ephraim, Manasseh and Judah.*

1080. *Then gave 'em Form, with Colours gild the whole.* ] First Figure, then Form, according to the old Notion, *Forma est Figura cum Colore.*

1086. *Conducted with no Injury but Fear.* ] Not that I suppose our Saviour was really affrighted; but, as Mr. Cowley says in a like case, 'tis hardly proper to make a Speech for the Devil without some Lies in't.

1096. *Which Ishmael's wealthy Off'spring far away.* ] The *Ishmaelites* were some of the first *Land Merchants*, as the *Phœnicians* the first by Sea. *Vid. Gen. 37. 25.*

1099. *To Zoan's fertile Fields, and thence disperse  
Their wealthy Traffick through the Universe.* ] This way all rich *Persian Silks*, &c. were formerly carried over Land, till a Passage was found out by Sea, in our own Age.

1102. *The proud of Golden Sands, and Groves of Spice, &c.* ] The finest *Dust-Gold* being brought from the Coasts of *Affric*; and several Regions in't which take their very Names from Spices, as *Myrrbifera*, *Cinnamomifera*.

1103. *They their parch'd Country think a Paradise.* ] This is literally true; for the *Abyssines* will not be persuaded but the old *Paradise* was seated in their Country; and there have been *European* Authors who have reckoned it under the *Line*.

1109. *Ev'n fair Trinacria too thou shalt disdain.* ] An old Name for *Sicily*; the reason of which is in the next Verse.

1112. *Wash'd by the sounding Sea on either side.* ] The upper and lower Seas, as they sometimes call 'em, *Adria* to the North, and the *Sicilian*, *Sardinian*, &c. to the South.

1113. *Which through the midst a Ledge of Hills divide.* ] The *Appenines*, which run long ways through the greatest part of *Italy*.

1115. *Near a fair Stream a Royal City stands.* ] I hardly tell the Reader, I mean *Rome*, on the Banks of the *Tiber*.

1122. *Eternal Rome.* ] So they affected to call it, *Urbs æterna*; and 'twas almost a piece of *Læse-Majesty* to cut it shorter, or believe any otherwise of the City or Empire, whence *St. Paul* speaks so cautiously concerning it, *2 Thess. 2.*

1123. *And raise thee to the Purple.* ] The Royal *Insignia* were of this Colour, with the *Romans*; and 'twas therefore Treason for any to affect it besides the Emperor.

1126. *Over yon cloudy Mountains with me goe.* ] The *Alps*, where Snow is said to lie unmelted in some Places all the Year round.

1129. *'Twixt where Garumna's Waters gently creep,  
And rapid Rhene runs foaming to the Deep.* ] *Garumna*, now the *Garonne* in *Aquitain*; it rises not far from *Toulouse* and *Montpelier*, whence running cros the Country, it falls, by *Bordeaux*, into our Ocean. 'Tis true, this River is not the utmost Southern Boundary of *France*, *Gascoign* lying between that and *Spain*, nor do I affirm it; but I make that the *Pyrenees* afterward. However this was the last considerable River on that side the Country, and running cros it too, as before. As for the *Rhine*, which I call the *Rhene* to be nearer its Antique Latin-Name, I know it reaches too far on the other side, beyond the Limits of modern *France*. (tho truly not far, as they have stretch'd it) including *Brabant*, proper *Flanders*, &c. but 'tis reckoned by ancient Geographers the Boundary of *Belgic Gaul*, which was one part of the *Transalpine*, lying between the Rivers *Sein*, *Rhine*, and the Ocean, the other three parts being called the *Celtic*, *Aquitanic*, and *Narbonensis*.

1135. *The People daring, curious, active, brave.* ] This Character *Cæsar* gives 'em, and a great part of *Europe* have found, to their Sorrow, that they still retain it.

1137. *Their*

1137. *Their different Tribes thou by my help may'st gain.*] They were formerly divided into as many small Septs or Cantons as England or Ireland, as the *Airebatii*, the *Celts*, *Veneti*, and twenty others.

1142. *Who, tho thy Name he bears.*] The Most Christian King.

1153. *Well knew the old Phœnicians that blest Place.*] It's generally believed, by our modern Criticks, that the *British Isles* were the famous *Cassiterides*, as *Bochart* endeavours to prove from the Name; and yet any that read *Dionysius* would be of another Mind, for methinks he seems to distinguish 'em one from the other, for after he has said, Νῆους δ' ἰασσίδας, τῶνδε κασιτέρου νηυσὶ, which he makes over against the *Promontorium Sacrum*, and inhabited by the *Iberians*, he goes on, and says expressly in the next Verse, Ἀλλὰ δ' ὠκεανοῦ πρὸς βορρῆϊδας ἄκτας—Δίονι νῆοι ἔσσι βρετανίδας, speaking of the two *British Isles* as distinct from the *Cassiterides*, or *Tin Islands*. Indeed, would the situation bear it, Mr. *Cambden's* Conjecture would stand fair, that the Antients meant the Isles of *Scilly*; and indeed these Ἀλλὰ may relate to βρετανίδας as well as νῆοι, and then 'tis a clear case; for what can they be but those of *Scilly*, since he calls them all *British Isles*? However, it's no wonder that not only *Dionysius*, but most of the *Greeks* besides, give a very lame account of these parts, since the *Phœnicians* were so careful to conceal those matters, and their Trading hither, that *Strabo* tells us of a *Phœnician Master of a Ship*, who knock'd his Vessel o'th' head upon the Rocks, rather than he'd fall into the hands of the *Romans*, as he was returning from his Voyage into our Seas.

1156. *How three sharp points th' insulting Waves divide.*] The three Capes or Angles of *Britain* (whence some derive the Name of *Anglia*) that near *Dover*, the *Lands-End*, and *Catbness*; the same, if I mistake not, with the *Darvezum*, *Bolerium*, and *Orcas* or *Tarvidum* of the Antients.

1174. *Refug'd Androgeus to the Throne to bear.*] Some call him *Androgeus*, others *Mandubracius*, a *British Prince*, who fled to *Cæsar* for Succour, and assisted him against *Cassibelan* and his Native Country. I'm not ignorant that these things really happened some years before I represent them; but not to plead Precedent, or excuse my own Error by that of *Virgil*, (and indeed of most other Poets, who are seldom mortified with *Anachronisms* in their Works) I rather chuse to throw it all upon the Devil, who having Shapes enough new made, might adapt them to what History he pleas'd, and endeavour to impose on our Saviour in *History* as well as in *Geography*.

1178. *Huge weighty Cataphracts and Iron Men.*] See those *Cataphracts* exactly describ'd in *Heliodorus's Ethiopian History*.

1182. *Cross the Morine Seas.*] So the Straight was called between *England* and *France*; hence that of *Grotius* in his *Cynægeticon*, *Hinc freta si Morinum*; adding soon after, *Atque ipsos libeat penetrare Britannos*.

1183. *Rutupian Shore.*] The *Rutupium* of the Antients, is supposed the same with our *Richborough*.

1196. *Soul of the League, and head of the Allies.*] *Cassibelan* was Generalissimo of all the *British Forces*. See *Cæsar's Commentaries*.

1200. *Pallas his Head directs, and Mars his Arm.*] I've been pretty sparing of *Heathen Gods* throughout the whole Poem, (which Mr. *Milton* does not observe, tho even his Faults are beautiful) and now I here mention two of 'em; I put 'em into the mouth of such an one as I am not to answer for what he says.

1212. *For Dammelek, that earthly Paradise.*] So *Dammelek*, or *Damascus*, or *Damas*, (for by all those Names 'tis called, besides *Chams* by the *Arabians*) is described by all that have seen it. The *Arabians* fancy the *Sun* has another sort of a benign Influence on this Town than any other, whence the Name they give it. *Satan* calls it an *Earthly Paradise*, and so a good Friend of his once thought it, I mean *Mahomet*, who was so afraid of being bewitched and softened with the Pleasures thereof, and render'd unfit for the great Projects he had in his head, that he refus'd to enter it when very near it.

1214. *The Roman and the Parthian Pride, &c.*] See *Joseph. Antig. lib. 8. cap. 5.* where you have the entertaining Relation of this Royal Congress between *Vitellius*, *Herod the Tetrarch*, and *Artaban King of Parthia*, in a small Isle of the *Euphrates*.

1222. *Where*

1222. Where mighty Indus cuts his headlong way,  
Through whose vast Currents Alexander ~~buried~~, &c.] Quintus Curtius, describing this Expedition of Alexander, says, He first pass'd the *Choaspes*, then the *Cophetes*, next the *Indus*, &c.

1224. To Rome alike, and fabling Greece unknown, — 'Tis China call'd.] That the Romans had no knowledge of this Country, I think, all grant; and our modern Geographers believe that *Ptolemy* knew it little better; for tho he talks of *Sinarum regio*, yet by his description, it should be rather *Siam* than *China*.

1223. One King, one God, those spacious Realms obey.] So their authentick Chronicles tell us; and that they fell not to *Polytheism* till the sixty fifth year of our Saviour. See *Martinus*.

1234. Their Arts and Arms in such perfection.] Particularly *Printing* and *Guns*, which the Europeans found amongst 'em.

1236. Ton River, which against the Temple glides.] The *Yellow River*, of which see the Description and Cut in *Magellan*.

1240. Wide Magog's wand'ring Offspring to restrain.) The *Scythians*, or *Tartars*, bridled by the Wall of *China*.

1401. There reigns a peaceful Prince.] As *Augustus* reign'd at *Rome*, and the Temple of *Janus* was shut when our Saviour was born; so 'tis remarkable, that in *China* all things were quiet, and the Emperor chang'd his own Name for another that signifies *Pacificus*.

1408. A Potent Colony — In a new World.] According to our *Mede's* Notion, that the *Americans* were carried over by the Devil, at this time.

1411. See that small Strait, already covered o'er.] The Straights of *Anian*, which the Devil might find out, tho no Mortal can do it.

1414. First strikes that mighty Island's Western Strand.] 'Tis so far East that it must be West. Consult the *Globe*.

1423. No Winter there, there reigns eternal Spring.] The Devil must have leave to make the best of his own Country, tho some parts of *America* are really very pleasant.

# THE ARGUMENT OF THE Fourth B O O K.

**O**UR Saviour having now foil'd the Enemy, the Angels, who had all the while hovered over and been Spectators of the Combat, descend with a Banquet, and sing a Song of Triumph on his Victory, which ended, they wait him back to Jordan. The Baptist's further Testimony concerning him. Our Lord, departing thence, enters on his Ministerial Office; and ascending the Mount of the Beatitudes, chuses his Twelve Apostles, and then preaches that famous Sermon, containing the chief Heads of his Religion. Which he begins with an Enquiry after Happiness, removing the commonly received Notions about it, and fixing it rather in their Contraries. After which he repeats the Ten Commandments; assuring his Auditors he came not to destroy but to fulfil them; and instructs in Alms, Fasting, Prayer, and other Duties, giving 'em a particular Form to assist their Devotion, and concludes his Discourse with a lively Parable of two Houses, one built on the Rock, the other on the Sand. The Sermon finished, our Lord descends from the Mountain, and preaches in Galilee; working his first Miracle at Cana; and at Naim, not far from it, restoring the Widow's Son to Life. In the mean while the Baptist continued preaching Repentance, and acquiring a great Veneration among the People, and even from Herod himself, at that time Tetrarch of Galilee, who reforms from all his Vices but his unlawful Love to Herodias. The manner of his falling in Love with her; his Courtship, and, at length, accomplishing his Desires under the pretence of Platonic Love and an innocent Friendship. Their Familiarity continuing so long, till it grew publick; which St. John hearing of, comes to Court, and boldly reproves the King. At which Herodias being enrag'd, gets him imprisoned in Machærus, and some time after beheaded; he having first prophesied of the Invasion of Galilee, and the Discomfiture of Herod's Army; which soon after come to pass. Aretas, the King of Arabia, being enrag'd at the Injury done to his Daughter, whom Herod had formerly married; and entering his Country with an Army, which Herod prepares to encounter; but his Forces forsake him, and he loses the Day. All which our Saviour having advice of, and of the Rage of Herod upon these Losses, retires, with his Disciples, into the Desarts of Bethsaida.

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*Book 4. pag. 1.*

S PHILIPPVS

THE  
LIFE  
OF  
CHRIST:  
AN  
Heroic Poem.

BOOK IV.

\*  IS pleasant, when the *rugged Storm* is o'er,  
To see the *Waves expiring* on the *Shore* :  
Like some new World, at distance to  
behold  
The Silver *Hills* all Flame with heav'nly  
Gold :  
The *chiding Winds* all hush'd, the *Sky* look fair,  
The *Fields* in Smiles new clad, *Sea, Earth* and *Air*  
A diff'rent *Face* put on, a *diff'rent Dress*,  
And *Mother Nature's* self her *Joys* express :  
So shin'd the *Son of God*, whose *Love* to Man,  
10 His *Conquests* in his *Suff'rings* thus began ;

Opprest with *weight* he still more pow'rful rose,  
 And, when he pleas'd, shook off th' *infernal Foes*;  
 Who, when they his *unequal Might* assay'd,  
 In vain so many a furious *Onset* made,  
 Slunk *desprate* back to their own *conscious Shade*:  
 Nor long remov'd, e'er brighter Guards were there,  
 Wasted, *Triumphant* thro' the yielding *Air*.  
 Hymning their *Head*, the heav'nly *Holt* descend,  
 Who did before their needles *Aid* suspend,  
 And hov'ring high the *Wars* event attend:  
 Nor unconcern'd *Spectators*, had they staid,  
 But each in their own *glitt'ring Arms* array'd;  
 Indignant, saw the *Fiend* our *Lord* assail,  
 And o'er what *Mortal* was, so far prevail:  
 Saw the soul *Spirit* him *mild* and *patient* bear,  
 From place to place wide *burry'd* in the *Air*;  
*Unfir'd*, their dreadful *Bolts* cou'd hardly keep,  
 Oft had they sunk the *Rebel* to the *Deep*,  
 And *Thunder-nail'd* him there——  
 Oft had their ancient *Valour* on him shown,  
 Had they receiv'd *Commission* from the *Throne*;  
 Nor durst beyond their *Line* one *step* proceed,  
 Nor did our *Lord* th' *officious Kindness* need;  
 Nor did their *Royal Aid* and *Love* refuse,  
 In *Triumph*, which in *War* he wou'd not use;  
 Tho' all the while he *knew* and *mark'd* 'em there,  
 And *beckons* now away; thro' yielding *Air*  
 They *instantaneous* glide, as *Thoughts* can fly,  
 Untrack'd, from *East* to *West*, from *Earth* to *Sky*:  
*Manna*, *Ambrosial-food*, before him lay'd,  
 And *Wine* in *beauteous Eden* newly made;  
 Who *tasts* of these will regal *Boards* despise;  
 Such *Angels*, such the blest'd in *Paradise*:  
 No *dregs* they leave, nor *earthly relish* know,  
 Nor ever tempt to these *vain Joys* below;  
 But *Hope*, and *Peace*, and heav'nly *Love* inspire,  
 And warm the *Soul* with pure immortal *Fire*:  
 While these our *Lord* upon the verdant ground  
 Refresh'd, his shining *Train* kept *Guar'd* around:  
 Some chearful *wait*, i th' *Air* some hov'ring hung;

And thus his mighty Deeds in mighty Numbers Sung.

Hail, Son of God ! announc'd, confest, approv'd ! \*

Saviour of Man, and Head of Angels hail !

Thee thus ador'd we sing ; thus cast our Crowns,

With trembling aw, at thy triumphant Feet :

Before all Worlds, who, from the Mount of God,

When Lucifer had half dis-peopled Heav'n,

" Ledst forth th' embattel'd Seraphim to fight ;

Met at the Head of his rebellious War ,

60 Didst seize th' Arch-Traitor, all his Bands disperse,

And crush 'em underneath thy flaming Wheels.

We saw 'em from the top of Heav'n's high-Wall,

We saw 'em tumb'l' abrupt, and Chaos wide,

Struck with a dreadful Flash of unknown Light,

Shrink back its ~~foxy~~ Waves, and inward roll

To find a new Abyss, till wheeling down,

Like falling Stars, th' Exile Spirits of Heav'n

On its black Bosom hiss'd, thick sprinkled o'er

With scatter'd Drops of dying sulph'rous Flame :

70 They, deep confin'd, thou, O Eternal Word,

Didst will this beauteous World from the dark Void :

High Hills, rich Dales, sweet Springs, Sea, Earth and Sky,

And those Eternal Lamps which flame above

To light the Lord of the Creation, Man ;

The best, the last Essay of Wit divine ;

Whose Godlike Form thou didst with Soul inspire,

Thee not unapt to Know and Love, design'd

To fill those Seats th' Apostate Angels lost,

And plac'd him happy in sweet Paradise :

80 Envious th' Arch-Fiend beheld, his Iron Teeth,

Vexatious, gnash'd with rage and rancour fell,

That Man shou'd Lord it o'er so fair a World :

Shot up thro' Chaos and the frighted Deep,

On dang'rous Expedition bent, t' explore

His Rival's Force ; then grapple and subdue,

And Captive drag t' his own Eternal Night ;

Who, ah ! too far prevail'd ; nor cou'd weak Man,

The Woman and the Fiend, when leagu'd, resist :

He eat, he fell ; the sick Creation groan'd,

90 And sympathiz'd with their lost Master's Fate :

Rom 8.22.

We

We fighting saw the *ruins* of the *World*;  
 So wide the *Breach* we knew no *Remedy*;  
 Nor all our *Wisdom* *Methods* cou'd invent,  
 T' attone thy justly anger'd *Father's Wrath*,  
 Punish th' *Arch-Fiend* accurst, and *Man* restore:  
 Till in deep *Consult* of th' *Eternal Three*,  
 Thou didst stand forth and chuse the mighty *Task*;  
 The weight of heav'nly *Vengeance* chuse to bear;  
 Which feeble *Mortals* wou'd have crush'd to *Hell*:

Revel. 12. 3. The old *Red-Dragon* met, O spotless *Dove*!

160

By thy unequal *Arms* is doom'd to fall,  
 Tho' thou no *Thunder* in the *Fight* wilt use,  
 But naked *Virtue*, and pure *Innocence*.

Gen. 3. 15. Thou the chaste *Womans-Seed*, O *Virgin-born*!  
 The mighty *Serpent's* vainly-threatning *Head*  
 Shalt crush beyond retrieve; while *Spirits* enrag'd,  
 And *Life* at once, and yellow *Venom* flow  
 From his wide *Mouth*, that open *Sepulchre*:  
 In long voluminous *Folds* outstretch'd he lies,  
 The *Wonder* and the *Burden* of the *Earth*:

110

*Hell's* *Principality* thou shalt destroy,  
 And stoln *Dominion* here; while *Thunderstruck*,  
 And hurl'd headlong the grinning *Fiends* forsake  
 Their *Temples* and fallacious *Oracles*:  
 What tho' their *Malice*, desp'rate, may prevail,  
 Permitted, o'er thy frail *Humanity*?  
 The *God's* still safe, and smiles at their weak rage;  
 While they their own *Confusion* only gain.

*Hell's* *Masterpiece* is Ill from *Good* to draw,  
 The *Art* of *Heav'n* *Good* from the worst of *Ill*:  
 Thy *Death* the *Life* of *Man*, a *Ransom* paid,  
 To thy just *Father's Wrath* for the lost *World*:  
 Which from his Bosom thou in mortal *Clay*  
 Didst come, first to instruct, and then to save.

120

Thy *Triumphs* here begin, O *Son of God*!  
 The *Tempter* foil'd with all his boasted *Arts*:  
 He no uxorious *Adam* found in thee,  
 No vain-consenting *Eye* --- *Salvation*, *Pow'r*,  
 And *Strength* and *Might*, and *Thanks*, and *Praise*, and *Love*,  
 We thus ascribe to thee, O spotless *Lamb*!

130

Thus

Thus *Allelujah!* *Allelujah* sing.

Here ending, they their Lord *triumphant* bore,  
To *Jordan's* reedy *Banks*, not long before  
Bless'd with his *sacred Feet*, where lately he,  
*Baptiz'd* by the great Son of *Zachary*,  
All *Righteousness* fulfill'd --- The *Crowd*, who mourn'd  
His *Loss*, surpriz'd with *Joy* when he return'd.  
Nor sooner him agen the *Baptist* spy'd,  
When loud, 'tis he! *Extatic* all, he cry'd:

140 See *Israel*, see the *Lamb of God*, design'd  
To purge your *Sins*, your heavy *Chains* unbind!  
Him his great *Father* from the *Clouds* *confest*,  
And I, th' *attesting Dove* my self *attest*:  
He, the *Messiah*, freely I *disclaim*,  
That next to our *unutterable Name!*  
Me, tho unworthy, did high *Heav'n* prefer,  
E'er his approach, to be his *Harbinger*;  
That *Israel* him might with *due Honours* meet,  
Unworthy e'en to *kneel* and *kiss* his *Feet*:

John 1. 19.

John 1. 20,  
28.

150 Tho' *after-born*, existing long *before*;  
Shou'd we thro vast *Eternal Ages* soar,  
His *Birth* we cannot reach—

John 1. 27.

*Ibid.*

He still must *Live*, while I to *Dust* *descend*;  
His *Kingdom* and his *Glory* know no end.

John 3. 30.

He laid, agen our Lord himself withdrew,  
Tho' closely followed by a *faithful few*:  
Who learn'd what *Arts* to use, what *Methods* take,  
Others as *happy* as themselves to make:  
*Envious* of none; more *Rivals* they desir'd,

160 Each *Day*, each *Hour* their Master more admir'd.  
Thro' *Galilee's* wide *Coast* soon spread his *Name*,  
His *Auditors* encreasing with his *Fame*:  
Thick rolling *Crowds* promiscuous far and near,  
Attend, the way to *Life* and *Bliss* to hear:  
For ev'ry *Ill* mirac'lous *Ease* they find,  
All *Maladies* of *Body* and of *Mind*.

An *easy Hill* there is, whence looking down \*  
*Tiberias* here, there fair *Bethsaida's Town*,  
At equal distance seen; our *Saviour* there,

Matth. 5. 1.

170 Did first *entire* his *Father's Will* declare.

Well

Well pleas'd, around the plenteous Harvest saw;  
 And further still t' advance the Sacred Law,  
 Twice six did from his constant Followers chuse,  
 Who might the same thro' the vast Globe diffuse.

1 Cor. i. 26. The Noble, Great and Learn'd he did not take,  
 Poor Fishers most; who on the neighb'ring Lake,  
 In honest Industry their Lives had spent,  
 Equally Ignorant and Innocent: \*

Barjonas first, still eager to engage  
 In the fair Cause, and first in Zeal and Age; \* 180  
 Firm as a Rock, he bold, our Lord confest,

John i. 42. Thence Cephas nam'd, by him who knows him best.  
 His Brother Andrew, of unspotted Fame,  
 The next, both from Bethsaida's Villa came:

John i. Thence Philip, who Nathanael did invite,  
 Approv'd an undissembling Isra'elite:  
 Matthew, who freely did the World forsake,

Matth. 9. 9. Fair Seat, and gainful Office on the Lake,  
 Near proud Capernaum: the lesser James,  
 Who justly honourable Kinsred claims,

With our Lov'd Lord; Simon, whom Cana names, } 190  
 His Brother Jude --- All three did Mary bear  
 To Cleophas: next Jude our Treasurer;

Iscaiot from his Birth-place styl'd; and he,  
 Whom his glad Mother in her Arms did see  
 But half a Birth: ---

Thomas,  
 Greek  
 Didymus,  
 both in En-  
 glish, a  
 Twin.

We, more than all the rest of that high Grace,  
 Unworthy, fill the last and humblest place:  
 Zebedee's Sons, o' th' Galilean Race.

This pass, to us he his blest'd Law reveal'd, 200  
 Which from the Wise and Prudent is conceal'd:  
 Matth. ii. 25. What Noble Paradoxes did he teach?

Above what humane Wisdom e'er cou'd reach;  
 As much beneath his Worth is our Esteem;  
 Sure never Man e'er spake, or liv'd like him!

He all false Eloquence, all Colours he  
 Of Grecians, or of Roman Sophistry

Matth. 7.  
 v. ult.

Disdain'd; nor Popularly low he bow'd,  
 To beg, or steal Applauses from the Crowd:  
 His Truths in their own native Beauty shine,

210  
 Deliver'd



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S.<sup>t</sup> ANDREAS.

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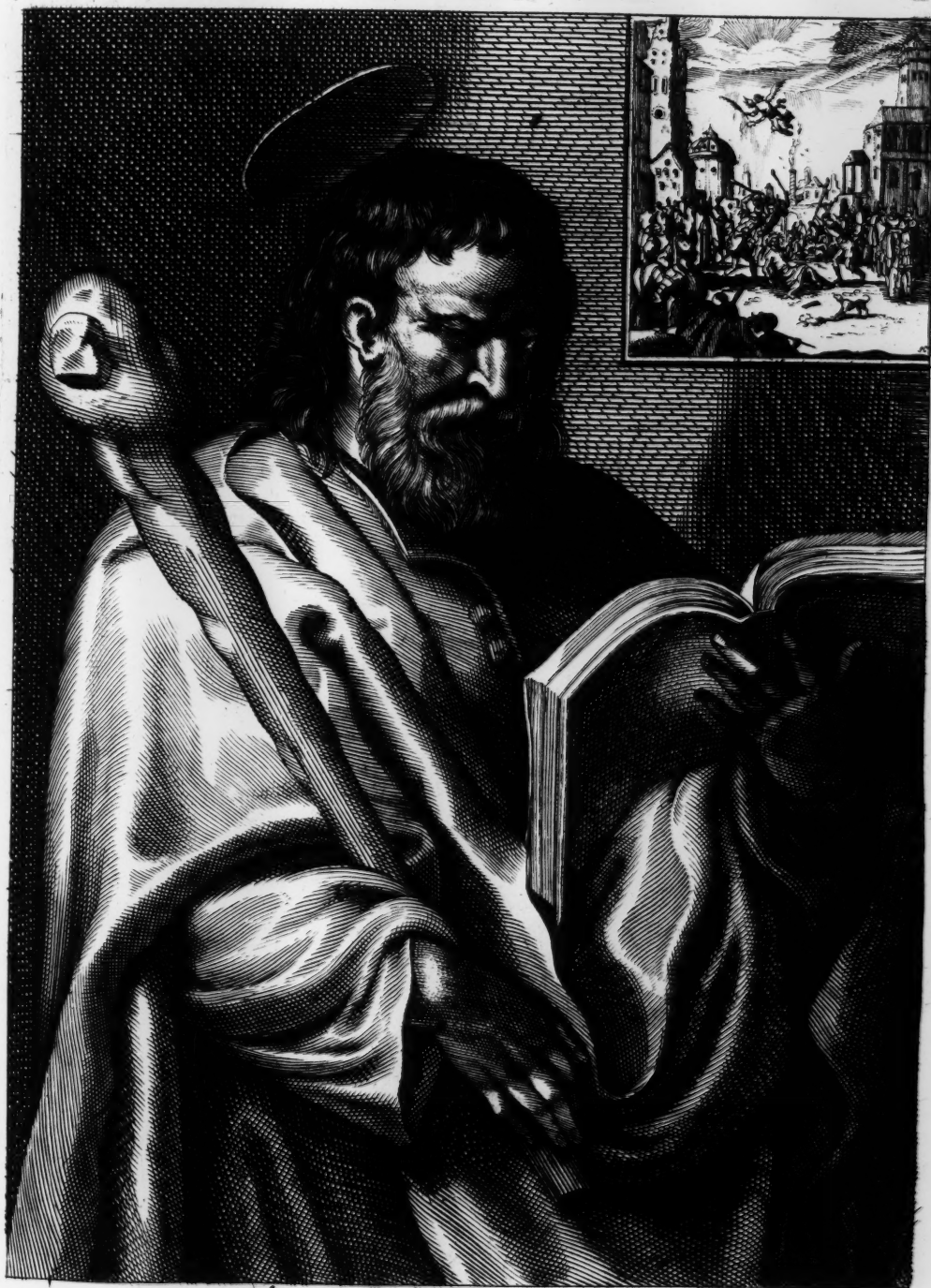


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S<sup>t</sup>. THOMAS.

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S.<sup>t</sup> SIMON.

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S.<sup>t</sup> MATTHIAS.

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Mat:5

Book 4. pag:121.

*Christ's Sermon on the Mount.*

Deliver'd with *Authority divine* :

They pierc'd the *secret Soul* where e'r they came,  
And warm'd each conscious *Breast* with heav'nly *Flame* :

\* Hear *Fathers* part of what he then express'd !

And, O that you from him wou'd learn the rest !

*Our Saviour's Sermon of the Beatitudes, Matth. V.*

**M**istaken men ! He cries, who still complain,  
\* Still search for *happiness*, but search in vain,  
For when you *dream* you've found it, *false as fair*  
It cheats your clasping *arms* with empty *air*.

220 \* There are who think their *Bliss* fast lockt they hold,  
If their strong *Chests* are fill'd with *Ophirs gold* :

Base vulgar *drossie minds*, with more *alloy*

Then is that *captive wealth* they might enjoy ;

Which *Thieves* may steal, which *Rust* or *Fire* destroy ;

True *happiness* is always in our *pow'r*,

Beyond the reach of one *unlucky hour*

To rend away, 'tis for its *self* desir'd,

While *Riches* are for something else admir'd,

*Pleasure* or *Ease*, nor therefore can they be

230 The solid *Basis* of *Felicity*.

*Woe*, *woe*, eternal *woe* and *pain* are near

To those who only place their *Treasure* here.

Sooner may *happiness* be found with them

Whom for their *Poverty* the *World* condemn ;

Who, when my *Honour* and their *Conscience* call

With generous *unconcern'dness* part with all :

If *Providence* a larger stock affords,

Its *Gifts* enjoy as *Stewards*, not as *Lords* :

These, rich in *Faith*, to Heav'n directly tend,

240 Heirs of a *Kingdom* that shall never end.

\* *Unwary youth* which seldom chuses right,

Hurry'd by their *unbridl'd appetite*

Rush hot and *furious* after vain *delight*

And false delusive *Bliss* — No they'll nor stay

Tho' Heav'n call'd back, and *Hell* were in their way.

And can a cheating *short-liv'd* *visionary Joy*,

Which ev'n one *moment's thinking* can destroy,

Blessed are  
the poor in  
spirit, for  
theirs is the  
Kingdom of  
Heaven, v. 3.

Luke 6. 24.

Blessed are  
they that  
mourn, for  
they shall be  
comforted,  
v. 4.

Nay that it *self*.— Say, can it ever be  
 A *reas'ning* Creatures true *felicity*?  
 Ah foolish Boy! Ah whither wilt thou run?  
 Why in such headlong *hast* to be *undone*?  
 Thy *mirth* is *madness*; e'r too late return!  
 And learn how *blest* are those who truly *mourn*;  
 Who *mourn* their *Sins* while *Life's* swift *sand* do's last,  
 And dear *irrevocable* moments *past*:

250

Luke 6.15.

O what a change! when those whom now they see  
 Spend all their days in *thoughtless* jollity  
 Shall howl in *quenchless* *Flames*; while such as here  
 Oft wet their *Cheeks* with a repentant *Tear*,  
 Oft heave with pious *Sighs* their working *Breast*,  
 Of him, whom long *unseen* they lov'd, possess  
 In *Abrahams* bosom find eternal rest.

260

Blessed are  
 the meek,  
 for they shall  
 inherit the  
 Earth, v. 5.

\* Others, as vain, attempt their *Names* to raise,  
 Their *Lives* employ'd in eager *chase* of *praise*:

*Honour*, that gawdy *Nothing*, they pursue,  
 For this in *Blood* their guilty *Hands* embrew:  
 For this *unhinge* the *World*, and when 'tis done  
 By all their long *Fatigues* what have they won?  
 What gains, what *Trophies* but a *Blast* of *Breath*,  
 Which seldom *lives*, tho' lov'd, beyond their *Death*?

270

He then who *here* his *Happiness* wou'd find  
 As soon may grasp the *Air*, or track the *Wind*:  
 The gaudy *Fly* as soon as hatcht is flown,  
 'Tis in anothers *pow'r* and not our *own*:

True *Magnanimity* my *Laws* impart,  
 But fix it in a *meek* and *humble* heart:  
 What lies so *low* can no rough *Tempest* fear,  
 But *unconcern'd*, above, the *Thunder* hear:

*Impenetrably* soft's a lowly mind

Where *wrongs* glide off and can no *Entrance* find;

280

Not *kindling* into rage when e'r we see

The least appearance of an *Injury*;  
 Or suff'ring in ill *Language* wrath t' aspire,

Matt. 5.22.

Lest *Angers* flames be purg'd with *better* *Fire*.

Deut. 32.35.

If wrong'd, all private base *Returns* decline;

Rom. 12.

Your *Wrath* repress, *Vengeance* is only mine;

19.

'Tis a *false* *Liberty* that leaves you free

Loving

- Loving your *Friend* to *hate* your *Enemy* : Matt. 5. 43.  
 My *Followers* must to nobler things *aspire*,  
 290 My *Laws* exalt the *humane Nature* higher  
 Than e'er before ; if *mine* your *selves* you'd prove  
*Bless* them that *curse*, and those that *hate* you *love* !  
 Pray for their *Lives* who would not let you *live* !  
 As you your *selves* *forgiveness* hope, *forgive* ! Matt. 6. 15.  
 This makes you *likest* *God*, and *all* *divine*,  
 Whose fruitful *Rain* does fall, whose *Sun-beams* shine Matt. 5. 45, 48.  
 On good and bad *promiscuous* ; thus you'll be  
 As far as suits with weak *Humanity*  
 Above the *World*, and *perfect* ev'n as he :  
 300 Thus *wait* and you'll at last the *Conquest* gain ;  
 When the *meek* *Soul* shall over *Nations* reign.  
 \* How few who any *true* *Concern* will show  
 For ought but these vain *perishing* *Goods* below !  
 To guard *this* *Life* mistaken *Man* contends,  
 But little for that *Life* which *never* ends :  
 How much of *Toyl*, how much of fruitless *pain*  
 No more than *six* *small* *feet* of *Earth* to gain ?  
 How hard for those in *this* who *happy* are  
 For t'other *World* to take *sufficient* care ?  
 310 If that neglected, they refuse to *know*  
 That *Benefactor* who did *all* bestow ;  
 Full fed, refuse their stubborn *Necks* to yield, Deut. 32. 15.  
 Loose and *unyoak'd* fly wanton round the *field* ;  
 Feasted themselves, *despise* and scorn the *poor*,  
 While *Lazarus* lies *starving* at their *door* ; Luke 6. 25. and 16, 20, 21.  
 The *day*, the dreadful *day* they soon shall see  
 When they in *Torments*, he in *Bliss* shall be :  
 One drop of *Water* then they'll ask in vain,  
 To cool their panting *Tongues* in *endless* *pain* : 14  
 320 But *blest* are those, such all who would be *mine*,  
 Who *thirst* and *hunger* after *Food* *divine*,  
 Whom *Heav'nly* *thoughts* and *meditations* fill,  
 Whose *meat* and *drink's* to do my *Father's* *will*, John 4. 34  
 This their *first* *Care*, and firmly can repose  
 On him who all their *wants* and *sorrows* knows,  
 Be then your *care* for a good *Life* *express*, Matt. 6. 23.  
 Nor doubt but *God* will *care* for *all* the *rest*.

Matth. 6. 25. Why these *distracted Thoughts*? Why thus *Dismay'd*?

Wants he or *Pow'r* or *Love* to send thee *Aid*?

If *more* he gives, will *lesser* be *deny'd*?

If *Life*, he'll *Food*; if *Food*, he'll *Cloaths* provide.

All his *Creation* of his *Love* partake,

Nor will he *ruine* what *himself* did make.

26. Behold the *feather'd Nations* of the *Air*

Which sing in yonder *Trees* — how *full*, how *fair*,

They neither *sow* nor *reap*, nor *plant* nor *plough*,

Yet *God* provides their *Food* on every *bush* and *bough*:

And will He not for *you*? Who did inspire

Your *breasts* with part of his own *Heav'nly fire*.

Besides, such *anxious thoughts* but vex the *mind*,

27. Which thence can neither *Ease* nor *Comfort* find:

28. Nor more for *Rayment* care! tho' forc'd to go

Beneath your *Quality*, mean, scorn'd and low:

What's not your *Crime*, no longer vainly *grieve*,

You spite of *clamorous Sense* must still *believe*.

Look on those lovely *Lilies* how they grow

*Thoughtless* and *free* in yonder *Vale* below!

For all those *Robes* they neither *toil* nor *care*,

Nor spin the *Web* at home, nor fetch't from *far*;

Yet *Solomon* himself, tho' cover'd o'er

With *Gold* and *Purple* from rich *Sidon's* shore,

Compar'd to these, had *mean* and *homely* shown;

His all but *borrow'd Glories*, theirs their *own*.

30. He then who thus the *fading Herb* supplies,

Which *flourishes* to day, to *morrow* dies,

Will he forget his *Word* and prove *untrue*?

Has he less *kindness*, or less *care* for *you*?

*Injustice* and *Revenge* the *World* divide,

*Mistaken Censure*, *Cruelty* and *Pride*:

Blest is the *man* himself who truly *knows*,

And *Mercy*, which he *hopes*, to others *shows*;

Whose *Joy*, the *miserable* to *relieve*,

Who tastes the mighty *Pleasure* to *forgive*:

Justly *severe* when he *himself* surveys,

As *candid* when he others *Actions* weighs:

Born for the *World* and not *himself* alone,

He always makes another's *Case* his *own*.

Blessed are  
the merciful,  
for they shall  
obtain mercy.

v. 7.

Observe

Observe that *Golden Rule of Equity*,

*Thy Neighbour treat as thou'dst have him treat thee!* Matt. 7. 12.

370 How vain the *Glosses* foolish men devise!  
How do they blend *eternal Truth* with *Lies*!  
\* *Traditions* teach you, if your *Body's* pure,  
Your *Mind's* your *own*, and from all *stain* secure:

*Blessed are  
the pure in  
heart, for they  
shall see God.  
v. 8.*

Whatever fond *Pretences* these invent

I ask the *Heart*, nor am with less content:

That must be *purg'd* from *Sin*, and all *divine*,

Holy and pure, a *Temple* fit t' enshrine

The sacred *Dove*, who never yet did rest

In muddy *Soil* or a *polluted Breast*; Gen. 8. 9.

380 Gross *Acts* in vain you *shun*, unless you're free  
From th' *heart's* and *eye's* and *hand's* *Adultery*;  
Part with that *guilty hand*, that *wand'ring eye*,  
Or soon they they'll *gangreen* all, and you must *die*:

*29, 30.*

Call then the *Wand'ers* home! your *Self* command!  
And make strict *Covenants* with the *eye* and *hand*! Job 31. 1.

Each secret *Glance* that glows with *lawless fire*,

And kindles in the *Soul* a loose *desire*;

Each trembling *touch* of a *forbidden hand*

By which the *sparks* into a *flame* are fann'd,

390 All these *avoid*, in vain you these wou'd hide  
From him who them in their *dark Causes* spy'd  
Long e'er they were—If him in *Bliss* you'd find  
Rather than *sin*, be ever *lame* or *blind*!

While those who thus their *Appetites* deny,

*Half-Martyrs* for forgotten *Chastity*,

Bravely repelling every *poysn'd Dart*,

*Holy* and *pure*, alike in *eyes* and *heart*;

Who thus their *eyes*, who thus their *hearts* employ

The *Beatific Vision* shall enjoy;

400 Which e'n while *wand'ring* here shall on 'em shine,

In this dark *World* their *Souls* still more refine,

And fill with *Heav'nly Love* and *Joy Divine*.

How many, not content with *mortal Fame*,  
\* Are eager for an *Hero's* sounding name!  
Poor *Apotheosis*! the *God* must die  
And worse, among the *Fiends* in *Torments* lie  
But happy those who *peaceful Triumphs* gain!

*Blessed are  
the peace-ma-  
kers, for they  
shall be call-  
ed the Chil-  
dren of God.  
v. 9.*

'Tis

'Tis the best **Empire** o'er our selves to reign.  
 O blest *Employment*! theirs: O happy state!  
 Who *Peace* twixt *God* and *Man* negotiate!  
 Who where they come my peaceful *Law* disperse,  
 Bear these glad *Tidings* round the *Universe*:  
 Ah! wou'd they practise but as these advise  
 How soon the *World* wou'd be a *Paradise*?  
 They must not there expect so calm a *Fate*;  
*Peace* will, tho' strange, breed *War*, and *Love* breed *Hate*;  
*Murder* and *Blood* my miscall'd *Followers* stain,  
*Discord* and *Spite*, and wild *Confusion* reign:  
*Hell-born Ambition* will invade the *Skies*,  
 And tow'ring *Pride* and griping *Avarice*;  
*Parties* and *Seets* my seamless *Garment* rend,  
 The Cause their *Interest*, tho' they mine pretend:  
 Who dare but speak of *Peace*, they'll stop their breath,  
 Twixt different *Parties* ground, or starv'd to death;  
 As base *betrayers* of their Cause revil'd,  
 And **Sons of Breadth** by lewd *Apostates* stil'd,  
 But tho' cast out, and under-foot they're trod,  
 I'll give 'em better Names—they're **Sons of God**.

410

420

*Vid. Hind  
 and Panther  
 Luke 26.22.*

*Blessed are  
 they which  
 are persecu-  
 ted for righ-  
 teousnes sake.  
 v. 10. Bless-  
 ed are ye  
 when men  
 shall revile  
 you and perse-  
 cute you, &c.*

However others widely then mistake,  
 And of their *Reputations* *Idols* make,  
 Even those, when I require, you must despise,  
 And unto mine, your *Honour* sacrifice!  
 In *Curses* let the *World* their *Malice* show,  
 And all their *Leaden Thunders* at you throw!  
 Let 'em, (the kindest thing they e'er can do)  
 As false *Apostles*, separate from you!  
 Out of their *Synagogues* and *Councils* hurl'd  
 As *Hereticks*, and *Troublers* of the *World*;  
 Or as by *Priest-craft* sly, and juggling skill  
 You'd fain bring men to *Heav'n* against their *Will*.

430

440

13. If you like *Salt*, a cleansing *Virtue* show,  
 And credit *Piety* where e'er you go;  
 If you still *Light* the *World*, who when they see  
 Your *spotless Life*, know what they ought to be;  
 If *evil* they, ungrate, for good, return,  
 And you in more than *lambent flames* wou'd burn;  
 Now doubly blest if *Innocent* you are,

If

If *causless* all for me you *meekly* bear :

*Patience* too mean a *Virtue* is, your *Choice*

12.

450 Be something nobler here ! *Exult ! Rejoice !*

To Heav'n direct your *Songs*, your *Hymns*, your *Pray'r* !

A double *Crown* of *Glory* waits you there ;

You first, *Triumphant*, from the *Dust* shall rise,

And with me ever reign in *Paradise* :

Nor think, whatever *Spite* and *Envy* say,

I come to show to Heav'n a *nearer way* Matt. 5.17:

Than by *Good Faith* and *Life*, t' annul or break

One *Word* my Father did from *Simai* speak :

I came not to *destroy*, but to *fulfil*,

460 To do and suffer my great Father's *Will* :

Each *type* and *shadow* now *complete* shall be,

Hither they tend, and *center* all in me.

What *Laws* of *moral Obligation* are,

*Eternal Truth*, your *pleasure* be't and *care*

To keep *inviolate*, they'll still prevail,

Nor pass away tho' the *Creation* fail :

By God's own *Hand* they were to *Moses* given,

\* When thus he them had *Thunder'd* down from *Heav'n*.

IV

Exod. XX.

The Ten Commandments.

IV

470 **J**ehova speaks, attend with awful *Love* and *Fear* !

From *Egypt's Bondage* sav'd, O rescu'd *Israel*, hear !

I.

With me let no *false Gods* thy *Love* and *Praise* divide,

\* Nor from *Heav'n's* piercing *Eye* such *Treason* hope to *hide* !

II.

\* By no *Resemblance* vain the *Godhead* dare t' express,

Who'll down to *Grandchild Ages* plague such *Wickedness*.

III.

## III.

No hallow'd thing let thy bold Sacrilege profane!  
Nor take thy mighty Makers sacred Name in vain.

## IV.

Six parts of Time when freely I indulge to thee,  
Neither forget nor grudge to pay a seventh to me.

## V.

If thou long Life dost hope, and many a happy day,  
Thy Parent and thy Prince in all that's just obey.

480

## VI.

Dy not thy furious Hand in Murders guilty Red:  
Gen. 9. 6. For he that sheds Mans blood, by Man his blood be shed!

## VII.

Against thy Neighbour's Honour harbor no design,  
Prov. 6. 34. As thou his heavy Vengeance wou'dst avoid and mine!

## VIII.

Shun Thefts base sordid Sin, and mean unlawful gain,  
And for thy own provide with honest sweat and pain.

## IX.

What's false ne'er speak, much less in Courts thy self forswear,  
But know a greater Judge looks down and Ey's thee there!

## X.

Each Sin in Thought abhor, and not in Act alone \*  
Nor seek thy Neighbour's Goods, contented with thy own!

490

Let

Let these claim all your *thoughts* exactest care. Matth. 6.  
To these add *Fasting, Alms, and fervent Pray'r.*

If you desire your *Fasts* successful prove  
Fear'd Ills t' avert, or what you *feel* remove,  
Not like those *Hypocrites* distort your *Face*  
Who make an *ugly Look* a mark of *Grace*:  
Who with *rough Robes* and *Sack-cloth* raze their *skin* }  
Or cut with *Whips*, or lance it deeper in, }  
And mortifie *themselves*, but not their *Sin*. } 16.

300 Your *Alms* dispense as *Stars* shoot silent *Light*  
*Untrack'd* and *large thro'* the dark *Realms of Night*.  
In all let no vain *Ostentation* be.

To your good *Deeds*, no *witness* ask but me.  
They shall not pass without a *kind regard*  
But at the last *Great-Day* I'll them reward.  
*Discreet*, yet *warm* and *zealous* be your *Pray'r* Matth. 25.  
And *still* and *silent* as the *Angels* are. 35, &c.

\* Since you a *Form* for your *Direction* need Matth. 65.  
Thus let your faithful *Vows* to *Heav'n* proceed.

The Lords Prayer.

310 O *Father* of the *World*! whose *Throne* on high 9:  
Is plac'd in *Light* above the *Crystal Sky*,  
Let all thy *works* thee their great *Lord* proclaim,  
And with loud *praises* hymn thy *sacred Name*!

\* Let thy dear *Son* his *promis'd Empire* gain,  
And over all th' *obedient Nations* reign!  
Let *Sin's* and *Hell's* proud *Kingdom* soon decay,  
And *Earth* as well as *Heav'n* their *Lord* obey!

For our frail *Bodies* needful *food* assign,  
\* But chiefly *feast* our *Souls* with *Food divine*.  
320 O thou on whose free *Grace* and *Love* we live.

*Forgive* our *Sins* as others we *forgive*!  
*Save* from the *Tempter* those who trust in *Thee*,  
O *Save* at once from *Sin* and *Misery*!  
Thy glorious *Might* no *Time* or *Place* restrain,  
Thou dost, O *God*! to *endless Ages* reign!

Thus to the *King of Heav'n* devoutly *pray*,  
Nor that enough, you must his *Laws* obey;

Else him in *Glory* ne'r expect to see  
 Nor with vain *idle Faith* depend on me!  
 Matth. 7. 21. If not your *Lord*, I can't your *Saviour* be.  
 Who then themselves my true *Disciples* show,  
 Not only know, but *practise* what they know;  
 Them to wise *Master-builders* I'll compare  
 24. Who in the *solid Rock* with sweat and care  
 Their firm *Foundations* lay, the *Floods* arise  
 And meet new *Floods* thick pouring from the *Skies*;  
 Th' impetuous *Winds* from *stony Caves* enlarg'd  
 With all their *dusty Squadrons* on 'em charg'd,  
 The *House* still stands, each vain *assault* can mock,  
 Nor can they move it, till they move the *Rock*:  
 But those who with *cold Notions* are content  
 \* *Christians* alone in *Name* and *Complement*;  
 To foolish *Builders* them I must compare  
 26. Who on th' *unfaithful Sand* their *Houses* rear:  
 Already, *heark!* the *whistling storm* is nigh!  
 See the black *Tempest* pouring from the *Sky*!  
*Waves* ride on *Waves* and push each other on!  
 From the loose *Earth* the false *Foundation's* gone;  
 The foolish *House* falls with the mould'ring *Shore*,  
 And sinks i'th' vast *Abyss* to rise no more.

He said — Still his pleas'd *Auditors* attend,  
 All thought too soon he his *Discourse* did end.  
 Which past, he did from the *blest Mount* descend  
 To *Cana*, whence the other *Simon* nam'd,  
 'Mongst *Galilean Zealots* widely fam'd:  
 There, whilst he at a *Nuptial-Feast* did dine  
 When *Wine* they want, he *Waters* turns to *Wine*.  
 Nor far from thence, by pleasant *Naim's Walls*  
 The mournful *Widow's Son* to *Life* recalls.

Mean while the *Baptist* did to *Virtue* press  
 His *Voice*, loud-sounding in the *Wildernefs*:  
 Censor of *Vice*, unblemish'd as *severe*,  
 And as he none did fear, he none wou'd spare:  
 Ev'n *Life* it self by far too dear he thought  
 If with bare *silence* or mean *Flattery* bought:  
 This honest *Freedom* and plain *roughness* pleas'd;  
 Nor rarely wrought a *Cure* on *Minds* diseas'd:

Arm'd



10:2

Book 4, page 130.

The Water ~~was~~ made Wine.  
at Cana of Galilee.

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Arm'd with *Elijah's* spirit and holy fire  
 To his *Acquaintance* *Royal Names* aspire;  
 570 *Virtues* they wou'd not follow, forc'd t' admire!  
 Among the rest so often *Herod* went  
 And heard, he grew almost a *Penitent*;  
 With all besides one *darling Vice* did part,  
 That kept its hold, still festering in his heart:  
*Dishonourable Love*, a lawless *Flame*,  
*Unnat'ral Crime*, which *Incests* fouler name  
 Disgrac'd; the Cause *HERODIAS*, fair, but vain,  
 \* Whose Lord did in poor *Trachonitis* reign;  
 And wild *Iturea*, from whose petty Court  
 580 Where only bordering *Arabs* did resort  
 Not long before *Herod* invites her down  
 To fair *Tiberias*, his own stately Town:  
 Until his *Brother* from the Wars return'd,  
 Who, while she him at home half *Widdow'd*, mourn'd  
 \* Thro' stony *Fields*, and *Woods* of fatal *Yew*,  
 Did Bands of roving *Ishmaelites* pursue:  
 Arriv'd, her *Beauties* all the Court surprize,  
 Her *Brother* most, who feasts his wand'ring *Eyes*  
 On her forbidden *Face*, thence soon takes fire,  
 590 His careless *Breast* soon glows with loose desire:  
 All *Arts* on her weak *Sex*, prevail he try'd,  
 Flatters her *Vanity*, and feeds her *Pride*:  
 Now do's he stately *Masks* and *Balls* provide,  
 With *Musicks* melting *Charms*, and now apply  
 The powerful *Bait* of *Courtly Luxury*:  
 Her in his *Royal Barge* wou'd sometimes take,  
 And splendid treat, upon the neighb'ring *Lake*;  
 Now her convey to proud *Caperna'ms Walls*  
 Where, thro' broad *Arches* *Jordan* headlong falls:  
 600 To ancient *Cinn'roth*, or *Bethsaida* fair  
 To hunt or walk in lonely *Desarts* there;  
 Oft wou'd he gaze, and with a sudden sigh  
 As often — Ah! too happy *Philip*! cry!  
 Why shou'd his envious ragged *Walls* confine  
 A *Treasure* ought in *Cesar's Court* to shine?  
 Are these the richest *Robes* he can provide  
 For such a *Queen*? This all *Iturea's* pride?

Mark 6. 20.

17, 18.

Luke 3. 2.  
 Vid. Joseph  
 Antiqu.

Vid. Lib. 1.

See Lib. 1.

See Lib. 1st.

Trample 'em *sordid* in the dust, and see  
 If ought *Tiberias* has more *worthy Thee* !  
 Then, costly *Babylonian Robes* he brings, \*  
 And *Tyrian Silks*, that *cloath* and *ransom* Kings :  
 All *honour'd* to be *touch'd* by her fair hand,  
 Who *Salem* and *Sebaste* might command ;  
 In both his *Royal Palaces* did stand ;  
 The worst of both to *Philip's* she'd prefer \*  
 And *both* were hers, tho' both *unworthy* her.  
 These *Presents* she receives, and more than these  
 Without a *Frown*, — *Sure 'twas* no *sin* to *please* !  
 With well-known *Art* *repell'd*, yet did *invite*,  
 — And *wishes* she his *bounty* cou'd *requite*.  
 But soon recalls that *Wish* — she had forgot  
 That *Herod* was her *Brother* — Think me not,  
 He *trembling* cries, my *Gratitude* to show,  
 I'd gladly give my *Crown* I were not so —  
 — Or if I am —

610

620

“ *Friendship* so pure as mine, who can *reprove* ?  
 “ *Minds* have no *Sexes* 'tis your *Mind* I love :  
*Platonic* all, her *Honour* he'll prefer  
 T' his *Life* and *Love*, nor wrong his *Queen* or *her*.  
 He'd only ask a *wish*, an *hand*, an *eye* :  
*Favours* for which 'twas *worth* the *while* to *dye*,  
 And swears in these *eternal Secrecy*.  
 — What bounds has *lawless Love* ? Soon headlong hence  
 They sunk to *Sin*, and thence to *Impudence* :  
 Bewitch'd with *wicked Joy* and stupid grown  
 No *measures* kept : To all the *Court* 'tis *known*,  
 Lost to his *Queen*, whom he'll no longer own ;  
 Whose *Father* long his *peaceful Scepter* sway'd  
 At fair *Damascus*, *Zobah* him obey'd, \*  
 Him *Aram's* fields, and those wild *Troops* which stray'd  
 Thro' *Geshur's* *Realm*, for *Pastures* ever *green* \*  
 Renown'd, and the wide wand'ring *Hagarene* : \*  
 To him enrag'd with loud *Complaints* she fled  
 Against the *Rival* of her *Crown* and *Bed* ;  
 Her and her *faithless* Lord with mortal *Hate*  
 She *prosecutes*, and urges on their *Fate* ;  
 Whilst her old *Father*, youthful *Anger* warms

630

640

Who

- Who for *Revenge* his fierce *Arabians* arms.  
*Herods* lewd *Court's* all silent, or approve  
650 With *wicked flattery* their *Princes* love;  
Till to the *Baptist* brought by babbling *Fame*,  
Whom *Zeal* to injur'd *Virtue* did inflame;  
Inspir'd with that, he from the *Desarts* came;  
Thence to the *Court* his steps directly bent,  
The opening *Crowd* bow'd lowly as he went;  
He past the *Guards*; struck with religious fear  
None durst oppose his way; approaching near  
Thro' every *Gate* and *Antichamber* past  
Preventing his own *Fame*, arriv'd at last  
660 To the retir'd *Alcove*; he thither prest,  
Sees the false *Charmer* negligently drest,  
Sees the luxurious *King* lean loosely on her *Breast*.  
Fierce *Herod* rose at the unwonted *Noise*,  
And hasty asks with a death-threat'ning *Voice*  
And *Eyes* all flame, what bold *Intruder* he  
Who dar'd invade his *Princes* privacy,  
And rush on certain *Fate*: — Nay rather tell  
How dares a bold *Adulterer* rush on *Hell*,  
The *Baptist* firm replies. — No sooner saw  
670 The guilty *King*, but struck with trembling awe  
Silent he stood, confus'd, his *Queen* the same,  
With anger pale by turns, and red with shame:  
So strange a pow'r undaunted *Virtue* brings,  
Daring e'en *Beauties* felt and conquering *Kings*:  
Hard was the struggle. — Now his nobler *Part*,  
His *Reason* rul'd, and from his *Royal Heart*  
Drew sighs of *Penitence*, Abortive sighs;  
Nor sooner were his *Tempters* charming *Eyes*  
Bent on him, but agen he doubtful stood;  
680 Which that curst *Spirit*, eternal *Foe* to *Good*  
Perceiving, found 'twas time himself to engage,  
Inspiring Him with *Lust*, and Her with *Rage*:  
Silent the *King*, thus haughty *Herodius* said —  
— Bold *Priest* — this *Insolence* shall cost thy *Head*,  
Is't not enough, hast thou not cheated well  
Who can't the *Vulgar* scare with *Tales* of *Hell*?  
Let them drudge on, dull *Virtues* *Laws* obey,

But

But Princes find to *Heav'n* an easier way.  
*Guards*, drag him hence, and him t' his *Fate* convey.

The King arose, with the vex'd *Fair* debates

690

And her imperious *Sentence* mitigates :

His ent'ring *Guards* the *Pris'ner* bids secure

17. And him in strong *Macherus* walls immure :

Fain each brave *Warrior* wou'd himself excuse,

And had they dar'd, th' ungrateful *Task* refuse ;

Fain, for the *fearless* *Pris'ner* intercede,

Who looks secure of *Fate*, and bids 'em lead.

Where e'er commanded by the *Tyrant*, they

With much regret and slowly, at last obey.

Nor after long, as chanc'd, the *festal day*

Of *Herod's Birth* arriv'd, at regal *Bords*,

700

21. As *Custom* call'd, his *Captains* and his *Lords*

And all his *High Estates* invited *Dine* :

The splendid *Feast* well o'er, in generous *Wine*

, Concluded, *Royal Musick* finish'd all,

"Treating their noble *Fancies* at a *Ball* :

One *Daughter*, e'er from him *Herodias* fled

Had blest the injur'd *Tetrarch's* nuptial *Bed* ;

Too plain in her the *World* her *Mother* spies,

The same fair *Face* and false deluding *Eyes* ;

710

Like her, of *Slaves* she had a mighty *band*,

And cou'd like her, *Smiles*, *Tears* and *Oaths* command ;

Like her, sweet *Poyson* from her *Eyes* and *Tongue*

Distill'd ; she like an *Angel* mov'd and sung.

Some soft *Arabian Tune* the *Musick* play,

22. She at the *signal* glides as soft away ;

Her feet as nimbly as their *fingers* move,

From all that saw, she *Wonder*, forc'd or *Love*.

The King extravagantly pleas'd, and proud

As she her self to hear th' *applauses* loud

720

So justly on her thrown from every side,

23. Ask, by th' unutterable *Name*, he cry'd,

Ask what thou wilt, nor shall thou be deny'd,

Tho' half my *Kingdom* were the mighty *Boon*.

Instructed by her *Mother*, but too soon

She claims his *Royal Word*, Nor ought, she said,

24 25. Ought wou'd sh' accept, besides the *Baptist's Head*.

He

- He struck the Board--- Rather than that thou'd fall  
 Take, cruel Maid ! not only *half* but *all* 26.  
 730 My Realms, he cry'd ; If you'll my Words release,  
 And leave the *Holy Man* to die in peace !  
*Inexorable* wicked still she stood,  
 Nothing cou'd quench her *Thirsty*, but guiltless Blood.  
 The Council diff'rent *suffrages* divide,  
 Some *Love* engag'd, fair *Murdres* ! on thy side ;  
 Some pure *Revenge* — He at the Court did rail ;  
 Some hers, because they thought she wou'd prevail.  
 A generous few there were, who tho' he'd sworn,  
 His Oath unlawful thought, but over-born  
 740 Are lost i'th Crowd — The King himself gives way,  
 And bids his *Guards* the *Damsels* word obey.  
 Scarce with long search they found a *Villain*, who  
 Was black enough the horrid work to do ;  
 Whom from the *Dungeon* when the *Baptist* spy'd,  
 Warn'd he that moment must for Death provide,  
 Long since that *business* is dispatch'd he cry'd,  
 That I was mortal born, I ever knew ;  
 And since this *Debt's* from all to Nature due,  
 The sooner paid the better, gladly I  
 750 In Gods fair Cause, and injur'd *Virtue's* die:  
 Nor if o'th' *Edg* of *Life* our Souls can see  
 Within the Realms of dark *Futurity*,  
 Shall long my *guiltless blood* unpunisht be. }  
 I see th' *Arabians* from their *Quivers* pour  
 O'r *Galilee* a dusky deadly show'r ;  
 I see — The ugly *Headsmen* will afford  
 No longer time, his unrelenting *Sword*  
 Soon stop'd his *breath*, an easie way it found ;  
 And *Blood* and *Life* at once gush'd from the *ghastly wound*.  
 760 His Head they to the *Feast* in triumph bear,  
 27, 28.  
 With joy receiv'd by false *Herodias* there ;  
 Who, lest they should delude her *Cruelty*,  
 Wipes his *man's* bloody Face, and cries 'Tis he !  
 Now *saucy Censures* at thy betters *sing* !  
 Now, if thou canst, *preach* on, and scorn a *King* !  
 Short-liv'd her wicked *Joys* base triumphs were,  
 For in the midst a *panting Messenger*  
 With

With *dust* all cover'd, *Terror* and *surprize*  
 And *hast* and *danger* in his *Face* and *Eyes*,  
 Thro' the thick *Circle* pale and bloodless *springs*,  
 And from the *Borders* *dismal* *Tidings* brings;  
 That *Aretas* with his *Arabian* bands  
 Passage obtain'd thro' wrong'd *Iturea's* *Lands*,  
*Jordan's* *small* *Streams* had near *Cesarea* pass'd,  
 And all the higher *Galilee* laid wast  
 With *Fire* and *Sword*; to whom strong *Abel's* *Town*  
 Their *Gates* had open'd, marching *Conq'r*or down  
 Thro' old *Zaanaim's* *Grove* to *Kedesh* near,  
 Which with high *Ramah*, struck with *panic* *fear*  
 Prepar'd to yield — Tho' *Guilt* in *Herod's* *Eyes*  
 Fear in his *Face*, to *Arms*, To *Arms*, he cries ?  
 With speed the bold *Invader* meet, before  
 He march too far, his *Troops* shall rove no more !  
 His *Forces* then from proud *Sebaste* draws,  
 And strong *Macherus*, which th' *Arabian* aw's  
 Wide-wandering thro' *Baara's* *distant* *Vale* ; \*  
 From *Carmel's* *Mount* and *Hermion's* *fruitful* *Dale* :  
 With his own *Troops* his pow'rful *Treasure* brings

770

780

Vid. *Joseph.*  
*Antiq.*

Of *Ishmael's* *Race*, *Auxiliary* *Kings*  
 From *Jordan's* *Eastern* *side*, and now cou'd boast  
 Had *Heav'n* stood still, a formidable *Host* :  
 Ev'n *Heav'n* it self to bribe t' his side he'll try  
 By unbecoming *awkward* *Piety* ;  
 By mighty *Gifts* he to the *Temple* sent,  
 And more than all -- he promis'd he'd repent.  
 In hast a *Corier* to the *Prison* sends,

790

29. The *Baptist's* *body* to his mourning *Friends*  
 He bids be strait deliver'd, him t' inter;  
 And he with *Tears* wou'd wash his *Sepulchre* :  
 Thro' the thin *Vizard* all with ease perceiv'd,  
 His *penitence*, nor *Earth*, nor *Heav'n* believ'd;  
 Loaden with *Curses* to the *Field* he went  
 But more with *guiltless* *blood* --- You know th' event !  
 His swift *Retreat*, his num'rous *Army* broke,  
 The *Day* and *Honour* lost without a stroke.  
 All this did babbling *Fame* t' our *Lord* convey  
 Who with his *Twelve* at rich *Caperna'm* lay,

800

While

While the great *Baptist* his Disciples mourn'd,  
Till *Herod*, furious to the Court return'd;  
810 Then with wise *Caution*, no unworthy *Fear*,  
Seeks a more safe *Retreat* in *Desarts*, near  
*Bethsaida's* wealthy *Villa*, where before \*  
He did, in *Heav'nly* *Wisdoms* sacred *Lore*,  
Instruct his *Auditors* — Thither he went  
With his lov'd *few*, and the calm *Moments* spent,  
In thoughts of that great *Work* to which design'd,  
And all the wond'rous *Things* were yet behind.

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*The End of the Fourth Book.*

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## NOTES

## ON

## The LIFE of CHRIST

## BOOK IV.

1. 'TIS pleasant when the rugged Storm is o'er.] The Hint was taken from that of Lucretius, — *Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis*, &c. And tho my Thought want of the *Finess* of his, I think it has also less *Ill-nature*.

52. Hail, Son of God! announc'd, confest, approv'd!] I was so well pleas'd with the Song of the Angels in *Milton*, on the same occasion, that I had a desire to try what I could do in that sort of *Verse*; tho I have but one Precedent of introducing *Blank Verse* into a Poem compos'd of *Rhimes*, and that is in the famous *Art of Poetry*, done by a Person of Quality in our own Language, and how I've succeeded in't must be left to the Reader.

111. Hell's Principality thou shalt destroy.] So Mr. Mede interprets the Seed of the Woman's Bruising the Serpent's head; where he adds a pretty Observation of a certain Author, That there's not only a certain Impression of Fear on the Serpent, at the sight of a Man, which makes him run away, unless forc'd to fight for his Life, which he does with a particular Care of his Head; but which is more remarkable, that a naked Man frights him much more than one that's cloth'd, as if he still retain'd some *Idæa* of his first Enemy.

167. An easie Hill there is, whence looking down, Tiberias here, there Fair Bethsaida's Town, &c.] Some place this Mount of the Beatitudes between Tiberias and Bethsaida: others East of Bethsaida, nearer Capernaum. Tradition agrees with the former Opinion, the People of the Country shewing to this day a little Hill thereabouts, which they call Our Lord's Table; and which the Pilgrim, who saw it, says, is neither very large nor very high. And this Opinion I chuse to follow.

178. Equally ignorant and innocent.] Undoubtedly our Saviour might have chosen his Apostles all learned Men; but he had great and wise Ends to the contrary, namely, to humble the Pride of Man, and convince him that neither Birth, Learning, nor any other external Advantage, are so acceptable to him as Virtue and Innocence. And besides, to obviate such Objections as he well knew would, in after Ages, be made against his Religion; since 'twas an impossible thing for such simple and illiterate Men, as his Apostles, to compose so excellent a System both of speculative and moral Truths; nor could they have them any where but from Heaven.

185. Thence Philip, who Nathanael did invite.] It's generally thought Bartholomew and Nathanael were the same; there's little to be said for't, and nothing against it. However Nathanael had the more treatable Sound, for which Reason I rather chose it.

187. Matthew, who freely did the World forsake.] Levi and Matthew the Publicans, are generally thought the same.

189. — The

189. — *The lesser James* — *Who justly honourable Kindred claims* — *With our lov'd Lord.*] He's called *James the Less*, as is conjectured, from his *Stature*; and the Brother of our Lord, Gal. 1. 19. because his *Kinsman* after the Jewish Idiom.

214. *Hear Fathers*, part of *what he then express'd*.] I can't say I've wrought in every particular Passage of this best of Sermons, as 'tis left us entire in *fifth*, *sixth*, and *seventh* of S. Matthew, and some Fragments in others of the *Evangelists*, being a compleat Summary of our Saviour's *Law*, at least, as far as practical Truths. But I think I've not omitted many things remarkable in my Paraphrase upon it, endeavouring to give, as near as possible, the utmost and largest Import of every *Expression* in the particular *Beatitudes*; under each of which I've rank'd what seem'd reducible to it in the following Verses and Chapters, adding the *contrary Woes*, from St. Luke's Gospel.

217. *Still search for Happiness.*] 'Tis obvious to observe, as *Grotius* and others upon the Place, that our Saviour begins his Discipline with the *Search* after true *Happiness*; going higher than any Philosopher ever did before him, not fixing it in any worldly Enjoyments, Pleasure, Riches, Honour, &c. but rather in a Contempt or Indifference for them; nay even in the *Want* of them, in Poverty, Infamy, &c. if God's Providence think such Circumstances best for us; all which trifling *Inconveniences*, he asserts were so far from being Impediments to a good Man's felicity, that he carries his Followers even beyond the *Indolence* of the *Stoics*, bidding 'em *exult* and *rejoice* under 'em, on consideration of the divine support in this *Life*, and eternal Retribution in a better; and this he asserts in several Paradoxes directly opposite to the generally receiv'd Sentiments concerning Happiness.

220. *There are who think their Bliss fast lock'd, they hold, &c.*] The most generally receiv'd Notion of Happiness is, that it consists in *Riches*, the contrary to which is prov'd, both from the *Baseness* of such an Opinion, and by applying several Properties of the *Summum Bonum*, none of which agree with 'em: *Certainty*, the *ἀπείρονος* or having it in our own Power: *Durableness* and *Desireableness* for themselves and no other further good. 'Tis therefore rather fix'd in *Poverty*; the sense of which none has given better and closer than our own incomparable *Hammond*, who thus in his Paraphrase, "Blessed are they, that, how high soever their condition is in this World, are yet in Mind, Affection and Conversation, humble and lowly; and when they are in worldly Poverty, bear it willingly, and not only of necessity: for to such belongs a Kingdom, &c."

241. *Unwary Youth, which seldom chuses right, Rush hot and furious after vain delight.*] The next common Mistake concerning true *Happiness*, is of those who place it in worldly *Pleasure*; which our Saviour obviates in his second Paradox and *Beatitude*, *Blessed are those that mourn*, for the meaning of which *Mourning*, vid *Grot. in loc.*

263. *Others, as vain, attempt their Names to raise, Their Lives employ'd in eager chase of Praise.*] A third sort of Men expect their Happiness from worldly Fame, Honour, Praise, or things of that nature. These, if I mistake not, our Saviour opposes in his third *Beatitude*, *Blessed are the meek*. I know *Grotius* thinks the *οἱ πραεῖς*, the meek here mentioned, are opposed to the *οὐρανοῖς*, as he says they are in *Aristotle*, to the *Passionate* and *Angry*: Others, that such are meant by them as are not covetous of Revenge, but by the *Sweetness* and *Temper* of their Minds endeavour to oblige all Men. And accordingly, *De Dieu*, that they are here opposed to the *Proud*, and signify no more than the *Humble*. However, if *Meekness* and *Humility* be here required, and the contrary Vices *Pride* and *Revenge* forbidden, the *Causes* and *Effects* of those Vices must be also included, and what can those be but an immoderate Desire of Fame, Praise, Glory, &c. Under which Head I've wrought in most of the Precepts in the following Verses, relating to *Meekness*. That of not calling our Brother *Racha*, (I think much of the same Import with our English *Sirrah*) in v. 283.

*Nor suffering in ill Language, &c.*] An Elevation of the Christian Doctrine, as Dr. *Hammond* observes, far beyond the Heathen Theology; *Homer* introducing one of his Goddesses, nay *Minerva* her self, who should have had more *Wisdom*, encouraging

encouraging *Achilles* to rail heartily at *Agamemnon*, tho he was not to strike him,

— ἀλλ' ἦτοι ἔμενον μὴ δειδῶν.

302. *How few who any true concern will show, For ought but these vain perishing Goods below.* ] After removing these three former mistaken Notions of Happiness, our Saviour proceeds to establish a better, *Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after Righteousness*, &c. "Who, as *Spanheim* explains it, "being conscious of their own want of Righteousness, do most earnestly desire it. *Justice* or *Righteousness* here mentioned, being, according to *Grotius*, "A general, or Cardinal Virtue, implying all the rest, namely, whatsoever is grateful or "acceptable to Almighty God. *They shall be filled*, they shall obtain what they pursue, says *Hammond*, and be satisfied in it. To this Beatitude is opposed the contrary *Woe* in *S. Luke*, *Woe to you that are full, for you shall hunger*. In the former *Hunger* and *Thirst*, *Grotius* and others think, is included, such a Desire after Piety and Virtue, as makes Men willingly or patiently undergo Hunger, Thirst, and all other Inconveniences, in order to obtain them. And under this Head I've inserted several of our Saviour's Lessons concerning Resignation and Contentment.

360. *Blessed is the Man, himself who truly knows, And Mercy, which he hopes, to others shows.* ] The Fifth Beatitude, *Blessed are the merciful*; which consists, as *Walker* explains it, "in shewing all Mercy and Compassion to our Neighbours in their Necessities; further explained *ver. 44.* and in *chap. vi. 12, 14* and *vii. 1, 12, &c.*

372. *Traditions teach you, if your Bodies pure, &c.* ] The Sixth Beatitude, *Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God*. "They, says *Hammond*, who defile not the "Eye of their Soul, with worldly or fleshly Lusts: and as another, "who do not "only subdue evil Deeds but evil Desires. In opposition to the false Glosses of the Pharisees; who, it seems, taught their Followers, that if they abstain'd from outward Acts, they might think what Ill they pleas'd: and it's plain, *Josephus*, who was a Pharisee, was of this Mind: and *David Kimchi* not only defends it, but wrests Scripture to that End. Now the Blessing promis'd to those who are thus pure in heart, by our Saviour, is, that they shall see God; not only by knowing his Will here, but in the Enjoyment of the Beatifical Vision, to all Eternity: as *Spanheim*, *Brugensis*, and *Walker*, tho I think the *Old Man*, last named, goes a little too far, when he says, "Looking even upon a Man's own Wife, τὸ ἐμψυχῶσαι αὐτῆς, is a breach of this Purity of Heart, and will exclude out of Heaven.

404. *Are eager for an Hero's sounding Name.* ] The Seventh Beatitude is, *Blessed are the Peacemakers*; "which is plac'd, says one, in the Zeal on all occasions of "making and preserving Peace. First, negotiating the Peace of all men with God, which was the Apostles Employment. And Secondly, procuring by all means, the Peace of Men among themselves: for this reason putting up Affronts, and suffering Injuries. This Character and Employment, should, without doubt, belong eminently to the Governours and Doctors of the Church, who ought especially to be the *passages*, the Light of the World, and Salt of the Earth, and to teach Men to keep God's Commands; but this not excluding private Christians. The Reward of these Peacemakers is, they shall be called [shall be] the Sons of God: like to God, says *Hammond*, as Children to a Parent; being already, as the Apostle says, Partakers of the Divine Nature: true Heroes or Sons of God; which Title was vainly affected by the great Men among the Heathen, and sought, not by Peace, but by War and Bloodshed.

453. *You first triumphant from the Dust shall rise.* ] There was a Notion, as Dr. *Hammond*, Dr. *Sherlock*, and others observe, generally received by the Primitive Christians, that the Martyrs, nay, some extended it as far as the Confessors and eminent Saints, should, immediately on their deaths, enjoy the Beatifick Vision. But there was another Point also generally among 'em, concerning the same Persons, that they should rise before the rest of the Dead in the Day of Judgment: whence that Suffrage in their antient Liturgies, *ut partem haberet in Resurrectione prima*, for a part in the first Resurrection.

468. *When thus he them had thundered down from Heav'n.* ] The Commandments were first spoken, and so are properly the Decalogue, or Ten-Words, after which they

they were written in the 2 Tables, first by God, and then by *Moses*; *Deut. 5. 22.* I know not whether I ought to make any Apology for inserting here all the Commandments, which our Saviour does not; but considering he mentions them all in general, nay several in particular here, and most of the rest in other places; considering these things I say, there needs no great Poetical Licence for my bringing them in all together.

472. *Nor from Heav'n's piercing Eye such Treason hope to hide.*] Wherein I have given the sense of those words *ἐνώπιόν μου*, or *before me* in this Command.

473. *By no resemblance vain, &c.*] By the word *resemblance* I endeavour to express the force of the Hebrew *המורה* and the Greek *ὁμοίωμα*, which is so comprehensive, that all the *Image-Worshippers* in the World can never get clear on't; and there is no way of answering it, but by setting their *Index Expurgatorius* to work upon't, and razing it quite out of the Commands: Nor need we wonder they do so with the Words of *good Men*, when they begun with those of God himself.

474. *No hallow'd Thing let thy bold Sacrilege profane.*] The best Commentators conclude, that Sacrilege is forbidden in this Command; or the Violation of all holy Persons, Places, and Things, as well as the Tremendous Name of God, by a false or vain Attestation of it.

480. *Thy Parent and thy Prince, &c.*] That Political and Ecclesiastical Parents, as well as Natural, our Governours in Church and State, are here included, as well as our Fathers and Mothers, I think all assert, who have written upon this Command: And 'tis observed, the Promise annexed to it, is repeated in the New Testament by the Apostle, as assuring the followers of Jesus, that the Obligation was not ceas'd either on Gods part or ours: And I really believe that Blessing of long Life, on Obedience, seldom fails: I speak particularly as to *Natural Parents*. As well as all the rest, even *Temporal Blessings*, with which Providence does (according to the Observation of considering men) almost constantly favour the Piety of Obedient Children; whilst on the contrary the Impious Undutiful seldom or never escapes in this Life some Exemplary Severity from the Impatience of the Divine Justice.

489. *Each Sin in Thought abhor.*] This seems to be one of those *additional Explanations* (if I may be permitted to use such a Phrase) which our Saviour made of the Old Law, contrary to the Doctrine of the *Pharisees* before mentioned.

508. *Since you a Form for your Direction need.*] The Apostles did need a *Form*, otherwise they'd never have ask'd it, [*"Lord, teach us to pray"*] or at least our Saviour would not have given it, who does nothing in Vain. For it's true enough, that those who are *wiser* or *better* than the Apostles, may do without it. That our Saviour gave the very words to his Disciples, and requir'd them to make use of 'em in that very Form, Mr. Mede proves, I think unanswerably, in his excellent Works. Further, what *Grotius* affirms of this Prayer is very remarkable; "That the Form was not so much conceiv'd in Christ's own Words, as compiled by him out of what was most laudable, out of the Old Euchologies or Liturgies of the *Jews*; so far was he from any Affectation of unnecessary Novelty: Adding a curious Collection of all the particular Petitions, and most of the very words of that Prayer, from those old Forms of theirs: Nor sure, can any think the *Rabbies* would since have inserted 'em, had they not been there before. The Collection he gives is to this effect; "Our Father which art in Heaven, "hallow'd be thy Name, O Lord our God, and thy memory Glorifi'd, both in "Earth below and Heaven above; (out of *Sepher Zephillim, Lusitan. p. 115.*) "Thy Kingdom reign over us both now and for ever, (*Sepher Hammustar. 49. 1.*) "Forgive and pardon them that trespass against me, (*Com. in Brike Avotb. 24.*) "Lead us not into the hand of Temptation, but deliver us from Evil; (*Sepher Hammustar. 9. 12.*) For thine is the Kingdom, and there shall reign gloriously for ever and ever. Amen. (*Id. Ib.*) And the same Observation has been made by our *Lightfoot*, *Gregory*, and others.

514. *Let thy dear Son his promis'd Empire gain.*] To explain this, take a remarkable passage out of a Latin Catechism printed here in England in King Edwards time, for the Use of the Protestants. On the Explanation of this Petition

tion, "Thy Kingdom come, (the Author goes on in this manner); *Adhuc enim*, &c. "For yet we see not all things put under Christ. We see not how the Stone should be cut out of the Mountain without Hands which broke in pieces and reduced to nothing the Image described by *Daniel*. How Christ, who is the true *Rock*, should obtain and possess the Empire of the whole World, which is granted him by the Father, nor is Antichrist yet destroyed. Whence we yet desire and pray, that these things may in due time come to pass.

519. *But chiefly feast our Souls with food Divine.*] Tho they must have an excellent Art at *Wiredrawing Consequences*, who can prove *Transubstantiation* out of those words, even supposing *embon* here should signify *Super substantial*; yet all grant, that under this humble *Form*, wherein we expressly beg for Bread only, are included all Necessaries for Soul and Body, the chief of which, our Saviour himself, or his blessed *Assistance* and *Presence* by his Holy Spirit, which was ignorantly desired by those who said, *Lord evermore give us this Bread*. [Christians alone in Name.] Indeed they were not then Christians so much as in Name, being first so called at *Antioch*, as the sacred Writings tell us. However 'tis but a common *Prolepsis*, like *Virgil's Lavina Littora*.

578. *Whose Lord did in poor Trachonitis Reign—And wild Iturea.*] *Herod the Great*, as *Joseph. De Bell. Jud. Lib. 1.* in his last Will appointed *Archelaus* King in his room, *Antipas Tetrarch*, and *Philip* Lord of *Trachonitis*: Which Testament of his was thus altered by *Augustus*, (*Joseph. Lib. 2. Cap. 4.*) *Archelaus* had half the Kingdom, with the Title of *Ethnarch*; his Dominion containing, *Judaea*, *Samaria*, and *Idumea*: *Herod Antipas* was *Tetrarch* of *Galilee*; his Brother *Philip* of *Batanea*, *Trachonitis*, and *Auranitis*; the yearly Incom of all together, as *Josephus* tells us, coming but to an Hundred Talents.

585. *Tbro' stony Fields and Woods of fatal yew,*  
*Did Bands of roving Ihmaelites pursue.*] *Strabo* gives an account of the wild and savage Temper of these *Itureans*, calling them by no better a Name than *κακέργες*, either *Rogues* or *Vipers*, and describing those Parts full of Caves, Woods, and inaccessible Mountains, so infested with Robbers, that the *Romans* were forced to keep constant Guards there, for the security of the Country. They were, it seems, excellent Archers both in *Iturea* and *Trachonitis*; the Bows of the first being famous as far as *Rome*; whence that of *Virgil*,—*Itureos taxi torquentur in arcus*. And *Josephus* tells us, that *Gratus* the Roman General conquered the Thieves that wasted *Judaea*, by the help of the Bowmen of *Trachon*. *Bell. Jud. Lib. 2. Cap. 8.* He also gives a pleasant account of this poor Prince *Philip*, That he used to have his *Seat of Justice* carryed about with him wherever he went; tho he gives him withal such a Character as he cou'd not his wealthier Brother: For he says, he was a just and honest Man.

610. *Then costly Babylonian Robes he brings.*] These were accounted the richest wearing among the Eastern Nations, generally appropriated to Royal Persons; as *Fuller* in his Description of the Jewish Garments. Hence *Achan* covered the Babylonish Garment at the taking of *Jericho*.

614. *Who Salem and Sebaste might command.*] *Herod* had several noble Palaces, that at *Jerusalem* near the Temple, another at *Sebaste* or *Samaria*. *Joseph. Ant. Jud. Lib. 15. Cap. 11.*

639. —*At fair Damascus, Zobah him obey'd,—him Arams Fields, &c.*] One *Aretas*, we are sure, was King of *Damascus* not long after our Saviours time, who is mentioned in the *Acts* of the Apostles. That one of the same Name (who was *Herod's* Father-in-Law,) was King of one of the *Arabia's*, *Josephus* tells us; and that his Daughter fled from *Herod* to her Father, about the matter of *Herodias*; for which reason the Old angry King entred his Territories, and gave him Battle, wherein *Herod* was worsted, his Army forsaking him; which, the same Author adds, the People look'd on as a Judgment on him, for his cruelty against the *Baptist*. All this is Fact; and I have, to mend the story, clapt two Kings into one, or given one a little larger Kingdom than the Map will allow him; 'tis now of no great Concern, nor I believe will any of the Princes thereabouts be angry at the lessening their Borders.

693. *And him in strong Machærus Walls immure.*] Some say S. John was Beheaded in Machærus, others in Sebaste. Josephus seems to be for the former, in his Antiquities, Lib. 1. Cap. 10. Concerning which, honest Ludolfus tells a right wonderful Story; "That Herodias caus'd S. John's Head to be brought to Jerusalem, and cautiously Bury'd there, near the Palace of Herod, being afraid lest the Prophet should rise again, if his Head and Body shou'd have been bury'd together. All the Questions, how this Passage came to be known, which could come out by no less than *Divine Inspiration*? and for it seems it did, for he goes on, "This Head was afterwards found by the Monks, to whom the blessed Baptist appear'd, and reveal'd the place where they had bury'd it.

714. *The half my Kingdom were the mighty Boon.*] So those poor Profelytes affect-ed to Talk, apeing the Magnificence of the old Eastern Kings. And because Abasuerus thus complimented Hester, Herod must say the same to the Daughter of Herodias, tho' his whole Kingdom, I suppose hardly as large as one of the others, Twelve Hundred and Seven and Twenty Provinces; his whole Annual Revenue, as Josephus tells us, amounting but to 200 Talents.

776. — *Strong Abel's Town.*] Abel-Bethmaacha was a strong Town near the North Borders of Galilee, into which Sheba threw himself when pursu'd by David's Army.

786. *Wide wandring thro' Baaras distant Vale.*] Josephus says, Herod kept a strong Garrison in Machærus to bridle the Arabians; just against which was the famous Valley of Baaras, for the Wonders of which, that Historian has been so much Talk'd of.

812. *Bethsaida's wealthy Villa.*] 'Tis sometimes called a Village, at others a Town or City, tho' if only a Village, large enough, according to Josephus, who says, every Village in Galilee, even the least of them, contained 15000 Inhabitants; (but sure there must be some mistake in the number). This Bethsaida he says, was for the pleasantness of it, erected into a City, and called Julias: But let it be then what it wou'd, our Saviour's woe is now accomplish'd against it, and 'tis reduced to its first Original, a Lodg in the Wilderness; nothing thereof now remaining, as Travellers tell us, besides 7 or 8 scatter'd Cottages, which scarce deserve the Name of Houses.

# THE ARGUMENT OF THE Fifth BOOK.

**T**HE Apostle proceeds and relates the Miracle of the Loaves, at which the Multitude surpriz'd, would again have forc'd our Saviour to accept of the Kingdom; but he retires from them, and continues all Night praying in one of the Proseuchæ or Oratories of the Jews, having sent his Disciples cross the Lake towards Capernaum; whom he overtakes, walking on the Sea, before it was Day; the Disciples being affrighted, till knowing his Voice, St. Peter leaves the Ship and goes towards him, who, when ready to sink, supports him, and entering the Ship, they immediately land between Bethsaida and Capernaum; to the latter of which our Saviour goes with his Disciples, being followed by the Multitude, more for Interest than Devotion. His Sermon to them, in the Synagogue, on that Subject, and Discourse concerning eating his Flesh and drinking his Blood, at which, the Jews being offended, many of his Followers forsake him; and upon his Apostles Protestation of Fidelity, he prophesies that one of them should betray him. He cures the Son of Chuza, Herod's Steward, when desperately ill of a Fever, on which he himself, who had before been an Herodian, became his Follower, with all his House. The Miracle of the Centurion's Servant, Simon's Wife's-Mother, and the Paralytick, at Capernaum; and that on Blind Bartimæus, at Jericho. Going up to Jerusalem, he cures one that was born Blind, curses the Fig-tree; the first time purges the Temple of Buyers and Sellers, and cures the infirm Man, at the Pool of Bethesda. The Apostle next recites several of his Parables, that of the wicked Judg, and importunate Widow, the cruel Servant, the rich Miser, the Pharisee and Publican, and, more at large, that of the Prodigal Son; which newly finished, Chuza, who was an Acquaintant of Gamaliel's, being in Town against the Passover, comes to his House, brings his Friend the Centurion with him; where finding St. John and the other Disciples, whom he had formerly seen in Galilee, he desires a fuller account of the Mysteries of the Christian Faith, and the Person of our Saviour. This the beloved Disciple agrees to give him. Whose Preparations for it conclude the Fifth Book.

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Mat. 14

Book 5. pag: 143.

The five Loaves & 2 Fishes multiplied.

THE  
LIFE  
OF  
CHRIST:  
AN  
Heroic Poem.

BOOK V.



THUS far, attent, and pleas'd the *Fathers*  
 hear,  
 Nor any signs of *weariness* appear;  
 Tho' half the *day* was past, and *Sol* had  
 driv'n  
 His flaming *Courfers* to the top of *Heav'n*:  
 Th' Apostle paus'd, his *Hearers* cou'd not stay  
 But urge him on, *impatient* of *delay*;  
 What yet behind more earnest *press* to tell,  
 Nay not t' omit one *Word* or *Miracle*:  
 Who thus proceeds — Nor long our Lord conceal'd  
 10 Lay there, e'en more by his *Retreat* reveal'd;

U

As

Matt. 14. 16.  
 Luke 9. 13.  
 John 6.

As the *Suns Face* is with more *Eyes* survey'd,  
 When veil'd in an *Eclipses* dusky shade:  
 Where he himself and his lov'd *Twelve* repos'd  
 Some *Shepherds* to the neighb'ring *Towns* disclos'd, \*  
 They flock by *Thousands* and the Saviour found,  
 As him the *Twelve*, they them *encompass* round:  
 Where on an *easy Hillock* rais'd he taught,  
 At once *instructs*, and *cures* who e'er were brought: \*  
 With him the *Multitude* unweary'd stay  
 Till length'ning *shadows* show'd declining day. } 20  
 When the *Disciples* hasten'd them away  
 From the *wild Desert*, where with *Hunger* prest  
 And *Travel* tir'd, they'd neither *Food* nor *Rest*:  
*Compassionate* our Saviour casts his *Eyes*  
 Amidst th' expecting *Crowd*, and thus replies:  
 And shall we so *unhospitably* use  
 Our *Guests*? a short *Refreshment* them refuse?  
 Whom if the *Night* and *Hunger* joyn'd oppress,  
 They'll faint and perish in the *Wilderness*?  
 Rather let's all our own *small Stores* impart, 30  
 Presented with a *cheerful face* and *heart*.  
 When frugal *Philip* and wise *Andrew* cry'd,  
 Whence shall we *Bread* for such vast *Crowds* provide?  
 Five *Loaves* our stock, to which we chanc'd to take  
 Two *Fishes*, lately angling on the *Lake*.  
 Give what you have out of your *narrow store*  
 Our Lord, *rejoys*, nor I, nor *Heav'n* ask more:  
 Be't yours t' invite and place the *Company*,  
*Dispose* of them, and leave the rest to me.  
 This with his wonted *Majesty* he said, 40  
 And they with *faith* and *wonder* mixt obey'd:  
 Five *Thousand Souls* tho' we unreckon'd pass  
 The *weaker Sex* and *Age*, upon the *Grass*,  
 Which plenteous flourish'd there, *discumbent* laid  
 For their great *Benefactor's* bounty staid:  
 Whom whilst half-fainting him intent they ey'd,  
 We in a *hundred different Troops* divide: \*  
 Then in those glorious *Hands* the Food he takes  
 By which *what e'er he please, what e'er he please he makes*; \*  
 His *bands* and *eyes* at once to *Heav'n* he rais'd 50

From

- From whence *all good*, and the great *Giver* prais'd;  
 Then *blest*, and *brake*, and gave — *A strange surprise*  
 Seiz'd all, nor cou'd we trust our *hands* or *eyes*  
 Till *tast* assisted — we from him receive  
 And to th' *astonish'd Crowd* around us give  
 \* Both *Fish* and *Bread*, a welcom humble *Treat*;  
 \* Each wond'ring *Guest* with *Thanks* and *Praises Eat*:  
 Still *unexhausted* our *miraculous store*,  
 Till all the *Company* *suffic'd* give o'er;  
 60 When, as he bids, what still amaz'd us more,  
 Gathering the broken reliques of the *Feast*,  
 We saw the *Wonder* like the *Loaves* increas'd:  
 Twelve empty *Baskets* in the *Vessel* lay  
 Wherein we *Fish* from *place* to *place* convey: \*  
 For these t' our *Mates* on *Shipboard* left we call,  
 And with the wond'rous *Fragments* fill'd 'em all:  
 Loud *shouts* the *People* gave which *shook* the *Ground*,  
*Tabor* and *Carmel's* distant *hills* resound:  
 In grateful *Songs* spread the *soft Sex* his *Fame*,  
 70 "And teach their *stamm'ring Babes* to *lisp* his *Name*:  
 The *Men* in frequent *knots* together *crowd*,  
 First *whisp'ring*, *murm'ring* then, then *speak* aloud:  
 The *Heathen Yoke* why shou'd they longer wear,  
 Proud *Herod* and th' *insulting Romans* bear,  
 When *Heav'n* had sent 'em a *Deliverer*;  
 Who all their *Wounds* cou'd cure, their *Wants* supply,  
 Nay e'en their *Lives* restore, if in his *Cause* they die?  
 Greater than *Moses's* self, by him foretold,  
 And all the holy *Messengers* of old:  
 80 That *Greatness* whence he learnt a *Crown* to scorn  
 Declares he for a *Crown* was only *born*:  
 We've *Force* enough, a greater *Army* we  
 \* Than joyn'd at *Modin* the brave *Maccabee*:  
 No longer his *injurious modesty*  
 Let's suffer thus to *hide* his *worth* in *vain*,  
 And thus *defraud* all *Israel* of his *reign*.  
 First for *Tiberias* under him we'll go,  
*Samaria* next our *Princes* *pow'r* shall know;  
 And next *Jerusalem*, where stronger grown,  
 90 We'll fix him on his *Father David's Throne*:

Wrought to the height they Palms and Garments bring,  
 Hail promis'd Prince they cry'd, hail Israel's King!  
 Their dang'rous kindness quickly drives him thence,  
 Against a Crown, Flight's only his defence:  
 Of this far more than all his Foes, affraid;  
 By hast'ning night at once, and the thick shade  
 Favour'd, he scap'd, and did himself convey  
 To a place remote where oft he us'd to pray; \*  
 Wall'd on the sides, as custom is, to yield  
 A shelter from wild Beasts that range the field:  
 Wide ope to Heav'n, unless by chance 'twas found  
 With pleasant Trees, like some fair Arbor crown'd,  
 By pious Industry thick planted round:  
 Here stay'd alone, till night began to wear, \*  
 In Meditation, holy Hymns and Pray'r:  
 Mean while the chosen Twelve at his Command  
 Directly steer for rich Capern'um's Land,  
 Where with Bethsaida's pleasant Coasts 'tis joyn'd.  
 Long had we row'd and beat it in the Wind,  
 But yet with all our labour made no way;  
 And now shrill Cocks foretold th' approach of day \*  
 Which glad we heard, tho' yet no beam of light;  
 All Sea-marks hid in the tempestuous night:  
 Still wrought the Waves, the Bark so rudely tost,  
 Our Lord not there; we gave our selves for lost:  
 The Mast came close by th' Board, the Helm was gone;  
 An useless hulk we lay, and floated on,  
 As the Waves pleas'd, 'twas vain we thought to strive,  
 Nor cou'd two Glasses more expect to live: \*  
 Some Rafts, and Boards provide, some ready stand  
 To quit the Ship and try to reach the Land;  
 Then of each other our last farewell take;  
 —When sudden, thus concern'd, Barjonas spake;  
 Or my Eyes fail me, Mates! or on the Lake  
 Something approaching to the Ship I see:  
 We look'd, and all in the same thoughts agree.  
 Forward it mov'd, in humane Form appear'd,  
 Till with us close came up; anew we fear'd  
 Some danger worse than death — still nearer view'd  
 Some horrid Spectre 'tis, we all conclude;

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Which

- Which when we at the very Poop perceive,  
 We with loud Shreeks prepare the Ship to leave;  
 While crowding to the Stern in haste we fled  
 Distinct th' Appearance spoke, and thus it said:  
 —“Courage my Friends! me still at need you'll find!  
 “'Tis I my Self — Give these vain fears to th' Wind.  
 The dear-lov'd Voice we heard twixt hope and fear,  
 Yet hardly durst believe our help so near:  
 When Cephas thus, if Lord thy Voice it be  
 140 Agen let's hear, and bid me come to thee!  
 Agen he spake, whilst rapt in Joy we stand,  
 And mild, invites him with his Voice and Hand!  
 Away he springs on the wide watry field,  
 Solid as Rocks the Waves refus'd to yield:  
 With daring feet thro' paths unknown he goes,  
 And rises as the rolling Surges rose:  
 But when he saw the surly Ocean frown,  
 The hollow hanging Waves look lowring down,  
 He in a dreadful Vale, the Seas and Night  
 150 Conjoyn'd to intercept our Saviour's sight;  
 The Storm more fierce, the Winds obstruct his race,  
 And dash the twisted foam against his Face;  
 Surpriz'd with fear he felt the slipp'ry Wave  
 Sink underneath, and cry'd --- O Master save!  
 He heard, and did his want of Faith upbraid:  
 He heard and sav'd, but asks him, Why affraid?  
 Whence he so soon cou'd so forgetful prove,  
 And whether he distrusts his Pow'r or Love?  
 Then to the Ship receiv'd-----  
 160 We knew him all, and all our Lord adore,  
 And the next moment safely reach'd the shore:  
 \* Nor long upon the sounding Beach we walk'd  
 And of the various fears and dangers talk'd  
 That dreadful night escap'd, e'er welcom day  
 \* Did o'er sweet Hermon's Hill its beams display:  
 To meet the Sun on a warm sandy Bed  
 Fronting to East our Nets and Cloaths we spread;  
 These quickly dry'd, thence to Capernaum went,  
 To whose fair walls his steps our Saviour bent:  
 170 But e'er we reach'd the Town, as back we threw

John 6. 23.

Our wand'ring Eyes the pleasant Lake to view,  
 We saw the Western side thick cover'd o'r  
 With Ships and Men, we saw the cluster'd shore  
 Grow thinner by degrees, till black no more  
 Its Face appear'd, but a fair prospect yields;  
 Here ragged Rocks and Sands, there verdant Fields;  
 Whilst the green Sea as late the crouded Strand  
 Is blacken'd o'r like some well-wooded Land:  
 So when their way a flight of Locusts takes  
 From Lubims wild and Chelonidian Lakes; \*  
 While Mizraim's Sons their sacred Ox implore  
 And trembling see the Plague wide hov'ring o'r;  
 So when the Westwind clears their reedy Shore, \*  
 Their Fields do's of their straggling Squadrons sweep,  
 Precipitating in the Arabian deep; \*  
 So looks the Gulph, when they a period find \*  
 To their long Voyage, and driven by the Wind  
 Almost from Shore to Shore, their Bodies spred,  
 Changing the Sea to black which once was red:  
 So lookt the Lake, when from the distant side  
 Under a gentle Gale their Oars they ply'd,  
 The Wind ver'd round to West, at once they sweep  
 With equal numerous strokes the angry deep;  
 At once their secret liquid way they find,  
 And leave alike long closing paths behind;  
 At once their Vessels cut the yielding Sand,  
 They at Chorazin or Caperna'm land:

John 6. 24.

- Where soon surpriz'd, our Lord again they found,  
 For well they knew he cou'd not coast it round  
 By Land thro' fair Bethsaida's bending Shore,  
 Nor Boat, with winged Sail, or Fin-like Oar  
 To waft him cross, his own put off before.
25. Solicitous they ask him, when and how  
 He thither came; who with a steady brow  
 Thus answers them severe, "If I shou'd tell  
 This would no more than the last Miracle  
 Convince your unbelief--- Too well I see
26. You rather seek the wond'rous Loaves than me:  
 Fond Men! employ not thus your fruitless pain  
 The miscall'd Goods of this false World to gain!

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Why

Why so much toil and care for *per'shing* meat,  
And why no more for what th' *Immortals* eat?  
With this I all my faithful *Foll'wers* cheer,  
To scatter this my Father sent me here,  
And seal's with *Miracles*; this you'll receive  
If you his words obey, and mine believe.

7. 2.

The *indocil Croud* more *Wonders* still desire,  
New *Signs* from *Heav'n*, yet more *august* and *higher* :  
Nothing but *Manna* pleases, that they fain

220 Wou'd *tast*, their *stiff-neck'd Fathers* did *disdain* :

Num. 11. 6.

\* For *Angels Food* they long, to gratifie  
Their *curious*, yet their *lazy Luxury* :  
How gladly he had their *Messia* been  
T' have sav'd 'em from their *work*, tho' not their *Sin*!  
For this the *Empire* of the *World* to gain  
That they in *solid sloth* might ever reign :

Not so our *Lord*, who *Labour* recommends,  
And but th' *industrious*, none esteems his *Friends* :  
Nor wou'd more *Wonders* work, lest if they grow

230 Too *cheap* and *mean*, they shou'd no more be so: }

John 6. 32.

But tells 'em, 'twas not *Moses* did bestow  
That *Manna*, which they did from *Heav'n* receive,  
Nor was ev'n that the best that *Heav'n* cou'd give :  
Its *choicest Fare* had *Virtues* far more high,  
Virtues which those who *tast* can never die. }

That *Bread* they fain wou'd have, That *Bread* am I, }

33. 35.

*Rejoins* our *Lord*, tho' not as you *desire* ;  
I not the *Body*, but the *Mind* inspire  
With *Strength Celestial*, *Vigour* all *Divine*,

240 To do my *Fathers Will*, and his is *mine* :

38.

Whom thus I'll guard till *Life's* sad *Scene* be o'r,  
Nor shall they ever *thirst* or *hunger* more :

Who e'r my Father sends, by the sure *Sign*

37.

\* Of a good *Faith* and *Life* distinguish'd mine ;

These with his *Grace* and *Holy Spirit* endu',

(*Man's bad* is all his *own*, *Heav'n's* all his *good* ; )

These I'll receive, none e'r *repell'd* shall be,

Who leave the *World* and *Sin* and *come* to me :

Yes, those who to my *sacred Laws* incline,

250 And keep *sincere*, for only those are mine ;

Nor

39. Nor *Earths* weak force, nor *Hells* infernal bands  
 Shall snatch or wrest from my tenacious hands:  
 Them will I guard and keep in secret there  
 Until the last great Day, then with me bear  
 To judg the *World* unjust and doom to pain,  
 40. Then by my side in endless *Glory* reign.

These new uncommon *Truths* still more amuse,  
 More harden still th' already harden'd *Jews*:  
 Him for low *Birth* and high pretence they scorn,  
 What—— Was he not a *Galilean* born

260

- In little *Naz'reth*? Know we not, they cry  
 His humble *Parents*, can he them deny?  
 43. *Joseph* the Carpenter — H' has oft workt here; \*  
 His Mother *Mary* --- his *Relations* near \*  
 On either side--- How can it ever be?  
 Did these too come from *Heav'n* as well as he?

Our Saviour thus--- if this you not receive  
 How will ye yet far stranger *Truths* believe?  
 Murmur no more in vain --- Ageh, I say,  
 'Tis I, I only am to *Heav'n* the way;

270

- 57, 53. My *Flesh* such *Bread*, who *tasts* it never dies:  
 My *Body* an unblemish'd *Sacrifice*  
 To my great *Fathers* pleasure I resign,  
 My *Blood* effus'd at large, the only *Wine*  
 Can cheer your *Souls*; unless you these obtain  
 Your hope of *Immortality*'s in vain.

John 3. 13. Seems this so strange that I from *Heav'n* came down  
 Stript from my *Robes* of *Light* and *starry Crown*?

John 6. 61, 62. What *Admiration* wou'd possess you then  
 If thro' the *Air* you see me mount agen?

280

If *Angels* you my *Ministers* shou'd find  
 Acts 1.9 11.. A *Cloud* my *Chariot*, and my *Wings* the *Wind*?  
 O hard of heart! Yet won't you understand  
 What I reveal, nor do what I command?  
 Your gross, your carnal minds immers'd in *Love*  
 Of this low *World*, unfit for that above:

John 6.63. A hidden secret *Sense* my words imply,  
 Those who believe my words shall never die.  
 Nor this can their false prejudice prevent  
 Murm'ring, the giddy Croud from *Jesus* went;

290

Reprov'd

Reprov'd and disappointed leave the Shore  
In shoals as thick as they arriv'd before:  
Almost alone himself our Lord did find  
And none besides his chosen Twelve behind;  
Then with a sigh which not from Pride did flow  
But Pity, mildly asks --- Will you too go?  
When fervent Cephas thus, who scarce cou'd bear  
So hard a thought --- To whom dear Lord, or where?

66.

300 Thou, endless Life on those who thee implore  
Bestow'st, and is there any can give more?  
We know thou must the true Messiah be,  
Our Hopes, our Souls, are all repos'd on thee.

Agen with Sighs he did his sorrow show,  
More you, he says, than you your selves I know:

\* Your Folly, and your Frailty I survey,  
Your deepest thoughts as light and clear as day:

\* I know the wretch who will his Lord betray;  
One of the Twelve I from the World did chuse

70, 71.

T' obey my Father, thence my Life I lose:

310 \* Soon will he with base Slanders me accuse,  
Soon will the Fiend himself, a dreadful Guest

Seise for his own his avaritious breast,  
We all with just concern and horror hear,  
Each ey'd the next, but for himself did fear:

\* Why shou'd I strive to mention what in thought  
I scarce cou'd track, each mighty Wonder wrought,

While in Caperna'ms fruitful Coasts he stay'd?  
What crowds of Fiends his dread Commands obey'd?

What crowds of Men by Physicks feeble aid  
Left desprate, by their Friends and selves giv'n o'r,

320 His healing touch or pow'rful Word restore?  
With these, as oft as he occasion saw,

His perfect Doctrine mix'd and sacred Law:  
Sometimes unveil'd relates, and sometimes tells

In moving Schemes and lively Parables:  
Now do's some antient Prophecie explain,

And blames the hardness of their hearts in vain:  
Then a false gloss from some true Text remove,

And teach the People what to hate and love.

330 All must not pass untold and some express'd,

diw

X

You'll

You'll easier form a *Notion* of the rest.

As chanc'd, (with us 'twas *Chance*, with him *Design*)  
 Where at the *Feast* he *Water* chang'd to *Wine*  
 Returning from the *Pasch* a while we stay'd  
 Nor there we long our *Residence* had made  
 E'r thither posting from *Capern'um* came  
 John 4:36. A rich and pow'rful *Lord*, *Chuzza* his Name; \*  
*Herod's* high *Steward* he, and did beside  
 O'r all the upper *Galilee* preside,  
 Who when *Youth* spur'd to *pleasure* and *excess*  
 Himself did of th' *Herodian* Sect profess: \*  
 Worse ev'n than *Sadduces*, tho' near the same;  
*Virtue* they only thought an *empty Name*;  
 All *Good* and *Bad* designing *Statesmens Rules*,  
 And *Heav'n* and *Hell* but *Tales* to frighten *fools*:  
 What wonder then, if madly they employ  
 Their thoughtless *hours* in lewd *voluptuous Joy*?  
 If each some new *delight* each day contrives  
 And to their *Genius* sacrifice their *Lives*?  
 Among the rest too long young *Chuzza* staid  
 In the *luxurious Court*, too long betray'd  
 By *Vices* wiles, and *Pleasures* flatt'ring *Charms*,  
 Who clasp'd him close in their soft *treach'rous Arms*.  
 Till riper *years* the dang'rous *Cheat* reveal'd  
 And *Judgment* shew'd what *Passion* had conceal'd:  
 To *Business* now, e'r 'twas too late, grown wise,  
 Once his *Aversion*, he himself applies:  
 One *secret Cause* which with *success* did move  
 To such a happy *Chance* was *virtuous Love*:  
 The bright *Joanna* she that caus'd his *Flame*,  
 Who ev'n in *such a Court* preserv'd her *Fame*:  
 Almost her *looks* with *Virtue* them inspir'd  
 Her *Mind* and *Lovely Form* alike admir'd:  
 Of a *just stature* and *Majestic mien*,  
 With *sweetness*, in the *great*, but rarely seen:  
 She like an *Angel* look'd, and liv'd, and sung;  
*Virtue* that fill'd her *Breast* inspir'd her *tongue*:  
 Her oft with *transport* had young *Chuzza* ey'd,  
 Well-born and *Fair*, without one *spark* of *pride*:  
 He *saw* and lov'd, and won her for his *Bride*;

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With

- With *wife Susanna* then, whose pious care  
 Had form'd her tender Mind, did soon prepare  
 His *Treasure* from the dang'rous Court to bear :  
 So *her desire* ; and sought a blest retreat  
 At his *Hereditary Country Seat*,  
 Near *fair Capern'ums Walls* ; nor long they went,  
 E'er *Heav'n* a joyful *Heir* to *Chuz*a sent ;  
 Who now beneath a *Feavers* mortal rage,  
 One *Lustre* hardly past of his short Age,  
 380 Lay struggling, all sad signs of death appear  
 T' his *Parents*, frighted, both half dead with fear ;  
 Whilst his *sad Mother* weeping o'er him stood,  
 With quick uneven strokes the *poison'd blood*  
 Did thro' his *throbbing Veins* small *Flood-gates* roll,  
 And beat a march to the departing Soul :  
 Black his *chapt Tongue*, *earthly* his *Breath* and *short*,  
*Unnatural motions* his quick *Eyes distort* ;  
 Little *Convulsions* in each part appear,  
 He catches swift at every *Object* near.  
 390 When *Art* was pos'd, and him they yielded lost,  
 They heard that thro' the *Galilean Coast*  
 \* Our Lord was seen *returning*, who they knew  
 By his *Allmighty Word* cou'd all things do :  
 Away the *Father posts*, more swift than death,  
 For *Cana*, or for *lofty Nazareth* ;  
 And vow'd, if he his *Son* restor'd receive,  
 He'd the next *hour* with all his *house* believe.  
 \* When near small *Jephthael's streams* our Lord he found,  
 Quitting 'his *Chariot*, prostrate on the Ground  
 400 He lowly adores, and begs, if not too late,  
 T' *reverse* his only *Son's* untimely Fate.  
 \* Our Lord who knew, tho' far remov'd, his *Vow*,  
 Who best knows *when* to help, and *where*, and *how*,  
 Resolv'd his *Patience* and his *Faith* to try,  
 He'd his *Request* nor grant, nor yet deny :  
 But turning to the *Crowd* his *radiant Face*  
 His *Followers* thus accosts — O *harden'd Race* !  
 How far shall *Infidelity* proceed ?  
 How long will you these *signs* and *wonders* need ?  
 410 How long shall stubborn *Sense* 'gainst *Faith* rebel ?

Why will you not be sav'd without a *Miracle*?  
 Th' impatient *Father* cou'd no longer stay  
 But interrupts — "The *Case* bears no delay:  
 Tho' to the *Town* we back like *Jehu* drive  
 We hardly now shall find the *Child* alive:  
 To whom our *Saviour* this kind *Answer* gives  
 Disturb thy self and me no more — He *lives*!  
 With Faith and Joy his *Chariot* he ascends  
 And back his course to rich *Capern'um* bends,  
 The officious *Servants* meet him at the Gate 420  
 With the glad *News* — Tho' their glad *News* too late:  
 What he well knew, they all in *Transport* tell  
 His *Son* was on the sudden strangely well;  
 He, whom giv'n o'er as lost, they lately mourn'd,  
 His *health*, nay e'en his *strength* agen return'd:  
 Careful he asks, exact, the *time*, the *hour*  
 When first they did observe the *Feavers* power  
 Abated — He the easie *Question* soon  
 Resolves, 'twas when the *Sun* was past his *Noon*,  
 The *Day* before, — 'Twas then, he *Ravish'd*, cries, 430  
 Lifting to Heav'n his grateful *Hands* and *Eyes*,  
 Precisely then the mighty *Prophets Word*  
 Declar'd my *Son* was from the *Grave* restor'd!  
 Beauteous *Joanna* heard with *Tears* of *Joy*,  
 And in her *hand* she led the *smiling Boy*;  
 Him *safe* and *well* to his *pleas'd Father* shows,  
 About his *neck* his little *arms* he throws,  
 And *welcom'd home*, with pretty *folly* said  
 — What e'er the *Servants* told, he *was not dead*!  
 Lab'ring with *Thanks* the noble *Chuzar* now 440  
 T' his *Family* declares his *sacred Vow*:  
 All freely grant he cou'd perform no less,  
 And *Jesus* the *Messia* all *confess*!  
 Nor long e'er thither with our *Lord* we went,  
 Whose *Fame* did his *Arrival* still prevent.  
 The news of his *approach* was soon aloud  
 Proclaim'd, the *doors*, the *streets*, the *roads* they crowd  
 With half dead *Patients*, by his *Touch* restor'd  
 Or *Look*, or *Word*, they *kneel'd* and him *ador'd*:  
 A brave *Centurion* there among the rest

- By *Proxy* humbly his *desire* exprest ;  
 Whose *Word*, the *Roman Garrison* that lay  
 \* To bridle hot *Capern'um's Youth*, obey ;  
 The *Cause*, a *Servant* he from *Rome* had brought,  
 Whom justly dear for his *deserts* he thought  
 Whom many a *painful day* he faithful found,  
 And many a *night* spent on the *frozen Ground* :  
 Full *Thirty* hard *Campaigns* he had endur'd,  
 To *Southern Heats*, and *Pontick Snows* inur'd :  
 460 But when his *Fiftith Winter* now did wear,  
 His *Age* feels what his *Youth* with *ease* cou'd bear :  
 Afflictive *Cramps* his *stubborn Sinews* bend,  
 Which stronger in a *deadly Palsy* end :  
 Helpless he more than *half a carcass* lay ;  
 A *lump of cold disanimated Clay*.  
 All his *right-side*, his *left* but little less,  
 And only his *strong Vitals* *Life* confess :  
 Vast *Sums* in vain for his *recovery* spent,  
 What *Nature* cou'd produce or *Art* invent }  
 470 His *Master* try'd, first to the *Bathes* he sent,  
 \* Near where *Calirrhoe's* Sov'raign *Waters* fall  
 By *Lasha's Brook*, and strong *Macheru's Wall* :  
 When these no *alteration* on him make,  
 Him next the *King's Physicians* undertake ;  
 A *tedious Course* prescribe his *health* to gain,  
 But they too find their boasted *Art's* in vain : }  
 No *humane help* did now untry'd remain,  
 His *generous Master* did his *Fate* deplore,  
 And kindly sigh'd that he cou'd do no more :  
 480 A *Servant* whom such *Faith* and *Love* commend  
 He justly thought a *less familiar Friend* ;  
 " *Valiant* and *true*, he him had often try'd,  
 " No *danger* ever made him leave his *side* ;  
 " Nor *gold* cou'd tempt his *Secrets* to *betray*,  
 " Nor knew he his *own Worth* too well t' obey :  
 When now all *humane Remedies* were vain .  
 He seeks *Divine*, for only those remain :  
 \* " With *ill-directed Pray'rs* devoutly made  
 To his own *Æsculapius* flies for *Aid* ;  
 490 \* Vows he'd a *Cock* and greater *Presents* give

- T' enrich his *Fane*, if his lov'd *Servant* live :
- 2 Kings 18. But the poor *Marble Idol* was not near,  
 27. Or else too busie, or too dull to hear;  
 His *Vow's* in vain, his *Servant* desp'rate grew;  
 When some who of our *Lord's Arrival* knew  
 Came panting in, the *welcom News* to bear,  
 Persuading him to seek for *Succor* there:  
 He rose and vow'd, if him our *Lord* wou'd hear  
 He all his *helpless Gods* wou'd strait cashier:  
 Not *Mars* himself shou'd stay — Long since his *Mind*,  
 Tho' *weak*, had been to *Truths* blest *Laws* inclin'd:
- 4 5. He lov'd our *Nation*, their *Devotion* prais'd,  
 And a fair *Synagogue* his noble *Bounty* rais'd:  
 Thus fix'd, his *Servant*, he'd have fain convey'd  
 Abroad, and at the *Feet* of *Jesus* laid,  
 But 'twas too late, he's gasping thick for *Breath*,  
 And struggling in the *agonies* of *Death*:  
 Yet durst he not *himself* to *Jesus* go,  
 His *Thoughts* were of *himself* too mean and low;  
 But ah! he rightly did not *Jesus* know:  
 None for their *Merits* e'er did with him stay,  
 None for *Humility* he turns away:  
*Jairus* for him, and other *Friends* implore \*  
 That he his much lov'd *Servant* wou'd restore:  
 He yields, and kindly to the *house* repair'd,  
 Of whose approach when the *Centurion* heard,  
 No, 'tis too much he cries — It must not be!  
 Too much to go one *single step* for me.  
 Tho' he e'en a lost *Gentile* not disdain,  
 Unworthy him those *Walls* to entertain!  
 All I desire he'd do, which well he may,  
 Since *Hand-maid Nature* must her *Lord* obey,  
 (As me my *Soldiers* under *Discipline*,  
*Observant* of each *beck* and *secret sign*,  
 Nay hardly dare in *Thought* my *Will* controul; )
7. Is, that he'd *speak* the *Word* and make him *whole*.  
 Pleas'd with his noble *Faith* our *Lord* looks round,
9. The like in his own *Israel* never found,  
 Aloud *professing*, nor were they alone  
 Design'd *Assessors* on th' *Almighty Throne*:

500

510

520

530

Who

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*Book 5. pag. 159.*

*Mat. 8  
Mar. 1*

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*Book 5. pag: 159.*

*Christ talking with y<sup>e</sup> Samaritan Woman at Jacob's Well.*

Who fear and serve him with a perfect mind  
In every Nation shou'd acceptance find;  
And while lost Israel's Sons expect in vain,  
In blifs with all the holy Patriarchs reign.  
But Faith like this what is there can withstand?  
'Twill e'en Omnipotence it self command:  
Bid the brave Man return, his grant is seal'd,  
And e'en this moment his lov'd Servant heal'd:  
— He said, 'tis done, he ease and strength receives,

540 His Master, he, and all the house believes.

In vain I all his Wonders wou'd relate,  
How many rescu'd from the brink of Fate:  
How with a Touch he Simon's Mother rais'd:  
How him the joyful Paralytic prais'd:  
How, Jairus! thy Daughter he restor'd;  
Tho' dead she heard, tho' dead obey'd his Word.  
What Virtues e'en his sacred Robes diffus'd;  
How by th' ungrateful Nazarites abus'd  
He vanish'd thro' the crowd, they beat the Air,

Luke 4. 39.

5, 18.

8, 55.

Matt. 9. 20.

Luke 4. 29.

550 Nor ever since his Presence blest 'em there.

What wond'rous Truths he did the Woman tell  
In curst Samaria's Fields by Jacob's Well:  
How many long of their dear sight bereav'd,  
Earthly and Heav'nly Light at once receiv'd:  
This all Bethsaida's wond'ring confines know,  
And this thy Gates, delightful Jericho!  
E'en yet old Bartimeus lives, who there  
Did many a doleful year in darkness wear;  
To which yet still a heavier plague was joyn'd,

Joh. 4. 5 &c.

Mark 10.  
46.

560 He's miserably poor, e'en worse than blind:

\* His head with reverend baldness doubly bare,  
Expos'd to all th' Inclemencies oth' Air,  
To heat and cold — Methinks I see him there!  
Or in the Gate I see him begging lie,  
\* Or at the lovely Balsom-Gardens nigh:  
Once as it chanc'd our Master passing by  
Vast multitudes attending, he admir'd  
The Cause, and earnest what it means enquir'd,  
For he their noise and trampling feet cou'd hear,

570 And well he knew some mighty Concourse near:

Nor

Nor sooner to the *Blind* was *Jesus* nam'd \*  
 But he with *Faith* and holy *Hope* inflam'd,  
 ( For oft he heard what *Miracles* he'd done )  
 Exclaims — *O mercy ! mercy ! David's Son !*  
 Some bid be *still !* some cry to take him *thence*,  
 Nor let him with his loud *Impertinence*  
 Disturb our *Lord*, nor will he yet give o'er,  
 But cries more *loud* and *earnest* than before,  
 Great *Son of David !* let me *mercy* find !  
 O shew thy *wonted pity* on the *Blind !*

580

— None e'er *deny'd* or *sad* from *Jesus* part,  
 His earnest *Prayers* soon reach'd his *ears* and *heart*,  
 And till he's *call'd* he wou'd no *further* go ;  
 Soon did th' *old man* the joyful *Tidings* know \*  
 From those about him, soon he *cheerful* rose,  
 Away his *Staff* and *ragged Garment* throws ;  
 His *Garment* left it might *impeach* his *speed*,  
 His *Staff*, which he shou'd now no longer *need* :  
 Away he runs, nor for a *guide* wou'd stay,  
 Following the *Voice*, oft *stumbling* in the *way*,  
 Of whom when *near arriv'd*, our *Lord* inquir'd  
 What *Boon* with such *loud outcries* he desir'd ?

590

51. Lord ! thou canst *do't*, he with *large Tears* replies,  
 And thou alone, *restore* me my *dear eyes !*  
 52. — 'Tis thy *victorious Faith* directs thee *right*,  
 Well pleas'd our *Lord* rejoyns, — *Receive thy sight !*  
 'Tis *said*, 'tis *done*, a *thick* and *churlish skin* \*  
 Which stop'd the *windows* of his *Soul* within,  
 Flew off, nor did he ought this *painful* find,  
 Like *Cobwebs* loose, *unravel'd* with the *Wind*,  
 He *saw*, his *Saviour* with *loud Thanks* did meet,  
 Embrac'd his *knees*, and *prostrate* kiss'd his *feet*.

600

Nor need I, *Fathers !* wast the *day* to tell  
 Those *Wonders* all the *City* know so well :

Matt. 21. 19. The *blasted Fig-tree*, which you yet may see  
 Without the *Walls*, ith' way to *Bethany*,

John 9. per  
 1st. Him who at *Silo'm's streams* receiv'd his *sight*,  
 Nor ever saw, till then, the *cheerful light* ; \*  
 Where, after their exactest *scrutiny*,  
 No fraud the angry *Sanhedrim* cou'd see.

610

Him

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Book 5. pag: 161.

*The Roman taken in Italy.*

12: 8

65

Him who so long at *fam'd Betbesda* lay,  
Beyond the Angels *Cure*, sent heal'd away  
By' our Saviour's pow'rful *Word*, whom *harden'd* still  
For that *good work* the *Jews* attempt to kill:

John 5. 2.

16.

Too well, says *Joseph*, I their *Envy* know,  
At him whom *beight of Virtue* makes their *Foe*:  
Much I rememb'ring learnt from what he taught,  
Witness of many a *mightry Action* wrought;

620 With what just *anger* and *majestick awe*

He did his *Father's House* the *Temple* cleanse,  
And chas'd the *Sacrilegious Merchants* thence.

I saw too, when our *captious Elders* brought

Th' *Adulteress* in the very *Action* caught;

John 2. 14,

15, 16.

John 3. 4.

\* Whence them he *self-condemn'd* and *blushing* sent,

And *clear'd* the fair convicted *Penitent*.

But of this *Miracle* I only knew

By *Fame*, and glad wou'd learn the *Truth* from you.

\* 'Twas at the famous *Pool*, well known to all

John 5. 2.

630 *Jerusalem*, that *Heav'nly Hospital*

Where every injur'd *Sense* a *Cure* may find,

The *Deaf*, the *Blasted*, *Palsy'd*, *Lame* and *Blind*;

\* Here, says the *Apostle*, at the *Sun's* first rise,

While they present the *Morning-Sacrifice*,

\* You know from *Heav'n* some *courteous Angel* brings

Unfailing *Cures* beneath his *healing Wings*

4.

To such as to the *Water* first descend,

You know too him who did so long attend,

Who *Blasted* in his tender *Youth*, had stay'd.\*

640 Almost *six weeks* of years expecting *Aid*:

In vain expecting, weak and *Bed-rid* laid,

Whence others, readier, still *stept* in before,

Till *disappointed* oft, he *hop'd* no more;

His only *Comfort* now was in *Despair*,

With *speed* to end his *Life* and *Torments* there:

Our Saviour saw, and asks, his *Faith* to try,

If for his *pain* he wish'd a *remedy*?

Yes, *Death*, said he, with unconcern'd neglect,

Nor any other *ease* must I expect:

650 The *rich crowd* in, and meet a *speedy Cure*,

7. Tho' e'en an *Angel* will not *help the poor* :  
But *that will I*, our *Saviour*, kind, replies,
8. And bids him in his *Fathers Name* Arise!  
Arise and *Walk*, and thence his *Couch* convey!  
His *blasted Limbs* their *Makers Word* obey;
9. *Vigorous* and *strong* he in a *moment* grows,  
His *Blood thro' its forgotten channels* flows;  
All o'er himself he *views*, but do's so *strange*  
T' himself appear, he scarce *believes the change*.

660

Such *Acts*, such *Crimes* as these, if *Crimes* they be

Have made our *Sanhedrim* his *Enemy* :

*Ibid.*

True, on the *Sabbath* he this *Wonder* wrought,  
And has against their *vain Traditions* taught,  
But sure those *Works* for which him *Heav'n* did send  
To this bad *World*, can never *Heav'n* offend.

All *Holy Works* of *Charity* confest,  
Nor do's from them e'en his great *Father rest* ;  
Nor do's he old *Traditions* blame but where

Matt. 23. 2,

3.

With *Laws divine* they *clash* or *interfere* !  
For never *man* so *meek*, so *good*, so *kind* ;  
All *Love* himself, all *Love* b' his *Laws* enjoyn'd :  
*Compassion*, *Alms*, *Forgiveness* oft he prest,  
And a *good Life*, true *Faith's* unfailing *Test*, \*  
These the fair *Terms* on which he *Pardon* gave,  
" He came his *People* from their *sins* to save.

670

This did he oft his crowding *Audience* tell,  
Now *plain*, now in some lively *Parable*,  
As *ancient Seers* us'd — And, but I fear \*

Already I've too long *detain'd* you here,  
Some of the *Cheif*, I, *Fathers* ! wou'd recite,

680

Equally yielding *profit* and *delight* :

Almost they're *angry* at so *short a stay* ;

All, all, they ask, *impatient of delay*.

Th' *Apostle* thus — Then gladly I'll relate

The *Prodigals Return*, the *Misers Fate* :

The *Lord* who with his *Servant* did contend,

His *Cruelty*, and just tho' *dreadful end* ;

The *Widdow* and the *Judge* did *God* nor *Man*

Regard, the *Pharisee* and *Publican* :

To prove we ought *repeated Pray'rs* to make

690

At

Luke 18. 1.

2.

4.

5.

At Gods high *Throne*, and no *denyal* take  
 This *Parable* did our lov'd *Lord* declare,  
 — A *Judge* there was, no matter *when* or *where* :  
 \* Neither on *Honour* he or *Conscience* stood,  
 Grown fat with *Bribes*, and *Orphans Tears*, and *Blood* :  
 A *Widdow* near him h' had long since bereft  
 Of her lov'd *Lord*, and *poor* and *friendless* left :  
 Whom a vexatious *Neighbour* us'd to wrong,  
 No help she had besides her *Tears* and *Tongue* ;  
 700 No Oly *Advocate* her *Gold* cou'd bribe  
 To espouse her *Cause*, no subtle *smooth Tongu'd Scribe* :  
 What shou'd she do, worse *mischief* to prevent ?  
 E'en to the *wicked Judge* himself she went ;  
 And with loud *Outcries* close *besieg'd* his *door*,  
 With long *Petitions* begs he'd help the *poor* !  
 There did she everlasting *Centry* keep,  
 Nor wou'd in *quiet* let him eat or *sleep* :  
 In vain's she threat'n'd *Lash*, as much in vain  
 His *Servants* drag her thence, she comes again :  
 710 If in his *Robes* he to the *Bench* repair,  
 Or pays a *Visit*, or but takes the *Air*  
 'Tis still the same, she haunts him every where.  
 Attends him like his *shade*, go where he will,  
 And worries him with *Justice*, *Justice* still !  
 He grieves, he rages, fumes and swears in vain  
 Sweats, stamps, and rails, she still comes on again.  
 What's to be done, when he by chance got *breath* !  
 Was ever *Judge* before thus talk'd to death,  
 T' himself he cries — Altho' I neither care  
 720 For *Man*, nor *God* himself, much less for *her*,  
 Her for my own *sake* I must right, or she,  
 As many I have done, will murder me :  
 Good *Woman* say — What is't that you require ?  
 She ask'd, he gave her all her *heart's desire* ;  
 Punish'd her *Foe*, and then, and not before  
 She rais'd her *siege* and left his *Lordships door*.  
 The moral easie is, and plain in view ;  
 If *Importunity* so much can do  
 E'en with the worst of *men*, if that can sway  
 730 The *Great*, and all but *Gold* it self outweigh ;

- If here so *strong*, it will not less avail  
 In Heav'n's high-Court, nor there of *answer* fail :  
 Nor that th' Almighty Judge above can e'r  
 As those *below*, be ty'd with mortal Pray'r;  
 But tho' he's always prone and free to give,  
 Man is not fit the Blessing to receive  
 Till his *unweary'd Faith* to Heav'n aspire,  
 And help with ardent humble Vows desire.
7. Then will he aid, for he can aid alone
- Rev. 6. 9. Those injur'd Souls who under th' Altar groan ; 740  
 Justice aloud their guiltless Blood demands ;  
 Close by th' All-high full charg'd his Thunder stands :  
 "Vengeance has lead'n feet, but iron hands."
- Rom. 12. Vengeance is Gods, his Wisdom tis secure  
 19. It cannot but be just ; be mercy yours !  
 If you'd of Heav'n no such requital have
- Matth. 18. As that bad Servant whom his Lord forgave  
 24. We beg to hear 't, which thus he did relate.  
 A Lord of mighty Wealth, and vast Estate  
 Ten thousand Talents to his Servant lent ; 750  
 Which either he in *Luxury* mispent,  
 Or lost by negligence -- As on a day  
 His Lord by chance did his *Accounts* survey  
 And found he neither Int'rest wou'd pay,  
 Nor *Principal*, he strait the whole demands,  
 Nor longer will he trust it in his Hands ;  
 Speechless and pale th' insolvent Servant stands ;  
 Trembling with Guilt and Fear ; his Lord displeas'd  
 Gives order, he and all his House be seiz'd :  
 Low at his Feet the miserable fell  
 760 And a short respite begs--- His all he'd sell  
 All his Estate, and his Friends bounty try,  
 Rather than in abhor'd confinement die :  
 Nor his *Petition* unsuccessful prove  
 His Words, and Tears his gen'rous Master move.  
 Nor wou'd he seize his House, nor him enslave,  
 27. But frankly all the mighty Sum forgave :  
 Thence went th' ungrate, his Fellow-servant met,  
 A hundred Pence was all his trifling Debt :  
 28. Yet grasps him by the Throat, with furious Hands, 770  
 And

- And every *mite* immediately demands:  
 Trembling and pale he at his *Feet* did fall,  
 Begs but a little *Time* he'd *pay* him all. 29.  
 Ev'n that deny'd he's into th' *Dungeon* thrown:  
 Whose *Fate* when to his *Fellow-servants* known, 30.  
 Themselves concern'd lest they his *Fate* shou'd share,  
 They to their Lord th' *unpleasing Tidings* bear,  
 For him, enrag'd, he the next *moment* sent,  
 And thus, arriv'd, did his just *anger* vent.  
 780 ---O worst of *Wicked*s! *cruel* and *ungrate*! 32.  
 Did I forgive so *vast* a *Sum* so late  
 And is't so soon *forgot*? such *pity* shewn  
 To thee *Distress'd*, hast thou for *others* none? 33.  
 Guards! without *Pity* drag him hence, and bear,  
*Repriev'd* no more, to th' *Executioner*. 34.  
*Slav'ry*'s too little now; him *scourge* and *bind*  
 That owns so much a worse than *servile Mind*:  
 So justly will my *heavenly Father* do, 35.  
 So will severely be *reveng'd* on you,  
 790 Unless you, as becomes my *Foll'wers*, live;  
 And from the *heart* your *Brother* you *forgive*.  
 Why can you not this *World's* vain *Goods* contemn?  
 Why are they *Lords* of you while you of *them*?  
 On those if all the *happiness* depend  
 You must expect the cheated *Misers* end: Luke 12.  
 Who scarce himself his countless *Treasures* knew, 16.  
 Scarce ever all his own *Demeans* did view;  
 On ev'ry side cou'd lose his *wilder'd Eye*;  
 Scarce o'r one half a *panting Kite* cou'd fly,  
 800 But short of *midway* rest.—  
 His *Bags*, his *Chests* so full, they both ran o'r,  
 His *Barns* so full, long since they'd hold no more,  
 High *close-pil'd Stacks*, besides his *Granaries*  
 In ev'ry corner of his *yard* he sees.  
 Let the *poor curse*! he hopes 'twill be more *dear*,  
 Nor will one *handful* sell till the next *year*:  
 Press'd with thick *clay*, and sunk in *worldly care*,  
 He none for his *neglected Soul* can spare:  
 Or fondly thinks, he that might always *please*  
 810 With sordid *Wealth*, or dull *voluptuous Ease*:

For

- For this considers deep what *course* to take,  
 Resolves new *Houses* and new *Barns* to make:  
 18. Pull down, says he, those *Hovels* rais'd before ;  
 Here's not *half-room* for my *increasing* store,  
 And add me *twenty Bays* of *building* more !  
 19. Let's treat the *moments* kindly while they stay !  
 I'll ev'n *enjoy* my *self*, and *live* to *day* :  
 Sure I've *enough*, nor need a *Famine* fear,  
 Enough for many a *long voluptuous* year !  
 -- He said, when the *same* *hour* his *Fate* is seal'd,  
 20. Which in loud *Thunder* thus the *All-high* reveal'd :  
 Ah *fool*, who fondly dost thy self deceive !  
 Nor *one* *day* more is thine *lost* *wretch* ! to *live* !  
 Another *cheerful* *Sun* thou ne'r shalt see,  
 This very *Night* the *Fiends* shall *seize* on thee :  
 Then whose shall all thy *boasted* *Treasures* be ?  
 Hence for your *Souls* be *studious* whilst you may ;  
 Heb. 3. 13. *Intend* their *safety* while 'tis call'd to *Day* !  
 They'll ask your utmost *diligence* and *care*  
 To root out *Vice*, and plant each *Virtue* there :  
 And all this *done*, to save the *Heav'n-born* *Soul*  
 An *humble* *modesty* must *crown* the *whole* :  
 Luke 17. 10. *Pride's* the most *dang'rous*, and the *last* *mistake*,  
 Of *Saints* as well as *Angels*, *Fiends* 'twill make :  
 The *best* you do needs an *atoning* *Friend* ;  
*Despise* not others, nor your selves *commend*,  
 To fix this *Truth* more *deeply*, yet *attend*  
 And hear a *Parable* !— Two *Men* there were  
 Who to the *Temple* went one *morn* to *Pray'r*,  
 Luke 18. A *Pharisee* and *Publican* ; the *first*  
 10. Who t'other *scorn'd*, the *proudest* and the *worst* :  
 What dost thou here, he cries, thy *Pray'r's* in *vain* :  
 Touch not my *holy* *Robes* -- Stand off *profane* ;  
 With *stately* *steps* then to the *Altar* goes,  
 And thus, *erect*, tells *Heav'n* how much it *ows* :  
 11. ---O *Israels* *God* ! aloud I *praise* thy *Name*  
 For such a *Life* as *Envy* cannot *blame* :  
 That there shou'd such a *Gulph*, such *Diff'rence* be  
 Betwixt th' *ungodly* *carнал* *World* and me :  
 That no man e'er I've *wrong'd* by *Force* or *guile*,

820

830

840

850

Or

Or ever did my *Neighbor's Bed* defile:  
*Unblameable my Life* by God or Man;  
 Not like that *reprobated Publican*!  
 Each *week* I set apart two days as thine,  
 \* Which almost equal makes thy *Time* and mine.  
 Nor am of those whose wicked *boast* 'twou'd be  
 Of *rightful Tithes* to wrong thy *Priests* and thee;  
 If ought from thence they gain, *triumphing* more  
 Than all their less belov'd *Lay-Cheats* before:

12.

860 Not the least *Herb* which in thy *Garden* grows,  
 Not the least *Gain* which from my *Labor* flows,  
 Nought *Tithe-free* made by *Custom* or *Design*:  
 E'r I dare ever touch the other *Nine*  
 I separate the *sacred Tenth* as thine.

Thus he, with *Voice* articulate and clear,  
 Then round him looks in hopes that some did hear:  
 While thus i'th' *outer Court* the *Publican*  
 With *Voice* and *Eyes* submits to *Heav'n* began.

31.

O *searcher* of all *Hearts* who know'st me best!  
 870 I'm an *unworthy Sinner*, 'tis confess't:  
 Father of *mercy*! *Mercy* I implore  
 For *Sins* are *past*, and *Grace* to *Sin* no more!  
 This humble *self-condemning Penitent*  
 Answer'd and pardon'd from the *Temple* went:  
 The *Pharisee* returns as he came in,  
 Or more confirm'd in *Vanity* and *Sin*.

14.

These he, and many more; but most of all  
 That of the poor *returning Prodigal*  
 Deep fix'd I still retain —  
 880 And were not *Day* well *wasted* --- *Wast* no more  
*Gamaliel* says, more earnest than before  
 To hear the rest, while *Nicodemus* cries  
 Those only *wast* the *Day* who lost in *Vice*  
 The *sliding Hours* profusely misemploy  
 In short-liv'd *pleasures* and *voluptuous Joy*:  
 Who while the *sliding Hours* fly swift away  
 Fondly *themselves* beguile, and not the *Day*:  
 But who like us their *happy moments* *past*  
 'Tis they, they onl' of *Life* have a *true tast*,  
 890 They *use* their *Time*, which others only *wast*.

But

But pray proceed, those *Parables* recite  
Which mix *Instruction* with so much *Delight*.  
Slip not one *word* or *passage* careless o'r,  
Believe we long to hear it all and more.

Then thus the *younger Son* of *Zebedee* :  
Since yet I find I shall not *tedious* be  
At large I'll every *Circumstance* relate,  
In the young *Prodigal's* strange happy *Fate* :

Luke 15.11.

A good old *Sire* there was, whom *Age* and *Cares*  
Had blest with *Wealth* and crown'd with *silver Hairs* :

900

*Two Sons* he had, his *ages Prop* and *Pride*  
Who at his *Death* must all his *Wealth* divide :  
The *Elder* grave and "careful" of the main,  
Enur'd to earn his *Bread* with *sweat* and *pain* ;  
Not so the *younger*, whom *profuse* and *vain* \*  
His careful *Father* long with anxious mind  
To *lewdness* and ill *Courses* found inclin'd :  
He hated *Work*, but if a *Wake* or *Fair*  
In many a *Mile*, he'd never fail b'ing there :

Above his *business* he, too great and *wise* ;  
Did long the sordid *Country Dirt* despise :  
What car'd he tho' th' *Old man* did *chide* and *frown*,  
So he for a few *Days* but saw the *Town* ?

910

Oft he *flew out*, and prodigally spent  
His own *allowance* and his *Fathers rent* ;  
In vain he, *prudent*, every *Method* tries,  
To make him quit each darling dang'rous *Vice* ;  
Oft begs with delug'd *Cheeks* and flowing *Eyes*,  
He wou'd from what must prove his *ruin*, part ;  
What wou'd he *gain* to break a *Fathers heart* ?

920

*Inexorably lewd* he stops his *Ears*  
Against his *Words*, or *laughs* at what he *hears* :  
And thus *ungracious* answers --- If he fears

12.

To see his *ruine*, give him but his *share*.  
He'd strait be gone, nor longer cause his *care*.  
With *Hopes* he might in time grow *wise agen*,  
If trav'ling far he *manners* saw and *men*,  
The *Father* grants his *wish*, his *Portion* gives  
*Lib'ral* and large, which he o'rjoy'd receives ;  
To this his *Mother* adds ( her *darling*, *He*, )

930  
Gold

- 980 Gold, which before the Sun did never see,  
But rusting close remain'd for many Years;  
With these both give their Blessings and their Tears;  
Tho' neither did he, Graceless, much regard,  
But thought th' old Folks, that trouble might have spar'd:  
To bid 'em both Farewel, he scarce cou'd stay,  
But to some *foreign Region* speeds away: } 13.  
Thither arriv'd, rich, young, prophane and gay, }  
Resolves to *tast* what e'er the World can give,  
And to the height of lawless Pleasure live:  
In Masks and Balls, in Gaming, Treats and Plays,  
990 In Mirth and Wine, he spent his thoughtless Days;  
Wit, Beauty, Musick, all the World can boast,  
Their Forces joyn, and they're a pow'rful Host,  
To Charm him theirs.—How did he now despise  
His old, his doating Fathers grave advice!  
His Brother, who still drudg'd for sordid Pelf!  
And how applaud his wise and happy self!  
Thus liv'd he till his Bags, exhaustless thought  
At first, to their low desprate Ebb were brought:  
And worse, when thence the last slow Drop h' had drain'd,  
1000 O'er all those Realms a dreadful Famine reign'd: 14.  
His Trencher-Friends now no Relief afford,  
But drive him from their Houses and their Board:  
One only who more Kindness had profess'd,\*  
And whom h' had more oblig'd than all the rest,  
Him entertains, first by himself did seat,  
Soon after bids him with his Servants eat;  
Till by degrees he lower did proceed,  
And sends him to the Fields his Swine to feed: \* 15.  
With them he lives, like them, or worse he fares,  
1010 For his allowance narr'wer far than theirs:  
On Acorns they, or Wildings richly dine,\*  
He sighing sits, and envy's e'en the Swine;  
Tho' Hunger gnaws, he wisely did refuse 16.  
To steal from them, lest he his Place shou'd lose:  
In this sad Posture when himself he found,  
Cold, naked, hungry, fainting on the Ground;  
Pleasures false mists from his deluded Eyes  
Remov'd, he views himself, and inward — Sighs; 17.

- Recalls to mind how *vast* the *Gulf*, between  
 What now *he was*, and what he once *had been*: 1020  
 How oft his *Fathers Plenty* he despis'd,  
 When to his *Lust* his *Wealth* he sacrific'd:  
 Then thus, his long despairing *Silence* broke,  
 With trickling *Tears*, and deep-fetch'd *Sighs*, he spoke:  
 --- Ah *Wretch*! who didst thy *Fathers House* despise!  
 Ah hapless *Youth*! unwary and unwise!  
 Whilst here for *Want*, I *perish* in despair,  
 And only *think* of *Plenty* reigning there:  
 Nor dare I from his *Table* ought desire;  
 17, 18, 19. That *Bread* which those partake, who *serve* for *hire* 1030  
 My utmost *Wish*, and thither gladly, I  
 Wou'd now return tho' at his *Feet* to die; }  
 At least if *mine* have *strengthen* enough, I'll try }  
 To bear me on --- With much of *Pain* he rose,  
 And by *short Journies*, homeward feebly goes;  
 Of his unhop'd return his *Father* hears,  
 Up starts the rev'rend *Sire* with joyful *Tears*;  
 20. And do's far off in *hast* to meet him go,  
*Love wings* his *Feet*, his *Age* no longer *slow*:  
 See how they meet! How tenderly *embrace*! 1040  
 What different *Passions* reign in eithers *Face*!  
*Here*, with *Compassion* mixt, is painted fair,  
*Ibid.* *Ingenuous Love*, *Ingenuous Shame* dwells there.  
*Surpriz'd* he shou'd such kind *Reception* meet,  
 The *Son* falls trembling at his *Fathers Feet*:  
 21. Where thus --- O *Father*! If you not *disclaim*  
 That *long abus'd*, that *dear*, tho' *injur'd Name*;  
 If 'tis not yet too late my *Crimes* to grieve,  
 If either *Heav'n* or *You* can yet *forgive*:  
 Tho' I to a *Sons Honour* may 'nt aspire, 1050  
 That *Title lost*, O let me *serve* for *Hire*!  
 So may I oft enjoy the *envy'd Grace*,  
 E'en tho' he *Frown*, to see a *Fathers Face*:  
 Nothing to this, o'erjoy'd, th' old *Man* replies,  
 Or if he *speaks*, 'tis only with his *Eyes*:  
 Nothing to him, but to his *Servants* there,  
 Gives *Order* they his *Festal Robes* prepare;  
 Which brought, he in the *richest* and the *best*,

With

- With his *own Hands*, did his lov'd *Son* invest :
- 1060 With this his *Signet* from his *Finger* gave,  
 A *mark* of *Honour*, he no more a *Slave* : \*  
 Then bids a *plenteous Feast* that *Night* prepare, \*  
 And call his *Friends*, so just a *Joy* to *share* : 23.  
 They crowding came, and the blest *Moments* spent,  
 In *temp'rate Joy*, and harmless *Merriment* ; 24.  
 In *Songs* which *Heav'n* it self did erst *inspire*, 25.  
 And *Seraphs* sing to *David's* royal *Lyre* : \*  
 In modest *Dances*, no *Dishonour* thought, *Ibid.*  
 When th' *Ark* of *God* to beauteous *Zion* brought.
- 1070 The *sober Glass* with *sparkling Gaza* crown'd, \*  
 Grateful to *God* and *Man*, walks *slow* and *cheerful* round : \*  
 Mean while the *Elder* of the *Sons*, who now,  
*Night* hasting on, came *sweating* from the *Plough*,  
 Much wonder'd when, the *House* approaching near,  
 He *Light* did see, and *Songs* and *Musick* hear ; \* *Ibid.*  
 The *Cause* inquir'd, a *Servant* thus replies, 26.  
 With *hast* at once, and *pleasure* in his *Eyes* ;  
 Your *Brother* whom so long as *lost*, we mourn'd,  
 In *distant Lands*, this *Evening* is return'd : 27.
- 1080 For his arrival all this *Joy's* exprest,  
 And only you are wanting at the *Feast* ;  
 Where, with *impatience* you 've *expected* been —  
 — Enrag'd the *Brother*, wou'd not *enter* in : 28.  
 The *Guests* disturb'd, began to *quit* their *Seats*,  
 The *Father* comes, and *mildly* him *intreats* :  
 Still *resolute* and *fierce* without he stay'd,  
 And thus displeas'd did th' *old Sire* upbraid :  
 — How many a *Year*, still *stupidly* content, 29.  
 Have I in your *unthankful Service* spent ?
- 1090 *Slavishly* dutiful I've with you stay'd,  
 Nor ever yet *displeas'd* or *disobey'd* ;  
 Yet never cou'd I yet *presented* be,  
 With one small *Kid* t' oblige my *Friends* and *me* :  
 But when your *hopeful Son*, your *Darling's* come 30.  
 From *Stews* and *Brothels*, *stript* and *naked* home ;  
 For him has all this *Feast* and *Rev'ling* been :  
 Give me my *Portion* too ! — I'll not come in.  
 — Agen the *Father* mildly thus replies, 31.

Son! Why this *Anger* in your *Words* and *Eyes*?  
 Thou know'st I only thee my *Heir* design,  
 Wait a few *Days*, and all th' *Estate* is thine!  
 Why art thou *Angry* then, and *Discontent*,  
 At this *Small part* upon thy *Brother* spent?  
 Why shou'd we not *Rejoyce*, when since his *Birth*,  
 There never yet has been such *cause* of *Mirth*?  
 Whom giv'n for *dead*, we strangely see *revive*, \*  
 Lost and *despair'd*, again receive *alive*.

Scarce he the lively *Parable* did end,  
 When *Chuzza* came, our *Saviour's* grateful *Friend*,  
 And wife *Gamaliel's* both, whose welcom *Guest*,  
 He often was at the great *Paschal-Feast*:  
 Enters with him the *brave Centurion* too,

1110

Luke 7. 5.

Their *Benefactor* all our *Nation* knew:  
 The first *Endearments* past, when looking round,  
 Th' *Apostles* well-known *Faces*, *Chuzza* found:  
 More pleas'd, he *each Embrac'd*, and tells 'em he,  
 Hop'd not to meet so much good *Company*:  
 I know, he adds, your blest *Employment* still,  
 Is to *perform* and *teach* your *Master's Will*:

1120

I interrupted your *Discourse*, I fear,  
 Which none, than *me*, with greater *Joy* wou'd hear:  
 So much my self to that great *Man* I owe,  
 You'll highly *Oblige* me if his *Truths* you'll show, }  
 Something I *know*, but more I *wish* to *know*:  
 Forgive me that I call'd him *Man* before!  
 For sure his *Godlike Actions* speak him *more*;  
 Around his *Face* mild *Rays* of *Goodness* *Shine*,  
 His *Life* and *Laws* confess him *All-divine*.  
 Say, you who *happy* in his *Bosom* lie,  
 If ought of this *tremendous Mystery*,  
 Ought, which from *Vulgar Ears* is yet conceal'd,  
 May be to us, your *Trust* still *safe*, reveal'd?

1130

Yes, Sir, the Son of *Zebedee* reply'd;  
 We from the harden'd *Crowd* some *Truths* must *hide*, \*  
 Till more *prepar'd* to hear 'em; but to *you*  
 Rank'd by our Lord among the *favour'd few*,  
 And these good *Men*, who tho' they much *discern*,  
 From our low *Converse*, not *disdain* to *learn*;

1140

I'll

I'll speak, *permitted*, what from him I heard,  
What he in '*Closet-Privacy* declar'd;  
What in my *Breast* th' *unerring Spirit* seals,  
And by my *acted Tongue* to you reveals.

He said — But O! how vast a *Change* they spy?  
What *awful Grandeur* sparkled in his *Eye*?  
So *Truth* wou'd look, cou'd she a *Body* take,  
And as like *Truth* he look'd, like *Truth* he spake:  
*Greater* he seem'd, and something *more* than *Man*;  
1150 And thus our *Saviour's* happy *Friend* began.

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*The End of the Fifth Book.*

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# NOTES

## ON

### The LIFE of CHRIST.

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#### BOOK V.

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14. **S**ome Shepherds to the neighb'ring Towns disclos'd. ] As probable a way of his being known as any.

18. *At once instructs and cures.* ] So says Beda, *Quoscunque in corpore salvabat, eos pariter & in anima reformabat*, He reform'd their Souls as well as heal'd their Bodies.

20. *Till lengthening Shadows shew'd declining Day.* ] From Virgil's — *Majoresque cadunt de montibus umbræ.*

25. *And thus replies.* ] 'Tis a common Scheme of Speech both in the Evangelists and other holy Writers, to introduce Persons replying or answering, where there's at most only an involv'd Question going before. So S. Matth. 11. 25. *Jesus answered and said, I thank thee O Father, &c.* tho we read of no preceding Question or Compellation; an usual Hebraism, as Maldonate on the places, the Word *אני* signifying not only answering a Question, but also beginning or continuing a Speech.

47. *We in an hundred different Troops divide.* ] St. Luke 9. 15. *They sat down by fifties in a Company; an hundred of which fifties there are in five thousand.*

49. *By which what e'er he please, what e'er he please he makes.* ] I don't think changing Substance, to be so great a Wonder as would shock my Faith, had our Saviour ever declar'd he had actually done it in the Blessed Sacrament; because we've not only an example of that Nature in Sacred Story, in Moses's Rod, but, if I mistake not, Instances on't every day in that Proteus-Matter. Had our Saviour therefore been pleas'd to have chang'd the Bread into real corporeal Flesh, undoubtedly he might have done it, (as God, in the former Instance, chang'd Wood into that Substance.) But still, as a great Man of our Church observes, here's the Miracle, that after the Change, the thing's still the same that ever 'twas. At which rate our Saviour might as well have persuaded the People here, that a Miracle had been wrought, the Loaves multiplied, and their Hunger satisfied without giving 'em one mouthful; alas, their gross Senses were not to be believ'd, this being all Spiritual Food. Ludolfus here, has a very odd Allegory, *Mythicæ*, says he, *per quintos Panes quinti libri Moyses intelliguntur, per duas Pisces Prophetæ & Psalmi.* By the five Loaves are mystically understood the five Books of Moses, by the two Fishes, the Prophets and Psalms.

61. *Bids us collect the Reliques of the Feast.* ] Grotius in loc. observes, "That this was more than Moses did in the Manna, or Elias in the Barrel of Meal. But Heinsius, "That our Lord did this, according to the use of the Jews, whose Custom 'twas to reserve their Fragments for the Poor: whence that of Rabbi Eleazar, "Whosoever

"soever eats without leaving any Fragments must not expect a Blessing. Tho indeed this was expressly forbidden in the *Manna*, where nothing was to be left till the Morning, and all had enough for that Day. And it might be enjoined by *Elijah*, tho not recorded; nor is it very much difference whether our Saviour gave or followed a good Example.

63. *Twelve empty Baskets in the Vessel lay,*  
Wherein we Fish from place to place convey. ] There are two different Words us'd for what we render *Baskets*, *Κόφινος*, and *αμείδης*, the former in the Miracle of the five thousand, the latter of the four thousand. These *Κόφινος*, were so famous among the Jews, that their Nation was distinguished by them, as *Grotius* and others: so *Juvenal*,—*Quorum Cophinus Fœnumque Supellex*, whose *Basket* and *Hay* were all their Household-stuff, and — *Cophino Fœnoque relicto*. The Word being changed from Greek to Latin, and perhaps further, into our English *Coffin*. These twelve Baskets then seem to be the proper Goods of the twelve Apostles, serving 'em either for the conveyance of Fish, or as a kind of *Sea Chests*, to hold all their Necessaries. The *αμείδης*, Dr. *Hammond* thinks, were a larger sort of *Κόφινος*, since one of 'em was big enough to hold a Man, *S. Paul* being let down from *Damascus*, in *αμείδης*, in a *Basket*, we render it, *Act. 9. 26.* our Word not noting a limited Capacity, but only the kind of the Vessel.

83. *A greater Army we,—Than join'd at Modin the brave Maccabee.* ] *Joseph. Antiq. lib. 12. cap. 8.* says, those who join'd *Matthias* were no more at first than the Inhabitants of the small Village of *Modin*, and even when his Son *Judas* came against the Army of *Antiochus*, under *Gorgias* and *Nicanor*, consisting of forty thousand Foot and seven thousand Horse, he had no more than three thousand Men, and those raw and badly arm'd. *Cap. 11. of the same Book.*

98. *A place remote, where oft he us'd to pray,*  
Wall'd on the sides as Custom is.—] I take that passage in *S. Luke 6. 12.* where 'tis said our Lord continued all Night in Prayer to God, *ἐν τῇ προσευχῇ τῷ θεῷ*, to relate to the Place even more immediately than the *Action*, according to the Notion of *Drusias*, Dr. *Hammond*, Mr. *Mede*, and other learned Men, who think this *ἐν τῇ προσευχῇ τῷ θεῷ*, ought to be translated, in the *Proseucha*, Prayer-house, or Oratory of God. The Fashion of which Oratories Mr. *Mede* describes from *Epiphanius*, after whom I have copied. His Conjecture he makes more probable by *Philo's* *ἱερὸς ἐστὶν οἶκος*, the *Alexandrians* cutting down the Trees of the Jewish *Proseucha's* or Oratories: and the same is probable from that Comparison of *David*, *I am like a green Olive-tree in the House of my God.*

104. *Here stay'd alone till Night began to wear.* ] The *τετάρτη φύλαξ* or fourth Watch of the Night, among the Jews, was undoubtedly near day; but the Phrase *ὁ ψαλ γαρυφάνης* is here us'd, *S. Matth. 14. 23.* When the Evening was come he was there alone. 24. But the Ship was tossed. 25. And in the fourth Watch of the night, &c. Now the same word *ὁ ψαλ* is us'd v. 15. When it was Evening. Dr. *Hammond* thus reconciles these Places, "That the Word *ὁ ψαλ*, is taken in different Sences, sometimes "for the precise Evening or Sun set, at others Synecdochically for the whole Night, "as Morning for the Day. So in *Moses*, the Evening and the Morning were the first Day, a natural Day of twenty four Hours. Thus, in the first place, 'tis to be taken for the precise Evening or Sun set, in the latter for the whole Night: to which might be added, (if any thing can be after Dr. *Hammond*) that the second *ὁ ψαλ* may be at a great distance from *τετάρτη φύλαξ*, see v. 23. "When the Evening was come, our Saviour was alone in the Mountain Praying; which must take up some time, as it did, we know, whole Nights together: then v. 24. The Ship was in the Sea, and not till 25. In the fourth Watch of the night Jesus went unto them, &c.

111. *And now shrill Cocks foretold th' Approach of Day.* ] Either some they had a Ship board, or, if not so well laid in, from the neighbouring Shores, since it appears on comparing the Evangelists, that the other Side, to which our Saviour ordered 'em to row, was only cross a small Arm or Creek of that small Sea, compare *Sr. Matth. 14. 22.* with *St. Mark 6. 45.*

120. *Nor could two Glasses more expect to live.* ] Some may object, I make the Disciples

Disciples better *Seamen* than they really were, and introduce 'em talking more *Ship-shape*, as the *Sailors* call it; but the same *Objection* lies fuller against *Virgil*, whose amphibious *Heroes* are as good at *Sea* as at *Land Service*, being grown excellent *Seamen* as soon as ever put a *Ship-board*; whereas my *Sailors* were bred to it, probably from their very *Cradles*: nay they might have *Glasses* too: for we read of the *fourth Watch* of the *Night*, and how should they know one *Watch* from t'other, had they not *Glasses* to distinguish 'em, in the same manner with our modern *Navigators*.

162. *The sounding Beach.* ] I took the Epithet of *sounding*, partly from *Homer's* πολυροισέοιο, tho indeed he uses it of the *Sea*, not the *Beach*; partly from *Observation*, the *Sea* or *Shore*, which you please, making a great *Noise* when the *Pebbles* are roll'd or trail'd along by the *Motion* of the *Water*, especially in a *Storm*.

165. *O'er sweet Hermon.* ] *Hermon* was East of *Jordan* and the *Sea* of *Galilee*, *Deut.* 4. 47, 48. They possessed their land (of *Sibon* and *Og*) on this side *Jordan* (the *Wilderness*'s side, where this *Book* must therefore be written) toward the *Sun-rising*, from *Aroer*, which is by the *Bank* of the *River Arnon*, even unto *Mount Sion*, (70. the *Mount* of *Sibon*) which is *Hermon*.

180. *So when their way a Flight of Locusts takes*  
*From Lubim's wild and Chelonidian Lakes;*  
*While Mizraim's Sons their sacred Ox implore,*  
*And trembling see the Plague wide hov'ring o'er, &c.* ] All Authors who write of *Africa*, observe, that those *Desarts* produce vast *Armies* of these destructive *Creatures*, a *People* there called the 'Αχαιδοφαγοι, or *Locust-Eaters*, taking their Names from making *Reprizals* upon 'em, and devouring them, because they have left 'em nothing else to eat. See the *Scholiast* on *Dionysius*, v. 559, 560. *Diodorus*, *Strabo*, and several of the *Ancients*, (as *Ludolfus* since) and others quoted by *Bochart*, *Lib.* 4. *Cap.* 3. give us their *Description* and *History*; that learned *Man* deriving one of their *Arabian* Names, *Alhabshan*, from *Habysinia*, a part of *Africa*, which they seldom fail to visit, being brought thither, by *Winds*, from those vast sandy *Tracts* of *Ground* that lie *South* and *West*, in which are the *Chelonidian* *Fenns*, *Chelonides Paludes*, in the *Geographer*, by a continual *Stream* discharging themselves into the *Niger*. Now the same *South* or *West* *Winds* which brought them from the *Wilderness*, might carry 'em on to *Egypt*; *Bochart* being of *Opinion*, the *Egyptian* *Locusts* came from this *Country*: tho I rather believe they took not so long a *Journey*, being born from the *Happy Arabia*, East of *Egypt*, and where enough of 'em are often found to supply all their *Neighbours*, the *Arabians* being but too well acquainted with them, and their *Writers* giving a more particular description of them than any others. It may not be unpleasant to instance but in one, because of his odd *Easterly-way* of *Expression*, who complains of their molesting 'em at their very *Tables*; he is quoted by *Bochart*, in his *Locusta*, in these Words, "Said *Algesen* the Son of *Aly*, we were sitting at the *Table*, I and my Brother *Mahumed* the Son of *Alchanaphia*, and the Sons of my Uncle *Abdalla*, and *Kethem*, and *Alphidal*, the Sons of *Alibas*, and a *Locust* lit upon the *Table* in the middle of us, &c. However tho *Bochart's* *Conjecture* mayn't here hold, because 'tis said 'twas a רוח קריב, an *East-Wind* that brought these *Locusts*, for which reason they must rather come from *Arabia* which lies *East*, than *Ethiopia* which is *South* from *Egypt*; yet they may be, and are frequently carry'd thither from *Abyssinia*, by those *South* and *West* *Winds*, which often bring 'em from the *Cape*, or the *Desarts* of *Mount Atlas*. For that *Expression*, *The Plague wide hovering.* ] 'Tis agreeable to what *Historians* deliver of the vast flights of these *Locusts*, which sometimes obscure the *Sun*, and darken large *Tracts* of *Ground*, two of their Names, חֹבֶלֶת and צִלְצִל, being deriv'd, by *Bochart*, from such *Roots* as imply *Veiling* and *Darkness*; further affirming out of *Cadamasus*, that they sometimes reach for twelve *Miles* together. And *Surius* says, "That even in *Poland*, Anno 1541. a *Cloud* of 'em appear'd two *Miles* in length, and hindred the *Light* of the *Sun* from all that *Tract* of *Ground*, over which they flew.

383. *So when the West-wind clears their Reedy Shore, &c.* ] *Exod.* 10. 19. The Lord turned

turn'd a mighty strong West Wind, which took away the Locusts, and cast them into the Red Sea. I call it Reedy Shore, because that Sea is stil'd in the Hebrew, *Jam Zuph*, the reedy, sedgy, or flaggy Sea; from the Multitude of Flags and Weeds which grow in it, as well as on its Bank; "Tho never so many ill Weeds there, says Fuller after his way, " as when the Egyptians were drown'd in it.

185. *Precipitating in th' Arabian Deep.*] The Red-Sea, of which see more *Lib. 6.* is also called by *Dionysius* and others, *Κόλπος Ἀραβικὸς*, the Arabian Gulf, (now *Mer de Mecca*) from its washing the Shores of Arabia. This is the usual end of those Creatures, as *Pliny*, *S. Jerome*, and others; I'll only instance in *Siebert*, even in our own Countrey, who tells us in his Chronicle, "That after a parcel of these *Tartarian* Travellers had made a stragling Visit into Europe, and put all France under Contribution (or rather Military Execution) they were at last all carried away by a Blast of Wind, and drown'd in the British Ocean, in such vast numbers, that being thrown up again on the Shores, their putrid Bodies infected the Air, and brought a terrible Pestilence, which destroyed an incredible number of Men.

191. *Under a gentle Gale their Oars they ply'd — The Wind veer'd round to West.*] The Gale must be gentle, otherwise they could not have us'd their Oars. It must be to West, or somewhere in that point, for their convenient and speedy Passage over to the East or North East side of the Lake, to *Chorazin* and *Capernaum*, whither our Saviour went after his Landing, it being the Place of his usual Abode, *vid. St. John 6. 24.* Tho they might well be surpriz'd to find him there so soon in the Morning, knowing his Disciples went away without him, it being at least fourteen or fifteen Miles from the Mountain of Miracles, supposing it to be South of *Bethsaida*, where 'tis generally plac'd, round to *Capernaum*; the Sea being, according to *Josephus*, fourteen or fifteen Miles long, and six or seven broad, and this Journey containing about half the Length, and all the Breadth of it, besides the Loss of Way by Creeks and Turnings. I lay *Chorazin* and *Capernaum*, because they lie near together, being joined together by a Bridge, in Fuller's Maps, like *Southwark* and *London*; both of which Places, according to our Saviour's Prophecy, now lie buried in Dust and Ruines; the Pilgrim, who saw 'em, telling us, that even *Capernaum* itself is now nothing but three or four little Fishing-Cabins near the Lake.

221. *For Angels Food they long.*] It seems the Jews desired our Lord to give 'em Manna, which they tacitly beg, *St. John 6. 31.* and more plainly *v. 34.*

263. *Joseph the Carpenter has oft work'd here.*] I know the Word *τέκτων*, as well as *Faber* in the Latin, has a larger signification than our English *Carpenter*, and some of the Fathers were of Opinion, that *Joseph* was *Faber-Ferrarius*, a Blacksmith, as he's called in the Hebrew Gospel of *St. Matthew*; but the greater stream of Writers goes the other way, supposing him a Carpenter: thus *Justin-Martyr*, who affirms that our Lord himself did make Ploughs and Yokes, and indeed he is called *τέκτων*, *St. Mark 6. 3.* and therefore, it may be presumed, actually wrought at his Father's Trade. And to the same purpose the famous Answer of the Christian to the scoffing Heathen. As for *Joseph's working at Capernaum*, I confess 'tis my own Addition, tho probable enough; for if he were a Good Workman, as I know not why I may n't suppose him, he might be sent for from *Nazareth* thither, not above some twelve Miles distant.

264. *His Mother Mary, his Relations near.*] These Relations of our Lord, call'd his Brethren in Holy Writ, according to the Jewish way of speech, seem to be no more but his Cousin-Germans, or Sons of his Mother's Sister; for she that's called the Mother of *James* and *Joses*, *St. Mark 15. ult.* and *16. 1.* is stiled *Mary the Wife of Cleophas* and *Jesus's Mother's Sister*, *St. John 19. 25.* For which reasons there's no need of taking the famous *ἰσὺν αὐτὸν*, in that same sence with *Helvidius* and his Followers: not but that I think full as bad Arguments are made use of, even by some of the Fathers, and by *Walker*, and other Moderns, to prove the perpetual Virginity. To instance in that *Ezek. 44. 2.* *This Gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, &c.* tho they might as well have prov'd it from *Gideon's Fleece*, or the *Bush in Horeb*, both of which *Vida* makes Types of the Blessed Virgin, *Hæc Virgo est rubus ille, &c.* and it's a wonder none of her zealous Idolizers ha'nt all this while found out that

Text in the following Ezek. 46. 3. to enforce her *Adoration*, *The People of the land shall worship at the door of this Gate before the Lord*; the same *East-Gate*, as appears on comparing the places. This, I say, might, in my judgment, be as *properly* and *decently* urg'd for her *worship*, as the other for the purpose to which 'tis brought. The best on't is, this *Matter of Fact* can be no Article of Faith, either of one side or t'other, since nothing's said on't in Scripture. For which reason it should seem 'twas only a piece of *Monkish Zeal* that made *Helvidius's* mistaken Opinion a *down-right Heresie*: an Extremity those *ill natur'd* Hermits were driven upon out of an abundant Caution for their darling *Doctrine of Abstinence* in those matters, in which many of 'em seem more than *half-Gnosticks*, or *Priscillianists*, if not akin to those mad Hereticks, the *Valesii* and *Severiani*, of whom *Eusebins*, *Eccl. Hist. lib. 4. cap. 27.* and *Epiphanius*, *Heres. 58.*

287. *An hidden secret Sence my Words imply.* ] S *John* 6. 63. *It is the Spirit that quickneth, the Words that I speak unto you they are Spirit, &c.*

289. *Nor this can their false Prejudice prevent.* ] It seems plain, that the Jews understood our Saviour's Words, *I am the Bread of life*, in a grots, carnal, literal Sence, founding to *Transubstantiation*; which Mistake our Saviour endeavours to rectifie, but they continued obstinate, and would not give him leave to understand his own Words.

307. *I know the Wretch who will his Lord betray.* ] v. 64. *Jesus knew from the beginning who should betray him.* This being a wonderful Instance of his *Humiliation* and *Submission* to the *Divine Will*, that in obedience unto it, he chose such a Person for one of his Family, as he knew from the very first wou'd prove a Traitor.

310. *Soon will he with base Slanders me accuse, — Soon will the Fiend, &c.* ] I take the Word *ἁδὼν* here, *one of you*, namely *Judas*, is a Devil, in the largest sence, as 'tis used in the Sacred Writings, answerable to the Hebrew, *יָדוֹן*, which signifies, as Dr. *Hammond* and *Grotius*, among other things, an *Adversary in Foro*, a Delator, an Informer, an Accuser, especially a false Accuser; so here, *ἁδὼν*, says one, is as much as *qui deferet me apud Principes*, One that will accuse me to the Elders. But I understand it in a yet stronger Sence. *He is a Devil*, that is, our Saviour saw he was already given up to the Power of the *Evil Spirit*, who would, at the *last Supper*, enter into him, tempting him to betray his Master; and indeed, without some such Diabolical Instigator, 'tis hard to suppose any thing humane could be capable of such a piece of Villany.

315. *What in Thought — I scarce could track, each mighty Wonder wrought.* ] Agreeable to St. *John's* Hyperbole, St. *John* 21. 25. *And many other things did Jesus, which if they should be written every one, I suppose the World would not be able to contain the Books that should be written.*

337. *A rich and powerful Lord, Chuza his Name.* ] *Lightfoot*, *Walker*, and others, think that the Nobleman, St. *John* 4. 46. whose Son was sick at *Capernaum*, was no other than that *Chuza* the Husband of *Joanna*, who ministred to our Saviour and his Apostles, St. *Luke* 8. 3. which Opinion I follow, for reasons, which will be plain in *Lib. vi.*

370. *He saw, and lov'd, and won her for his Bride.* ] The Courtship, I confess, should, in decency, have taken up more time; but that I've greater Business on my hands, and must therefore omit that Formality.

391. *That through the Galilean Coasts, — Our Lord was seen returning.* ] St. *John* 4. 43. *After two days, he departed thence, (from the Coasts of Samaria) and went into Galilee.*

398. *When near small Jiphthael's Streams, our Lord he'd found.* ] A Brook of that name in *Galilee*, the same, I think, with *Sibor-Libanus*.

453. *To bridle hot Capernaum's Youth.* ] The Centurion being fixed in this place, there seems little doubt, but that 'twas a Station of the Romans, of whom there was need enough in that factious Country of *Galilee*, whereof *Capernaum* was one of the most considerable Places, if not the Metropolis.

472. *Near where Callirhoe's Streams, &c.* ] *Josephus* describes these Waters, both in his *Antiq. lib. 8. cap. 17.* and in *Bell. Jud. lib. 7. cap. 25.* He says, "They arise about *Macherus*,

" *Machærus*, from two Springs of contrary Natures, one hot and sweet, the other cold and bitter; which meeting together, have many excellent Virtues, giving Help, both by drinking and bathing, for several Diseases: tho' *Herod the Great* try'd 'em in vain, by the Advice of his Physicians, they being like to kill instead of curing him. These Waters are so plentiful, that they not only run off, but make a fair Current, or *River*, on whose Banks, stood the antient City *Lasha*, afterwards *Callirrhoe*, whence the Baths themselves are named, being stiled by *Josephus*, the Baths of *Callirrhoe*, as our *Tunbridge-Waters* take their Name from the Town, tho' 'tis some Miles distant from them.

488. *With ill directed Prayers, devoutly made.* ] From *Cowley's*, *With good and pious Prayers directed ill.*

490. *Vows he'd a Cock.* ] A noted Sacrifice to *Æsculapius*; I suppose, because while a *Mortal Quack*, the Good Women us'd to present him with a *Pullet* or *Cock-rill*, now and then for a *Fee*.

492. *But the poor Marble Idol, &c.* ] *Æsculapius* his first Seat was at *Epidaurus*, thence, in a great Plague, his Godship was sent for to *Rome*, or the Devil in his stead, for *Ovid* says, a great Serpent appear'd in the Ship that was sent to fetch him thither. But above all their foolish Gods, I wonder what good Wife first deified the Son of this *Æsculapius*, I mean *Machaon*, who, it seems, got a Lift among the Stars for nothing less than inventing the most excellent *Art of Tooth-drawing*.

512. *Jairus for him and other Friends implore.* ] *St. Luke* 7. the Centurion sent the Elders of the Jews; the Rulers of their Synagogues were chosen out of these Elders; one of these Rulers was *Jairus*, with whom undoubtedly the Centurion was intimate, since he himself had built the Jews a *Synagogue*.

565. *Or at the lovely Balfom Gardens nigh.* ] For which the *Jews* quarrelled with the *Romans*, vid. *Joseph*.

584. *Soon did th' Old Man the joyful Tidings know.* ] In the History thus, *Be of good comfort, for behold he calls thee.*

597. *A thick and churlish Skin.* ] I suppose it a sort of a *Cataract*.

608. *Nor ever saw, till then, the chearful Light.* ] He was born *Blind*, and therefore his Cure such a Miracle, as *Grotius* observes, as was unanswerable, after all the Cavils of the *Jews*.

625. *Whence them he self-condemn'd and blushing sent.* ] *St. John* 8. 9. *being convicted by their own Conscience they went out, &c.*

629. *'Twas at the famous Pool, well known to all — Jerusalem.* ] 'Tis hardly to be supposed so remarkable a thing could be unknown to any about *Jerusalem*, any more than that *St. John*, who was an *Eye-witness* of all, would invent such a Story, had it not been true; especially when the Circumstance related not to the Honour of his Master: our *Lightfoot*, I think, gives the most probable Reason for the Silence of the *Jewish Writers* in this matter; namely, "That the wonderful Virtue of these Waters, might be reckon'd as a sign of the *Messiah's* Coming; Miracles being expected as a Token of his Reign, for which Reason, he thinks, the *Rabbies* never mention it.

635. *You know from Heav'n some courteous Angel brings.* ] That 'twas a real *Angel*, not the *Priest's Boy*, which wrought these Miracles, *Grotius* brings these following Arguments, "1. 'Twas done at a certain set time. 2. All Diseases were cured. 3. The Waters were first to be moved, whereas in natural Cures they must be calm. As for the first and last of these Arguments, the odd Hypothesis which a very excellent Person stumbled upon, in relation to this matter, absolutely precludes them; but the second, I think, is unanswerable; he endeavours indeed to avoid it, explaining all Diseases by some, the Word *whatsoever* there denoting, as he thinks, a limited Universality, referring to the Diseases after-mentioned, the *Blind*, *Halt*, *Wither'd*, &c. But neither will this do, for tho' there may be a kind of a Virtue, in the Remedies he mentions, against *Lameness*, I believe 'tis a new discovery that they're good against *Blindness* too.

668. *Nor does he old Traditions blame, but where, &c.* ] He bids his Disciples,

Whatever the Pharisees commanded, that to observe and do; that is, undoubtedly, in Cases indifferent, since he was very severe against 'em, as in the business of Corban, where they made God's Word of none effect by their own Traditions.

673. And a good Life, true Faith's unfailing Test.] From that of our Saviour, Ye are my Friends, if ye do whatever I command you.

677. Now in some lively Parable — As antient Seers us'd.] Those who would know the difference between the *ἡθάρματα* and *παροιμίας* of the Antients, wherein consisted all their Wisdom; and the parts of the *ἡθάρματα*, the *παραβολαί* and *ἀντιπαραβολαί*, may consult Grotius on St. Matt. 13. These Parables, Apologues, Similitudes, or Fables, were much used by the Eastern Nations, especially the Syrians, and those of Palestine; who, as St. Jerome observes, seem to have a particular Genius for them.

694. Neither on Honour be, or Conscience food.] The same with, He feared not God, nor regarded Man.

750. Ten thousand Talents to his Servant lent.] Which, unless I'm out in my Calculation, supposing the Talent but Silver, is, three Millions seven hundred and fifty Thousand Pound.

843. Touch not my Holy Robes.] His Fringes and Phylacteries, and some wore a huge Flapping Hat besides.

855. Which almost equal makes thy time and mine.] The Jews fasted Mondays and Thursdays; from a Tradition among them, as Drusinus has it, that Moses went up to Mount Sinai on a Monday, and came down on a Thursday.

905. Not so the Younger, who profuse and vain.] Grotius justly observes, that among all our Saviour's Parables, this seems to be the most excellent, adorn'd with the finest Colours, and full of the liveliest Passions, "*appositum*, says he, in Jun. "*ore ponitur Exemplum depravati Ingenii*, Youth having generally less Wisdom and more Passion than other Ages.

Ibid. Not so the Younger, who profuse and vain.] By *profuse* I would express the *ζῶν ἀσώτως*, living prodigally, lewdly, vainly, or naughtily, nequiter, which Grotius thinks exactly hits the Greek *ἀσώτως*, after which, v. 14. 'tis said, He began to be in Want, *ὕστερος*, which, methinks, from the notation of the Word, should be translated to run behind hand, or run out, as we usually say.

1004. One only who more Kindness had profess'd.] I confess, I thought this might have been some good Substantial Citizen, of his former Acquaintance; but Ludolfus, on those Words *Civis se adjunxit*, (*ἐκκοινωνῶν*, was a sort of a Hanger on) tells us, "by this Citizen was meant the Devil, the Inhabitant of the Kingdom of Darkness, and the Shadow of Death.

1008. And sends him to the Fields, his Swine to feed.] *Quo nullum vilis Ministerium*, says Bochart de Porcis. Who also tells us, out of Donatus, that there were three sorts of Pastors among the Antients, *Bubulci*, our Cowherds, from whence the *Bucolics*, now the name for all Pastoral; the *Opiliones*, our proper Shepherds, the chiefest Subjects of our English Pastoral, tho I think least of the Greek; the *Caprarii*, or Goat-herds, famous with the Grecians. But of Swinberds there's no mention, either in Theocritus or Virgil; tho what's greater, Grandfire Homer has made *Eumæus* immortal who was Swinberd to Ulysses, vid. *Odyss. lib. 22*.

IIII. On Acorns they or Wildings.] There's much dispute what's meant by these *κασάνα*, which we render Husks, the Latin *Siliquas*. Some think 'em the Shells or Husks of Beans, Pease, or such Pulse, which pleases not Bochart, because he says, out of Theophrastus, those are not called *κασάνα*, but *λίβοι*. Others make them the Fruit of the Caroub, or Wild Fig-tree. But leaving the Learned to agree among themselves, I take a new way of my own, feeding 'em with Acorns and Crabs, as probable in it self as either of the other.

1061. A mark of Honour, be no more a Slave.] A Ring was a mark of Liberty and Ingenuity with the Romans, and Wealth and Honour in the Eastern Nations, vid. Gen. 41. 42. and St. James 2. 2.

1062. Then bids a noble Feast, that Night provide.] The *κόζες σιτάρι*, the fatted Calf, may be put, in the *κασάνα* of this Parable, for all sorts of Dainties, in the

the *ἀνταπόδοις*, Maldonat says, all Interpreters agree that our Saviour is thereby intended.

1067. *And Seraphs sing to David's Royal Lyre.* ] David's Psalms were sung in the Temple, where the Angels were present.

1070. *The Sober Glass, with sparkling Gaza crown'd.* ] We are not to suppose they made a *Dry-Feast*; but that when they had *Musick* and *Dancing*, they had a Glass of *Wine* too; which sure was innocent, if a *sober* one: as honest *Theognis* says bluntly,

Οἶνον τα πίνειν περὶ τὸν χρόνον, ἢν δὲ τις αὐτὸν  
Πίνῃ ὑπερμετρῶς, ἔγκλος, ἀλλ' ἀγαθός.

1071. *Grateful to God and Man.* ] To God in Sacrifices, *Judg.* 9. 13. and *Num.* 28. 14.

1075. *He Lights did see.* ] Coming from work, it must be now the Evening, and Lights in the House, tho, I suppose, not like our *Illuminations*.

*Ibid.* *And Songs and Musick heard.* ] We read, *Musick and Dancing*, in the Original, *Συμφωνίας καὶ χορῶν*. *Camero*, *exultantem Cæturn*, or *concinentis Cætus Carmina*.

1108. *Whom given for dead.* ] Those are called *νεκροί*, *dead*, in the Holy Scriptures, who are lost in Vice, or *dead* in Trespasses and Sins. So *Philo* defines the Death of the Soul, the Destruction of Virtue; and *Pythagoras*, as *Hammond* on the Place, was wont to erect *Cenotaphs*, or *empty Tombs*, for those that left him.

1136. *We from the hardened Crowd some Truths must bide.* ] *Jesus spake in Parables* for the *Hardness* of their Hearts. *vid. Hammond* on *St. Matt.* 8. *Not. b.*

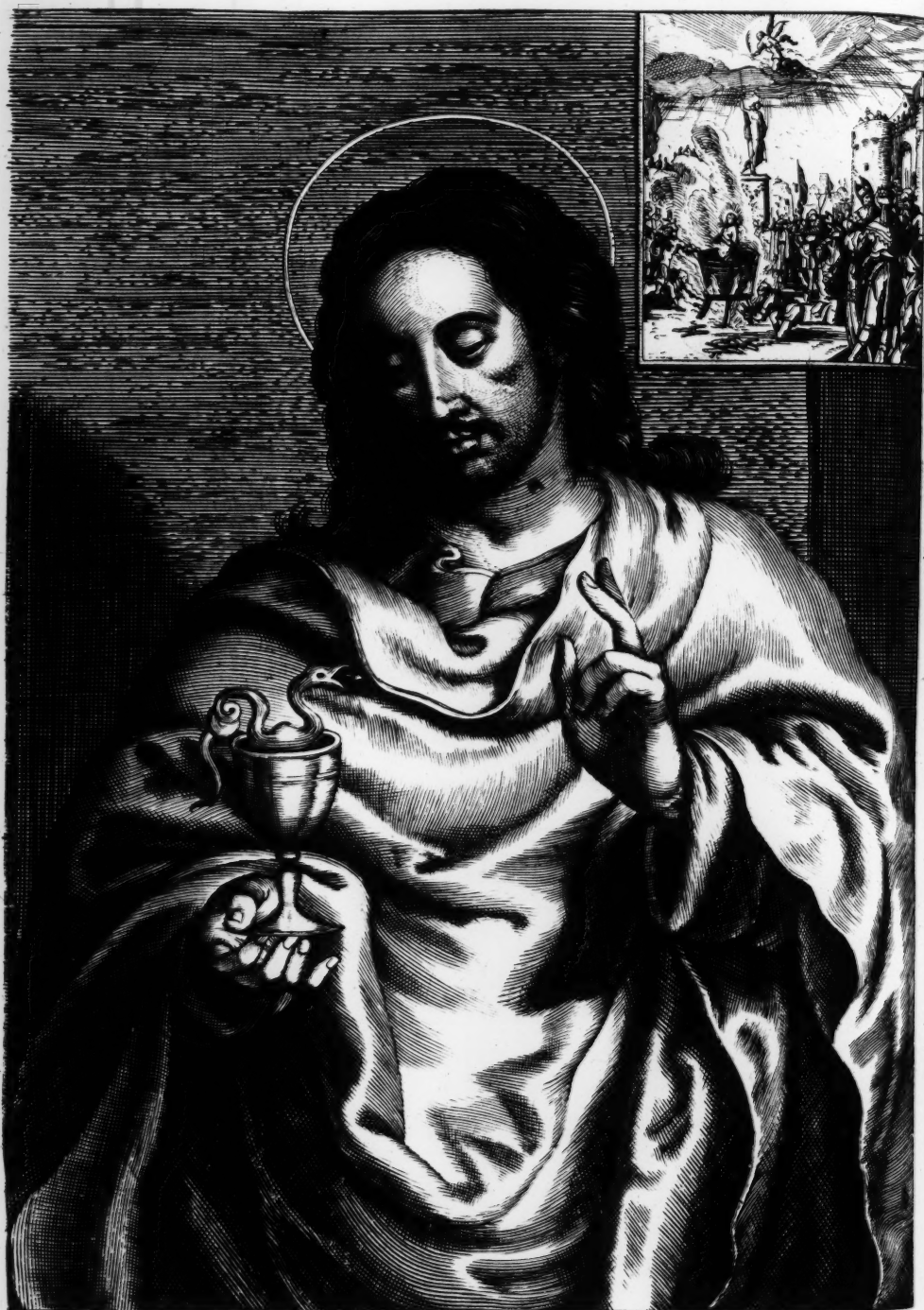
# THE ARGUMENT OF THE Sixth BOOK.

**S**T. John, in a *Pindarique Ode*, asserts the Divinity and Eternity of our Saviour, as he has done in his Gospel and Epistles; describing the Trinity in the greatest part of the three first Stanza's; the Creation of the World by the Son in the fourth; the Fall and Restitution in the fifth and sixth; Proving our Saviour's Existence before his Birth, by his appearing to, and conversing with, the Patriarchs in humane Form, in the seventh; and like an Angel with the Israelites in the eighth; further, in the ninth, proving him to be God by *Isaiah's Vision and Prophecy*; and that he, some way or other, enlightens all Men, in the tenth; as he is the Divine Word, and Eternal Essential Reason.

The Centurion appears surpriz'd at his Discourse, thinking he had been deeply read in the Platonic Philosophy, the Sibyls, &c. and wondring to find so much Learning among the Jews, whereas they were represented, both by Grecian and Roman Historians, as a  
mean

mean and ignorant People. Gamaliel sets him right, and tells him, that tho' 'twas true, what the Disciples knew, was miraculous; yet the Jews, not only had all parts of Philosophy amongst them, but that they were also the first Learned Men in the World, and both the Grecian and Roman Antiquities originally came from them. Of which the Roman appearing very diffident, Gamaliel instances more particularly, and proves the Heathens had their very Gods, their History and Poetry, and other Learning from the Eastern Nations, as they from the Jews; beginning his Discourse on that Subject with a Disquisition concerning the first Rise of Idolatry, and ending it with Praises of the Antient Poetry, which Linus and Orpheus first brought from Phœnicia into Greece; adding, that even as far down as their own Ovid, their Poets borrowed their Matter from the Hebrew Prophecies and Histories. The Centurion owns himself convinc'd with the Reasonableness of his Assertions, and Clearness of his Evidence, only thinks he is too severe against all the World besides his own Nation, on the account of their Image-Worship; which, tho' himself had left, he had yet more Charity for those that us'd it, pleading, the very Images were not worship'd, but the supreme God by them, and urging all the common Shifts, made use of on that Topick. All which Gamaliel answers, and closes his Argument with the second Command, wherein all such Worship was expressly, and unanswerably condemn'd. The Roman rejoins, that it's not fair to bring Scripture against them, when they themselves won't abide by it, as the perfect and only Rule of Faith and Life, the Pharisees not only equalling their Traditions with it, but exalting 'em against it. To this Gamaliel replies, He'll dispute no further on that Head, but if they desired to hear what could be said in defence of Traditions, he had a Pupil eager enough for 'em, and learn'd above his Age, and, if 'twere possible to be done, able to defend them, and whom he'd call in for that Purpose. On their agreeing to his Proposal, and St. James's undertaking to manage the Dispute, Paul of Tarsus enters, warmly urging the Common Arguments for Tradition and Infallibility, against the Scriptures, and Judgment of Discretion or Private Reason, which St. James answers, and withal prophesies, that he himself shall become as strenuous a Defender, as now he was a forward Opposer of the Christian Faith. After he has left the Room in a Rage, Chuza, being pleas'd with the Discourses he has already heard, and finding some of the Sadducees Opinions and Arguments, which he could not yet well answer, desires Liberty to propose them, in order to his intire satisfaction in those Matters: and, Leave obtain'd, produces their received Tenets and Arguments against immaterial Substances, the Resurrection, and future Punishments and Rewards; to which Joseph of Arimathea and Gamaliel return him satisfactory Answers. After which St. Peter subjoins other Proofs, taken from our Saviour's Miracles and Discourses, and that they had not only heard him assert there were Evil Spirits, but had seen him cast them out; concluding with the Parable of Dives and Lazarus. Which ended, the Company breaks up, and the three Disciples return to our Saviour.

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<sup>t</sup>**S. IOANNES.**

THE  
LIFE  
OF  
CHRIST:  
AN  
Heroic Poem.

BOOK VI.

I.

\*  O E! th' *Eternal Word* I sing,  
Whose great Spirit my Breast in-  
spire!  
Whilst I touch the sounding string,  
Tune, some *Angel!* Tune my  
Lyre!

John 1.

Rise, my *Eagle-Soul!* arise!  
Mount and mean thy *Native Skies,*  
And view th' *eternal Sun* with thy *ambitious Eyes!*  
(If once direct his *Glories* on me shin'd,  
How gladly wou'd I be for ever *Blind?*)

10

Let thy first bold *Essay* be,

What

What wou'd employ *Eternity*,  
 To sing the *Father* of the *World* and *Thee* :  
 — In the *beginning* of his *endless now*,  
 Before this *beauteous World* was *made*,  
 Before the *Earths* Foundations laid,  
 Before th' *officious Angels* round his *Throne* did *bow* ;  
 He *was*, he *ever is*, we know not *how*.  
 No mean *Succession* his *Duration* knows, \*  
 That *Spring* of *Being* neither *ebbs* nor *flows* :  
 No *Point* can mortal *Thought* assign,  
 In his *interminable Line*,  
 Nor our short *Compass* meet the *Circle All-divine*.

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## II.

Whatever *was*, was *God*, e'er *Time* or *Place* ; \*  
 Endless *Duration* he, and boundless *Space* :  
 Fill'd with himself, wherever *Thought* can pierce  
 He fill'd, himself alone the *Universe*.  
 One undissolv'd, nor ceases to be One, \*  
 Tho' with him ever reigns th' eternal *Son*.  
 In his eternal *Mind* conceiv'd,  
 Not to be *argu'd*, but *believ'd*. \*  
 Down goes my *Reason*, if it dares *Rebel*,  
 As the ambitious *Angels* sunk to *Hell*.  
 Ineffable the *way*, for who  
 Th' *Almighty* to *Perfection* ever knew ?  
 But he himself has said it, and it *must* be *true*.  
 The *Fathers Image* he, as *great*, as *bright*,  
 Cloth'd in the same *unsufferable Light* ;  
 More *closely* joyn'd, more *intimately* one  
 With his great *Father*, than the *Light* and *Sun*. \*  
 Equal in *Goodness*, and in *Might*,  
 True *God* of *God*, and *Light* of *Light* :  
 Him, with the *Father* we adore ;  
 There is no *After*, or *Before*. \*  
 Equal in their *Existence* have they been,  
 Nor ever did the *Son* begin ;  
 No room for one short *Moment*, or bold *Thought* between.

1040

1050

III. The

III.

The Father lov'd the Son, the Spirit came  
 From their conspiring mutual *Flame*,  
 From both proceeding, yet with both the *same*.  
 50 Equal to th' Father and th' eternal Word,  
 The eternal God, th' eternal Lord,  
 With equal Reverence his Great Name ador'd.  
 One God, for what's supreme can be but one:  
 \* Three more then Names, the Father, Spirit and Son.  
 Triad and Monad both, where Faith may find  
 What strikes Philosophy and Nature blind,  
 \* Three Great self-conscious Persons, One self-conscious Mind.  
 Who made the World is God, and he  
 Who made all Time must needs Eternal be.  
 60 \* This by the Spirit did the Son,  
 The Fathers Will by both was done,  
 \* As was resolv'd i'th' Consult of the great Three-One;  
 High on his Throne with dazzling Glory crown'd  
 Sate the *Algood*, *Alwise*,  
 And with his piercing Eyes  
 Surveys wide fields of nothing round,  
 Privations airy Realms, and Wast profound.  
 To his lov'd Son ay-reigning by his side  
 With equal Glory dignify'd,  
 70 Let's make a World he cry'd!  
 \* Those fair *Idea's* be express'd  
 Retain'd in our Almighty Breast.  
 This, mild, no sooner said  
 His ready Son, his lov'd Commands obey'd.

IV.

And first the *Heav'ns* he built  
 Not those above we see  
 So gaily deckt in glitt'ring Bravery,  
 \* With Luna's silver Waves and Sol's fierce beauties gilt.  
 Far more refin'd, far more remov'd than they,  
 80 Their Light wou'd soon put out Sol's twinkling Ray,  
 B b Their

Gen. 1.

Job 38. 7.

Their *Light* is Gods high *Throne*, scatt'ring *eternal day*.  
 The *Angels* next he made \*  
 In *Love* and *Flame* array'd  
 The *new-born Angels*, chearfully adore  
 Their *Maker* and their *Lord* unseen before:  
 Their *new-born Voice* and *Lyre* they try  
 In sweet *Celestial Poessy*,  
 In lofty *Hymns*, and Heav'nly *Harmony*.  
 The *Refuse* of their *World* did ours compose  
 Which yet's so *beautiful* and *bright* 90  
 Each scatter'd *spark* of Heav'nly *Light*  
 Falling from thence some *Sun* or *Planet* grows.  
 But first on the dark *Void* the gentle *Spirit* descends,  
 First, *Matter wills*, then *Form* to *Matter* lends, \* [*Friends*.  
 First different *Somethings* makes, then makes those *Somethings*  
 No longer with wild *Ferment* now they strove,  
 O'er *Matters Waves* the gentle *Spirit* did move,  
 And all around was *Light*, and all around was *Love*. \*

## V.

After the *glorious Orbs* above were made  
 And *Earth* and *Sea* and *Air* were fram'd, 100  
 The *Alhigh* with *Pleasure* all his *Works* survey'd,  
 And *Man* the *King* of all his *Works* he nam'd:  
 But ah! how *short* his *reign*!  
 How soon by God who plac'd him on the *Throne*  
 When *Lawless* he and *Arbitrary* grown,  
 By God who had the *Pow'r* alone \*  
 Dethron'd again.  
 Ill *Councillors* his *Fall*, he did receive  
 Into his *Cabinet* the *Devil* and *Eve*.  
 Th' *Alhigh* as much as what's *Divine* can grieve 110  
 Resents his *Fate*, and fain wou'd save  
 Both him and that fair *World* he for his *Palace* gave,  
 But first he must his *Justice* show  
 Before he *Mercy* cou'd bestow.  
 If any, asks, wou'd satisfy \*  
 His *Wrath*, that *Adam* might not dye?  
*Archangels* trembl'd, no bright *Warriors* there

To

120 To undertake the vast *adventure* dare:  
Rather all *Earth* and *Heav'n* they'd chuse to bear  
Than the *Creator's Wrath*, *sad Notes* they sing;  
Each *Cherub* seems to *flag* his beauteous *Wing*;  
Those gentle *Spirits* signs of *pity* gave,  
And mourn'd the *loss* of *man* they cou'd not *save*.

VI.

When forth th' *Eternal Son* undaunted stood;  
(How *vast*, how *infinite* his *Love*?  
How deeply him did our *sad Ruins* move?)  
The dang'rous *Enterprize* to prove,  
To God to reconcile us by his *Blood*.  
130 A *Body* he did for *himself* prepare,  
To save the *World* by suffering there.  
Nor like an *Angels*, form'd of *air*  
Which when their *Work* on *Earth* is done  
Is the next moment into *Atoms* flown,  
But true and *solid* like our own,  
In all but *Sin*, like *man*--- With *goodness* mild  
On his lov'd *Son* the *Father* smil'd,  
Accepts his *offer* and declares  
For him the guilty *World* he *s pares*.  
140 Whilst th' *accursed Spirits* below  
Trembling fear a greater *Blow*:  
While the gentle *Spirits* above,  
Who *Mankind* protect and *love*,  
The Great *Redeemer's Glory* raise  
In lofty *Notes* of *Godlike* praise.

VII.

'Twas he who oft in *humane Form* attir'd  
Stoop'd to our *World* below.  
As he our better *State* wou'd know,  
Or *Company* desir'd.  
Now *shorter* he, now longer *Visits* made,  
150 And once in *Royal Robes* array'd,  
At *sacred Salem* stay'd.

To him their Gifts obedient Nations bring  
 At once a wondrous Prophet, Priest and King.  
 He, frequent, with the Holy Patriarchs walkt,  
 With him they eat, with him they talk;  
 At hospitable Father Abraham's Feast  
 He, with two menial Angels, once a Guest,  
 Where the old Sire his kindness did requite  
 When coming faint and weary from the Fight,  
 He him t' his frugal Board did call :  
 There Abraham saw his Day and did rejoyce, \*  
 To Heav'n he rais'd his grateful Eye and Voice,  
 And gave him Tithes of All.

160

## VIII.

'Twas he who did the wand'ring Jacob guide; \*  
 'Twas he, who met by Jabbok's side  
 That valiant Shepherd try'd;  
 His more than holy boldness did dislike,  
 And him with gentle Lameness strike.  
 'Twas he to whom the expiring Father pray'd,  
 When on his Grandsons head his Hands he laid,  
 And begs he them as well as him would aid.  
 This uncreated Angel he \*  
 Whom Moses in the Bush did see  
 When it with Lamebut Lightning flam'd;  
 What Angel else those Titles durst have claim'd, \*  
 In every sacred Page Adonai nam'd,  
 Him Royal Esay saw, whose lofty Vein \*  
 Excels bold Pindar's Dithyrambic strain,  
 Him saw and lov'd, and learnt his Will  
 Whose Glory did the Temple fill,  
 Officious Seraphs waited round  
 And Holy! Holy! Holy! sound.  
 And when with Sacred Fire they touch'd his Tongue  
 Almost as loud as them he thus their Master sung.

170

180

## IX.

"Sad Israel! Weep no more!  
 "Dry those vain Tears, those Sighs give o'r!

"Thy

Gen. 32.25.

Isaiah 6.

Isai. 9.6, &amp;c.

" Thy God will thee *encrease*, and thee *restore* !  
 " He comes, he comes ! Welcome as the *Sweet Morn*  
 " That follows tedious *Night*, the lovely *Boy* is born ;  
 190 \* " The lovely *Boy*, in whose *auspicious Face*  
 " Already opens each *Majestic Grace*.  
 " With *Virtues* equal to so vast a *care*  
 " *Unmov'd* the *Frame* of *Heav'n* and *Earth* he'll bear.  
 " But who, alas ! who can *proclaim*  
 " All his high-*Titles*, and his *awful Name* ?  
 " Proclaim his *Tunes* far abroad ;  
 " *Stupendous Wisdom* ! O all-*powerful God* !  
 " *Eternal Father* ! for he's *one*  
 " With his *Eternal Son*.  
 200 " O *Salems Prince* ! with *speed* thy *Empire* gain,  
 " And o'er the *peaceful Nations* ever reign !

X.

—Tho' us, who from the *Word* a difference boast,  
 He with more *large effusions* do's inspire,  
 Not the poor *Gentiles* are entirely *lost*,  
 Their *Reason* is a *spark* of his *Celestial Fire* ;  
 His *Beams*, than *Sol* himself more *strong* and *fair*.  
 \* *Enlight'ning all*, and every *where*.  
 Their *Life* and *Light* at once *impart*,  
 Thro' *Error's* scattering *mists* like *Thunder* dart.  
 210 Direct the *Head*, and warm the *Heart* ;  
 Altho' alas ! to most they *useless* be,  
 Who, *stupid*, close their *Eyes*, and will not *see* ;  
*Useless* to those who in the *Twilight* stay  
 When *Revelation* brings the *Day*,  
 Too *short*, too *dim* to those to *Heav'n* the *Way* ;  
 Yet still there were a *wiser* few  
 Improv'd and practis'd what they *knew*,  
 Devout and pious, chaste and just,  
 \* And did in their *unknown Creator* trust ;  
 220 These shall acceptance find where e'er they *live* ;  
 Who well improve their *narrow* *store*,  
 Kind *Heaven* will soon *indulge* 'em more,

And

And greater Talents give.  
 That faint, that glimm'ring Light  
 Which pierces thro' the Clouds, and shines in spight  
 Of Errors and of Vices Night,  
 If follow'd close will to such Beams convey  
 Such orient Lustre, so Divine a Ray  
 As shall encrease to perfect, and eternal Day,  
 That this is God, the Argument stands fair. 230  
 It can do all things, and is every where,  
 Or God himself, or at the least must be  
 Some Emanation of the Deity.  
 The Word Divine, tho' not b' his own receiv'd  
 Expected by the Fathers and believ'd.  
 In the Messia this must center'd be,  
 And if conjoyn'd the Baptist, Heav'n, and we  
 Can ought of Faith deserve, our Lord is He.

Poeta loqui-  
 tur. Surpriz'd a while were all the Audience by,  
 With such mysterious Truths, august and high, 240  
 Beyond the reach of narrow Natures Rules,  
 Or Roman Eloquence, or Grecian Schools:  
 Tho' something not unlike in Greece which you  
 Vid. infra. From ancient sacred Hebrew Fountains drew  
 Your pleasant Walks divinest Plato knew:  
 Hence the vain Heathen World, and vainer Tribe  
 Of Atheistick Fools to thee ascribe  
 Many a noble Truth and Mystery,  
 More ancient than the Grecian Name, or Thee,  
 From all the blinded World before conceal'd, 250  
 And only to the chosen Jews reveal'd,  
 Nay ev'n by them kept secret, and alone  
 To the few wise and good amongst 'em known,  
 To all his Follw'ers by our Saviour shewn. }  
 Hence even the learned Doctors they outdo,  
 Who wonder'd whence such wondrous things they knew:  
 So those who here --- But freer than the rest  
 Thus the Centurion his surprize exprest.  
 --- That you're good men is easily discern'd,  
 But I confess I never thought you learn'd:  
 And are the Grecian Arts too hither spread? 260

For

\* For I perceive, Sir! you have *Plato* read!

\* Nay e'en our *Virgil* or I guess amiss,  
For many *strokes* of yours resemble his.

\* Our *Sybils* too, who mingling *false* with *true*  
I nought believ'd till 'twas confirm'd by you.  
I find our *Roman Writers*, to be free,  
Unjustly brand you with *Barbarity*.

To whom *Gamaliel* thus reply'd, and smil'd:

270 Learning which is at *Greece* and *Rome* a Child  
Has been so long amongst the *Hebrews* known,  
'Tis at full *Age*, if not *decrepid* grown.  
*Egypt* from us, from us the *Grecians* drew  
Their *Arts*, and as their own they lent 'em you,  
Who borrow all you think of us you know  
\* From *fabling Greece*, and *false* *Manetho*,  
Who by *Abuses* cunningly provide  
Their ancient *Thefts* from all the *World* to hide.  
What have they that's not *ours*, had all their due,

280 'Twere easie to convince you this is true.  
That who the *Jews* as *barbarous* contemn,  
Have borrow'd all from us, we none from them,  
Their very *Gods*, their ancient *History*,  
Their *Shipping*, and their boasted *Poetry*.  
*Letters* and *Laws* — Half this if you cou'd prove  
Replies the *Roman*, you'd my wonder move,  
Till then, excuse my *Smiles*, for *Truth* to tell  
Yet, Doctor! I'm a very *Infidel*.

I ask no *favour*, no *Opponent* fear

290 Replies the *Sage* — Lend an *impartial Ear*  
And first their *Gods*, with which when wand'ring wide  
*Phenicia* all the *Heathen World* supply'd.  
To us their *Gods* *Phenice* and *Egypt* owe,  
We only their true *Origin* can show.

\* Their ancient mighty *Jao* was the same  
With our conceal'd, *unutterable Name*,  
Their *false Jove* from our true — *Adonai* came.  
And he to whom you did a *Temple* rear,  
\* Was only the *Phenician Thunderer*.

300 Tho' skulking in as many different *shapes*  
As when employ'd below in *Thefts* and *Rapes*.

Now

Now *Hammon* him from ancient *Cham* you call,  
 Now *Belus* name him from our injur'd *Baal* ; \*  
 Your *Juno* has the same *Original*  
 Howe'er *disguis'd* as when she once did rove  
 O'er all the *Earth* in quest of wand'ring *Jove*.  
 Whether by *Sydon* nam'd, *Baaltis* she, \*  
*Belisama*, or fair *Astarte* be :

Where is not great *Astarte* known ? the same  
 Th' *Egyptians* *Isis*, you *Diana* name, \*  
 Whom when your *Matrons* fruitful pangs invade  
 They loud invoking cry, *Lucina* aid ! \*  
 Now *Berecynthia*, Mother of the Gods, \*

310

A *Huntress* she in *Ida's* sacred Woods ;  
*Rhea* the same, the same with both the *Moon*, \*  
 Whose beauteous silver Rays make *Night* pale noon.  
 Thus track 'em to the *Spring* and still you're poor,  
 Your Gods but few amidst the your boasted store,  
 In vain you one poor *Idol* oft divide,

320

He's still the same however multiply'd ;  
 The same in vain 's in different figures thrown,  
 All our *Three hundred Joves* in less than one, \*  
 From *Phenice* first he round the *World* did rove,  
 Old *Saturn*, *Moloch*, *Phabus*, all but *Jove*.

Roundly you all assert, but Sir, I fear  
 The *Roman* urg'd, we little proof shall bear.  
*Sol*, *Saturn*, *Jove* — You young and old confound,  
 In *Errors* endless *Circle* wand'ring round.

*Astarte*, *Isis*, *Juno* — How the same ?  
 What *likeness* in their *Worship* or their *Name* ?

330

How from *Phenicians* we, and they from you  
 Divide their Gods ? and if th' *Affertion* 's true  
 How you'll avoid the shame of *Idols* too.

To your *Objections* freely I'll reply,  
 And doubt not but I them shall *satisfie*  
 Rejoyns *Gamaliel* — You must with me bear  
 While first the rise of *Idols* I declare.

When *Man* forgot his *God*, he soon began  
 Himself t' adore, and make a *God* of *Man* :  
 With Gods true *Knowledge* all good *Arts* beside  
 In a few *Centuries* decay'd and dy'd :

340

The

- The wicked World grew barbarous agen,  
 \* As e'r the Flood, and monstrous Beasts and men  
 Rang'd o'er the Plains, the strong the weaker awe,  
 Love then was only Lust, and Force was Law:  
 Among the rest some few bright Spirits arose  
 Who shield the Weak, and Force with Force oppose;  
 Incense as well as Praise the Vulgar bring,  
 Nor was't enough to make a Heroe, King;  
 350 But of their Benefactors they devise  
 Prodigious Tales, and numerous grateful Lies:  
 A Centaur then who e'r a Horse bestrod,  
 And he that kill'd a Bear was made a God.  
 Of some departed Father, Friend, or Lord  
 They first an Image form'd, and then ador'd;  
 While others, who above the rest cou'd boast  
 Their skill and knowledge of the heavenly Host,  
 How all things by the Suns kind Influence grow,  
 \* And Seas, as Luna bids them, ebb and flow;  
 360 What friendly Influences fill the Skies,  
 When o'er th' Horizon the sweet Pleiads rise,  
 \* Or mighty Mazzeroth, thro' silent Night  
 Scatters profuse his Donatives of Light;  
 These scorn'd their Adoration there to give  
 From whence they cou'd no Benefits receive,  
 While to the glorious Bodies plac'd above  
 \* Which some thought living, for they saw 'em move;  
 Which chearful Heat and Light to all dispense,  
 \* And as they dream, some secret Influence,  
 370 Which as they pleas'd, unblest or happy make,  
 To these, by a too incident mistake  
 To humane Minds, they think they all things ow,  
 Which from the first Great Cause of Causes flow:  
 These they adore, not him did them create,  
 Their kindly properties they celebrate.  
 Hence came the ancient Mythologic Tribe,  
 Who secret venerable Names ascribe  
 To what they worship'd, tho' as Time roll'd on,  
 The Reason of the name perhaps unknown,  
 380 Yet Footsteps of our Language still remain  
 In spite of Time and Ign'rance so plain,  
 They their first Origin wou'd hide in vain.

Job.

Some-

Sometimes their *Heroes* they, and *Stars* wou'd join,  
 And both to' oblige, they make 'em both *Divine* :  
 At others, they import, afraid, and loth  
 To disoblige 'em, *Gods* of foreign growth :  
*Fish*, *Fowl* and *Beasts* and *Man* their *Gods* they call,  
 Nay to make all things sure, the *Fiends* and all. \*  
 They'd need some kind of *Pantheon* now provide  
 So much at last the *Race* is multiply'd, 390  
 Which neither they nor we can marshal right,  
 For *Truth* is one, but *Error* infinite :  
 How e'r we've yet some glimm'ring *Tracks* of *Light*,  
 Some marks in most, which not unlikely show  
 From whence at first they came, where e'r they go.  
 Most of *Phenician* growth and *Language* be,  
 The same we not in fruitful *Egypt* see,  
 First founded on our *Tongue*, or *History*.  
 Of *Jove*, if more there need, I'll prov' t agen,  
 Father by you esteem'd of *Gods* and *Men*, 400  
 Now him *Baalsamen*, the *Phenicians* call  
 Great Lord of *Heav'n*, now *Eliun*, *Belus*, *Baal*. \*  
 'Tis plain they only mean the *Sun*, by all.  
*Moloch* and *Belus* is with them the same, \*  
*Saturn* with both, the diff'rence but in name \*  
 These one *Inscription* oft together ties, \*  
 Alike their *Form*, alike their *Sacrifice*. \*  
 To both the *Nations* their *Betylia* raise, \*  
 And both far more for *Fear*, then *Love* they praise. \*  
 Agen, that *Isis*, *Io*, *Juno*, are 410  
 The same, your own best *Writers* oft declare. \*  
 The same their way of *Life*, all giv'n to rove, \*  
 And all, ( but one indeed, ) the *Wife* of *Jove*. \*  
 All horn'd alike their *Images* we see, \*  
 Whence *Jove* himself too in the mode must be,  
 For *Isis*, e'r to *Libyan* Wafts he fled  
 With her own double *Crown* adorn'd his *Head*. \*  
 But what's more plain than that so odd a *Dress*  
 In *Hieroglyphicks* did the *Moon* express? \*  
 Tho' something further too was their intent, 420  
 Their sacred *Oxe* did *Joseph* represent; \*  
 Him then t' a *Star* they join'd, and long before

Your

Your *Rome* was *Rome*, his *Crest* their *Idols* wore  
 E'en their *Astronomy* by us was taught,  
 \* By *Father Abraham* first from *Chaldee* brought;  
 \* Whether from *Seth's eternal Pillars* learn'd,  
 Or by *Traditions* glimm'ring *Light* discern'd.  
 \* To them the use of *Letters* long unknown,  
 \* Their boasted *Hermes* ours, and not their own;

430 \* Nay e'en the old *Chaldeans* sacred *Fire*,  
 Which *Delphos*, you, and all the *World* admire,  
 Your *Vesta*, *Persia's* *Mitra*, are but one,  
 The same with *Moloch*, *Ammon*, and the *Sun*.  
 With as much ease I shall convince you soon  
*Astarte's* *Juno*, *Isis*, and the *Moon* :  
 Th' *Egyptian* *Isis*, *Queen* of *Heav'n* you name  
 \* Your *Juno*, our *Astarte* is the same,  
 \* And all the *Moon*, in *Venus* all agen  
 You find, great *Mother* she of *Gods* and *Men*.

440 See then whence your *Divinities* do flow !  
 Or *Sun* and *Moon* above, or *Men* below.  
 Your *Vulgar* e'en their *Images* implore,  
 And the less stupid sacred *Blocks* adore ;  
 From place to place where e'er they trav'ling come  
 Officious, carry, or they'd stay'd at home ;  
 For whatsoever their false *Priests* declare  
 That *Gods* meet *Gods*, fierce-jostling in the *Air*,  
 Further than them their *Votaries* did bear,  
 They never stirr'd — Thus came *Astarte* o'er

450 \* To *Cyprus* first, from the *Sidonian* shore,  
*Cypria*, and *Paphia* call'd, and thence went on  
 \* From *Isle* to *Isle*, and past *Icaria* gone  
 \* At *Samos* touch'd, where they her *Temple* rais'd,  
 \* And by the *Grecian* Name of *Juno* prais'd :  
 Whence *Men* the neighb'ring *Land* *Ionia* stile  
 And *Samos* bears the name of *Juno's* *Isle* :  
 \* Nor far remov'd other *Erythians* live,  
 To whom the neighb'ring *Godde's* Name did give,  
 Fair *Erycina* call'd, when wafted o'er

460 By *Cytheron* to rich *Trinacria's* shore,  
 \* *Melita* past, thence her the *Tyrans* bore.

By her old Name to those new Walls they found \*  
 Your Rival Carthage — West to utmost ground }  
 They next proceed, where no more World is found;  
 To Gades, and the rich Tertesian strand  
 Arriv'd, and fierce Geryon's fertile Land  
 Whom their brave Captain slew in manful Fight,  
 And seizes his rich Isle by Conquest's right;  
 It's Name it changes, as it chang'd its Lord  
 Erythia call'd, from Venus there ador'd \*  
 Now Aphrodisia it the Ancient's stile, \*  
 Astarta now, now Juno's sacred Isle. \*  
 Nay, thro' Herculean straits ne'er past before \*  
 To that new World without their Gods they bore, \* }  
 Whose fair white Rocks oppose the Celtic shore \*  
 Where Cesar late, for Life, not Honour fought, \*  
 And at so dear a price their Conquest bought,  
 Bel and Astarte known and worshipp'd there, \*  
 And Taramis, the dreaded Thunderer. \*  
 If back agen to East you turn your Eye  
 In the Red Sea a little Isle you'll spy  
 Which Erythra, the name pronouncing false \*  
 The Fabling Grecian for Erythia calls:  
 To Venus here a Fane the Tyrians found,  
 And gave her the whole Isle as sacred Ground.  
 From her Astarte term'd — Still further on \*  
 Past e'en the Ethiopian Floods they're gone,  
 There early and undrest surpriz'd the Sun:  
 Where he retir'd, least Mortals shou'd behold,  
 By Heav'nly Art turns the blest Earth to Gold. \*  
 Where Gomer's Land thrusts out its double head \*  
 To West of Ganges-Gulf, e'en there they spred  
 Their Idols praise, tho' by a different Name,  
 Colias, is Venus call'd, tho' still the same. \*  
 Next more to East, threat'ning the Seas and Skies,  
 Outstretch'd the Corean Promontory lies; \*  
 Near where a Town the Natives Cory stile,  
 In Taproban, that ancient Indian Isle;  
 Which easily, I think may be believ'd  
 From Chora, Juno's Name, their own receiv'd: \*  
 Nor more than her has Jove himself stood still,

470

480

490

500

First born to *Crete*, and then to *Ida's Hill*.  
 Now you at fam'd *Olympus* him might view ;  
 Then wand'ring with the *Corybantic Crew*  
 The *Tbracian Samos* him did entertain,  
 \* Where he did with the *sad Cabiri* reign

Thus far we're then advanc'd, and you I've shown  
 That *Isis*, *Juno*, *Venus* are but one;

310 As *Moloch*, *Saturn*, *Hammon*, and the *Sun*,  
 That those choice Gods were from *Phenicia* born  
 From utmost *West*, to utmost *rising-morn*:  
 What yet remains as easie 'tis to clear,  
 That they'd their very *Names* and *Language* here  
 As *Greece* and you from them, and yet that we  
 Cannot be blam'd for their *Idolatry*,  
*Beelsamen*, *Asheroth*, *Baal*, *Baal*  
 Howe'er since chang'd from their *Original*,  
 Must at the first be own'd pure *Hebrew* all.

320 Some *Names* of *God*, which the vain *Mimic Tribe*  
 Of *Idol-slaves* to their *false Gods* ascribe;  
 (Those which so high an *Honour* cannot boast  
 At least claim Kindred with the *Heav'nly Host*:)  
 If hard enough, they well contented be,  
 For then there's something in't of *mystery*:  
 Like our *unutterable Name* 'twill show,  
 Tho' not their *Priests* themselves the meaning know.  
 From *Hebrew Histories* ill-understood,  
 They sometimes borrow; hence with *humane Blood*

330 Barbarous, *Heav'n's angry King* they strive t' atone,  
 With *Virtue* and with *Mercy* pleas'd alone.

\* Hence *Moloch's cruel Food* at ancient *Tyre*  
 Where precious *Victims* fed their *sacred Fire*,  
 \* Thence did the *Savage Rites* to *Carthage* come,  
 And thence, if I'm not misinform'd, to *Rome*;  
 Where oft your bravest *Youth* devoted dies,  
 Or them, to save the *Herd* you sacrifice.

\* The same *curst Offerings* are in *Albion* made  
 When of their dreadful *Painted Foes* affraid.

340 From *Isaac* all, whose *Fathers Faith* to try  
 His *Friend* his *Son* requir'd, but wou'd not let him *dye*.  
 Ill *Apes* of what they think from us they learn,

Or

Or by Traditions *glimm'ring Beams* discern  
 Those *two great Lights* our Books describe, which *sway* \* }  
 By their successive motion *night and day*;  
 Hence to those *Lights* the stupid *Gentiles* pray,  
 Now *several Hero's* they in *one* comprize, }  
 To ancient *Truths* new *Dreams* and *Tales* devise, }  
 And oft they know not whom they *Idolize*;  
 Now mighty *Nimrod* they their *Bacchus* make, } 550  
 Then our great *Moses* for the same mistake; \*  
 Who sometimes must the fam'd *Taautes* be,  
 The *German* and *Egyptian Mercury*.

That *Letters* did from us, and *Learning* flow  
 The *Elements* themselves, consulted, show.  
 From us — Had yours their *Order*, *Names*, and *Pow'rs*, \*  
 Their very *Form* not much *estrang'd* from *ours*.  
*Cadmus* who taught the *Grecians* first to *write*, \*

What was he but a *Coward Cadmonite*?  
 Who long in *Rocks* and *Holes* was skulking laid, } 560  
 Of *God's* and *Joshua's* vengeful *Sword* afraid,  
 Whence their old stories, mingling false with true, }  
 Make him at last a *Serpent's Form* indue: \*

Nor only this, the *Letters Colour* too  
 Where large and great, their *Origin* confess,  
 Their rise in glorious *Tyrian stains* express.  
 Those *Letters* first to the *Phenicians* came \*

From *Grandfire Sem*, and *Father Abraham*,  
 Whose mighty *Prayrs*, nor less prevailing *Hand*  
 Incredible! with his small faithful *Band* } 570

Gen. 14. 15. From *four invading Kings* set free their grateful *Land*: }

Then, *Arts* and *Piety* amongst 'em brought,  
 Which *Abraham Sem*, *Sem* holy *Noah* taught; }  
 Whose story learnt, like his they *Vessels* wrought, \* }  
 And coasting, travers'd many a distant shore,  
 E'er *Rome* was *Rome*, or *Grecia* handled *Oar*.

This he whose *Birth-place Samos* boasts well knew, \*  
 Whom *Fame* of *Hebrew Knowledge* hither drew,  
 Nor thought his *Blood* too dear a price, to learn  
 Those sacred *Truths* which only we discern; } 580  
 These once obtain'd, the precious *Treasure* bore  
 To *Croton's Walls*, and your *Calabrian shore*,

This

- \* This learn'd *Hermippus* owns, who with delight  
And diligence his *Masters Life* did write;  
This *Plato's* self had done, whose piercing *Eyes*  
*Unveil'd* beheld our deepest *mysteries*,  
\* Had that *great man* but been as *just as wise*.  
His *One* and *Many* he from us receiv'd,  
And our mysterious *Triad* he believ'd:  
\* His *Psyche*, *Logos*, *En*, what can they be  
590 But *Elohim's* great undivided *Three*?  
Who e'er his *Works* with curious *Eyes* survey'd,  
Wou'd there perceive a *World* of *Nothing made*,  
By the *first Cause*; the *Angels*, and the *Fall*,  
And *strokes* of our *great Moses* in them all.  
\* Whom the *first Legislator* you must own,  
The *Founder* he. of *written Laws* alone.  
Nor was this *useful Art* by him conceal'd,  
By *God* to him, by him to us reveal'd,  
\* Before *Troy's War*, as from our *Books* appears,  
600 By many *rolling Centuries* of years.  
Hence *Grecian Lawgivers* their *Pandects* drew,  
Who when they of so *rich a Treasure* knew  
\* Did to our *neighb'ring Isles* from *Greece* retire,  
And steal some *sparks* of our *Celestial Fire*.  
\* To us the *Attic Laws*, esteem'd so wise,  
\* To them your old *Twelve Tables* owe their *Rise*.  
For *Poetry*, which you your selves *confess*  
\* An *Heav'nly Art*, and we believe no less;  
Long e'er 'twas *ap'd* in *Greece*, we had it *here*,  
610 And can assign the *Century*, the *Year*,  
When our best *Authors flourish'd*, yet we show  
Their *Works*, which *true and genuine* all we know,  
Within our *sacred Archives* kept with *care*,  
\* Each *Line*, each *Word*, each *Letter* number'd there.  
Then *Poetry* was *pure*, a *Vestal* then,  
The *Acts* of *God* she sung, and *Godlike men*;  
By the *Great sacred Spirit* himself inspir'd,  
And not by *Wine*, or *Gain*, or *Passion* fir'd:  
Poet and Prophet then indeed the *same*,  
620 Their *Inspiration*, not an *empty Name*.

Past, future, present at one glance they see,  
 Gen. 49. *Fathers their Children blest in Poetry.*  
 When righteous *Heav'n* some monstrous *Tyrants* crimes  
 Exod. 15. *Aveng'd, his Fall they sung in sacred Rhimes;*  
 How on the *Clouds* great *El'him* conq'ring rod,  
 And all the ancient *glorious VVars* of *God*;  
 Nor did such *Godlike men* forget to praise  
 Whom for those *arduous Works* he pleas'd to raise;  
 Good *Princes*, which by *suffering bad*, we know  
 The best good thing *Heav'n* can on *man* bestow;  
 For *Love* they praise, not sordid *Hopes* of gain,  
 Reward enough to share their *peaceful reign*.  
 To *wicked Nations* they just *Plagues* foretel,  
 But promise to the *virtuous All things well*;  
 And *Heav'n* with *Signs* attests their *Oracle*.  
 This saw th' *Arch-Fiend*, and better to beguile  
 The *Nations*, strove to ape the *sacred Style*. \*  
 But ill at first succeeded the *design*,  
 His *Priests* invoking him, and all the *nine*  
 With much of *pain* wrung out one *doggrel Line*. \*  
 Rough and deform'd with ease their *Author* known  
 Ev'n *Envies* self wou'd think 'em *Satan's own*.  
 Ah! had he such a *Poet* still remain'd  
 He ne'r had thus the cheated *World* enchain'd:  
 Some *Renegadoes* to his side he drew,  
 Who something of our *sacred Learning* knew;  
 Old *Linus*, first enticing cross the *Seas* \*  
 The *Master* of the *Tyrian Hercules*;  
 Fam'd *Orpheus* next, whose hot *unnat'ral blood* \*  
 Stain'd the *wild Thracian Fields*, and *Hebrus flood*;  
 His *Priests* and *Poets* they, his *rites* attend,  
 File his rough *Verse*, his *frightful Style* they mend;  
 And that they might not him *ungrateful* call  
 He to requite 'em, made 'em *Laureats* all.  
 Aided by them his *Idol-worship* spread,  
 And all the *World* ador'd the *Stars* or *Dead*:  
 Yet all by *Rote* they sung, the *Prince of Night*  
 Yet had not taught his *Votaries* to write:  
 Nor he himself, who next succeeded these  
 The *Grecian Bard*, old *Melesigenes*

630

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His

His Works e'er saw to written Rolls consign'd  
 Worse than the Sibyls, wand'ring in the Wind,  
 \* But leaning on a Staff, (the Bard was blind)  
 T' his Harp he sung, his Follow'rs do the same,  
 Thence Rhapsodies his scatter'd fragments name.  
 But to whatever distant Fields they've gone  
 Our Siloam first supply'd their Helicon.

Something of the first Taste there still remains  
 Tho' ting'd with passing thro' such various Veins.

670 \* Hence his fam'd Chaos, drew th' Ascrean Sage,  
 And many a God that fills his antic Page.

Hence ev'n your Ovid his, and if y' admire  
 Whence we our Learning; we more justly enquire,  
 Whence he the Old World's Flood, the New's last fated Fire.

He said, and paus'd --- The Roman,--- I must own  
 Far more than I cou'd e'er believe you've shown,  
 Evincing clear to an impartial View

That all the World has been at School with you;  
 And there's some Reason for the Nations Pride,

680 Whom we unjust, as barbarous deride,

Far more our selves --- But might I Sir, be free,  
 For those I've left, I've yet some Charity;

And in my Judgment, you Idolatry

Unjustly on 'em charge; for Images

\* They only make the Properties t' express

Of that Great Jove who fills the Thund'ers Throne,

Whom King of Heav'n and Earth we all must own.

Nor scarce the stupid Vulgars selves believe

Those Images relief or aid can give,

690 Only design'd to fix the Thoughts, and Eye,

And since at once we scarce can mount so high

Or apprehend Heav'n's boundless Majesty,

What fits frail Mortals shorter steps they take,

The Mediums these of their Devotions make:

This better still t' attain, for this beside

They all their Train of lesser Joves provide;

In these their weakness, and their Maker's State

Consult, betwixt 'em both they mediate,

For since when here, they Mortals ne'r did fail,

700 Much more the Heroes will, when Gods, prevail,

If this the *Vulgar Gods*, much rather then  
 The mighty *Mother* both of *Gods* and *men*,  
 The glorious *Queen of Heav'n* that reigns above,  
 The pow'rful *Mother* of our mortal *Jove*. \*  
*Is* her self, who may her *Son* command,  
 And stop the *Thunder* in his lifted *Hand*.

The fairest *Plea* that *is*, or e'er can be  
 Reply'd the *Sage*, for their *Idolatry*

You've now produc'd, and if I that confute  
 I've then for ever silenc'd this *Dispute*.

710

For what you've urg'd, and oft has been before,  
 That they the very *Image* don't adore,  
 I must dissent, since evident we see

In numerous *Instances* the contrary.

From these all good they ask, all bad they fear,

These they from conquer'd *Cities* with them bear; \*

They to the very *Image* lift their *Eyes*,

To that pay *Incense*, *Pray'rs* and *Sacrifice*,

If then their *Incense*, *Vows*, and *Trust*, and *Pray'r*

Not proper *Acts* of *Adoration* are,

720

We fain wou'd know what 'tis they such believe?

What have they more to *Jove* himself to give?

Besides, if them they *Mediums* only made,

Why should not all alike *Devotion* aid?

Why glutted this with *Pray'r* and *Sacrifice*,

While that forsaken and neglected lies?

Where foul and old he's sour and wayward grown,

Half starv'd to *Death* sits gloomy on his *Throne*.

Whilst o'er his mouth their *Nets* the *Spiders* spread,

And *Owls* and *Bats* perch on his *Godships* head.

730

Why they the great *Diana* magnifie

Acts 19.35. That dropt from *Heav'n* --- Unless her *Priests* do lye?

To all her *Sister Idols* her prefer,

Tho' as well made *substantial Blocks* as her?

Those whom they chuse for greater *Ease* and *State*

Betwixt their *Jove* and them to mediate,

Whom they their *Demy-Gods* or *Heroes* call

Were now the worst of men, now none at all, \*

Meer fabled *Names*; now *Death's* and *Hell's* sad Lord

In *Satyr's* or in humane *Form* ador'd. \*

740

But

But grant 'em Good, yet wou'd it, think you, be  
A Testimony of your Loyalty  
To snatch your Prince's Scepter from his Hand,  
And contrary to his exprefs Command  
That and his Crown to some great Courtier bring,  
And seated on his Throne, salute him King?  
Agen, if we this baffled Plea shou'd take  
That Stocks and Men they only Mediums make;  
E'en this, if God himself a Judge may be,

750 Reason or God, is still Idolatry.

For Reason's self declares, the Deity  
A Spirit unbodied, boundless, simple, pure,  
And thence can no base Mimic Form endure.  
This e'en your ancient Law-givers confess,  
\* Old Numa's Temples knew no Images.  
Our sacred Books in every Page declare  
God's Glory he with others scorns to share.  
All Images forbid in that Command  
Spoke by th' Almighty's Voice, writ by th' Almighty's Hand,

760 So plain exprest, 'twill no excuse admit,  
No vain perverse Essay of humane Wit.

Nor yet, replies the Roman, must I yield,  
Once more I'll charge before I quit the Field.

No solid Reason e'er I yet cou'd see  
Why that Command you urge confin'd must be  
To such a Sense, since God by whom 'twas writ  
More largely seems himself to Interpret it:  
Did not that Moses whom you all admire  
When God he met in Sinai's smok and fire,

770 Observe his Laws, and his Direction take,

\* By that, exact, your moving Temple make.

And did not he, as your own Books declare,  
Place glorious Forms with Wings extended there?

Besides, if you a final end of strife,  
A Rule exact and sure, of Faith and Life,  
Those sacred Books affirm, the World concern,  
How comes it you your selves appeal from them!

\* Your Corban you'd unwillingly decide

By that, but take Tradition as your Guide.

The Rabbi thus — The Cherubin we own, 780  
 By which the Form of God was never shown,  
 But of those bright Attendants round his Throne,  
 These there by his exprefs Command were wrought,  
 Tho' of their Worship yet we never thought,  
 Not visible, how can they Idols be,  
 Or Images ador'd we never see?

*Vid. Joseph.  
 contra Appi-  
 on.*

None e'en o' th' Priests themselves might enter there }  
 None but great Aaron's Mitred Successor,  
 And he himself no more but once a year.

For what you further argue, to be free, 790  
 Other Opponents you must seek than me:  
 Corban for Corban's self must plead, I fear,  
 But if their usual Arguments you'd hear,  
 A Youth there is at ancient Tarsus bred,  
 Of Hebrew Race, whose Father lately dead }  
 Him to my Charge committed, deeply read  
 In all that Rome or Athens yet have known, \*  
 In boasted Grecian Learning, and our own;  
 Deeply in all our Principles imbued,  
 Altho' too hot his Zeal, too warm his Blood: 800  
 In him, or I mistake, if you're inclin'd  
 His Force to try — }  
 You'll no contemptible Opponent find.

Gladly, rejoyns the Roman, wou'd I hear  
 Their utmost strength, but since my own I fear,  
 Least a good Cause, and this I'm sure is so \*  
 Disgrace by an ill Champion undergo,  
 The Argument I gladly wou'd transmit  
 To these good men, who oft have handl'd it: 810  
 Oft have they heard, with Eloquence Divine  
 This Topic manag'd by their Lord and mine:  
 (For since for me such mighty Works h' has shown,  
 'Twere base, if I his Service shou'd disown:)  
 Whom both at Feasts, and Synagogues I've heard }  
 As of Traditions he his Sense declar'd,  
 And e'en your Sect who teach 'em, nothing spar'd.  
 The fair Proposal, James, desir'd by all  
 Accepts, when speedy, at Gamaliel's call  
 His Pupil enters, who no sooner knows

The

820 The Cause, but glad his Art and Zeal he shows;  
Thus, eager, all Opponents did prevent,  
Full of himself, and the lov'd Argument.

Still were those wholsom Laws our Fathers made  
In force, nor thus despis'd, and disobey'd;  
Who their Traditions break, condemn'd, & expire  
\* Midst show'rs of stones, or sheets of deadly fire,  
That wou'd the curst Transgressors best confute,  
For ever silence the abhorr'd Dispute:

\* But since our ancient Discipline is broke,

830 Our shoulders worn beneath the Conquerers yoke,  
With Reason's Sword we now content must be;  
With that alone extirpate Heresie:

\* Whose Patrons, sacred Oral Truths deny,  
And to the Scriptures still for shelter fly:

\* "For Heresies have all the same pretence,  
"And quote the Scripture in their own defence:

Thus I demonstrate then from Reason's School

\* The Word is neither clear, nor perfect Rule.

Not clear — It can't the doubtful Sense declare

840 "When Piles meet Piles, contending in the Air,

"Squadrons of Texts drawn out on either side,

How shall the controverted Truth be try'd,

Without a last Appeal to some unfailing Guide?

And where shou'd that, search all the World around,

But in th' High Priest and Sanhedrim be found?

Nor perfect is the Word, since much is lost

Of what the ancient Hebrew Church cou'd boast;

And Moses self did to the Guides commit

Many a sacred Truth that ne'er was writ:

850 Those Cabala, the Fathers did receive,

To the great Synagogue and Ezra leave

As they to us, these all Disputes decide,

By these the doubtful Word it self is try'd

They our unerring Rule, the Church our Guide.

"Thus ev'ry Age do's one another move,

"And trusts no farther than the next above.

"Our good old Doctors always took this way,

"Each asks but what he heard his Father say,

All doom'd to Death who dar'd their Sentence disobey.

Thus

Thus he, with *zealous Fury* in his eyes, 860  
 To whom thus, *temperate*, the *Saint* replies.  
 With those who are to your *sage Sect* inclin'd,  
 Beyond *gross Sense* and *Reason* too refin'd,  
 The surest way to see is to be blind;  
 That thus, their eyes subdu'd, and mortify'd;  
 They, with *Tradition's* broken *Reed* supply'd,  
 May grope about for some *unerring Guide*.  
 That *Criminal* must have a *desperate Cause*  
 Whose only *Plea* 's t' object against the *Laws*:  
 The *Statute's* clear, but those it won't acquit 870  
 May well use all their *skill* to *darken* it.  
 Cast by plain *Texts*, you to your *selves* appeal,  
 By your own *Votes* declar'd *infallible*.  
*Reason* and *Scripture* both alike cry down, \*  
 Since they defend not you, you them disown.  
 You urge not *Reason*, you, but its *pretence*,  
 Not *Scripture*, but *false Glosses* drawn from thence,  
 Reject — But is it not the same if you,  
 Must the *sole Judges* be of *false* and *true*?  
*Reason* you plead, if you it seems t' acquit, 880  
 But if condemn'd, its *Vote* you won't admit.  
 But still, if *private Reason* you pretend  
 Must be the *Judge*, *Disputes* will never end:  
 Were this *suppos'd*, you cou'd but thence infer  
 That *men* must still be *men*, and still may err.  
 Nor shall they that, if they with *Minds* prepar'd  
 A *higher Guide* than *Reason's* self regard,  
 Attending, free from *Prejudice* and *Sin*  
 The *Word* without, th' *unfailing Spirit* within.  
 Still you complain the *Scriptures* are not clear, 890  
 And you the *Spirits* must try before you bear:  
 Your meaning is, you fairly both reject,  
 For both *Tradition* and the *Church* erect:  
 But what can *easier* be to understand  
 Than *Gods* own *Word*, his own express *Command*?  
 Or what's more plain than that on no pretence  
 You ought must *add*, or ought *diminish* thence?  
 That his blest *Law* all *perfect* is, and *pure*,  
 Nor can *Tradition's* base *Alloy* endure.

Deut. 13:  
 32.  
 Psal. 119.

Perfect

- 900 Perfect as well as clear, approv'd and try'd,  
 In every part of *Life* a *Rule* and *Guide*.  
 In *Faith* and *Life* the *Scriptures* both avail,  
 Nor can you give *one Instance* where they fail.  
 The *justest* *Notions* they, of *God*, impart,  
 And teach to *serve* him with a *bumble heart*,  
 Describe the *terms* of *Happiness*, and more  
 That wond'rous *Prince* who shall the *World* restore,  
 \* That *Christ*, that *true Messia* we adore :  
 By whom, if ought from *Ages past* conceal'd,  
 910 The *Fathers Will*'s entirely now reveal'd.  
 If then some *Books* are *lost*, (which if they are,  
 Where's the *High Priests* and *Elders* boasted *Care*?)  
 This not affects the *rest*, since still we find  
 A *clear* and *perfect Rule* is left behind.  
 Much of the *Cabala*, so highly priz'd  
 \* Are *Trifles* by the *Learned World* despis'd;  
 \* Your *Sephiroth* are *Truths* i'th' *Scriptures* plain,  
 But *darken'd* whilst you them *unfold* in vain.  
*Ezra* and the great *Synagogue* you boast,  
 920 Whose *Doctrine* both and *Piety* you've lost :  
 Much younger those *Traditions* you embrace  
*Beside* the *Word*; for them in vain you'd trace  
 \* One step beyond the *Hasmonæan* race.  
*Fallacious* all those *Arguments* you use,  
 And for *Infallibility* produce :  
 Tho' manag'd they with all your *Art* and *Care*  
 They still against plain *Fact* expressly bear;  
 For tho' *High Priest* and *Sanhedrim* you say  
 Can without *Error* shew to *Heav'n* the *way*,  
 930 'Tis plain to *Sense*, you this unjustly boast,  
 Themselves in *Error* oft, or *Vices* lost,  
 \* Sometimes th' *High Priests*, as you must own, embrace  
 Th' abhorr'd *Opinions* of curst *Sadoc's Race*;  
 \* The *Elders* too, as *sacred Writ* avers  
 Have *Israel's God* deny'd, and turn'd *Idolaters* :  
 And can *two crooked Lines* compose *one right* ?  
 Two *Finites* ever make an *Infinite* ?

But what the *Fathers* told, you must *believe*,  
 Since such good men nor cou'd, nor wou'd deceive,

Since

Since every Age do's on the other move,  
 " And trusts no farther than the next above :  
 — But the blind *Heathen* take the self same way,  
 " Each asks but what he heard his *Father* say,  
 He *errs*, they *follow*, and stupidly obey.  
 While those no *false* or *dangerous* steps shall make  
 Who *Reason's* and the *Words* safe *conduct* take ;  
 Which them, if from their *paths* they never stray,  
 To our *great Prophet* will at last convey,  
 Whose *Divine Spirit* shall with resistless *might*  
 Soon fill the *dazled World* with *Heav'nly Light* :  
*Gentile* and *Jew* shall his blest *Law* receive,  
 Vain *Idols*, and as vain *Traditions* leave ;  
 E'en you your self — Unless amiss I see  
 In the *unerring Glafs* of *Prophecie*,  
 You, who so fiercely now our *Law* oppose,  
 And think us *Gods* at once, and *Cesar's Foes*,  
 Struck to the *Earth* by a kind *dazling flame*,  
 Your *Conqueror* shall to *Gentile Worlds* proclaim, [Name.  
 And round the spacious *Globe* shall spread the *Christian* }  
 He said, th' young *Disputant* shot furious thence 960  
 Too *weak*, and much *enrag'd* to make *defence*.  
 When *Chuzza* thus — You so *successful* prove  
 In this, my *doubts* I hope you'll too *remove* :  
 From a *loose Court* to *Sadok's Sect* inclin'd, \*  
 Some *Notions* I imbib'd which yet *disturb* my *mind*,  
 These in their *usual Words* I'll urge, nor fear \*  
 To find a *just* and candid *Answer* here.  
 You know that *Sect* all *future Life* decry,  
 All *Immaterial Substances* deny :  
 A *Spirit* they'll not *believe*, unless they *see*, 970  
 What they've no *Notion* of can never *be*,  
 No *pains* for th' *ill*, or *joys* for those *live well* ;  
 They laugh, as idle *Tales*, at *Heav'n* and *Hell*.  
 Those distant *hopes* and *fears* alike despise,  
 Impossible to them the *dead* shou'd *rise* ;  
 Much less, shou'd they an *after-state* receive,  
 Cou'd ought therein of *endless pains* believe,  
 Since *finite Sin* is *disproportion'd* quite,  
 They think to *Punishment* that's *infinite*

And



*Book: 6 pag: 208.*

S.<sup>t</sup> PAVLVS.

3

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980 And hard, for *Thoughts* or wand'ring or impure,  
We shou'd t' eternal *Agts*, pains endure.  
This is the sum of what they *Reasoning* call,  
The rest *Scurrility*, and *Nonsense* all:  
Thus, modest he objects, thus calm and wise,  
He who of ancient *Rama* nam'd, replies.

That immaterial *Substance* cannot be,  
Because some can't conceive 't, and none can see,  
VVith ease is answer'd—*Brutish Atheists* own  
They can't conceive a *God*, but is there none?

990 Ask the received *Sense* of all *Mankind*!  
Is there no *Sun* because the *Beetle's* blind?

\* Their *Breath*, the *Air*, their *Thoughts* they cannot see,  
Yet still they *Breathing*, *Thinking* *Creatures* be.  
That *God's* a *Substance* 'tis confess'd by all,  
VVhom, but *Blasphemers*, none material call.  
\* Matter's extended, passive, finite own'd;  
If *God* be such, he's from his *Heav'n* dethron'd,  
Equal with that vile *Man* of *Dust* he made,  
Nay lower yet, and nearer *Nothing* laid.

1000 He must have *Parts*, *Mutation* must prevail  
O'er his weak *Frame*, "and what may change may fail.  
*Angelic* minds who ever reign above,  
Ay hymning the Great *Spring* of *Joy* and *Love*;  
These are all *Spirits*, for they, tho' young and fair,  
They seem to *Men*, drest in light robes of *Air*;  
Their business done their short-liv'd *Bodies* leave,  
Their elemented *Form* the *Winds* receive.

Loose from dull matters *Laws* no longer stay,  
But the next moment think themselves away.

1010 Preventing ev'n th' amaz'd *Spectators* *Eyes*,  
From *East* to *West*, from *Earth* to *Paradise*;  
And from the *Altar* oft to *Heav'n* aspire  
In *Clouds* of curling *Smoke*, and *Globes* of *Fire*.

Can you such *Pow'rs* as these in *Matter* find?  
Can ought do this, unless 'tis perfect *Mind*?

There is a *Spirit* in *Man*, th' *Almighty's* *Breath*;  
Something *Divine*, that must survive his *Death*.  
Who can with patience think he all must die,  
And in dark *Nothing's* *Chaos* floating lie,

1020 Who wou'd not rather with a blest *Eternity*?

If Man, as *Sadoc* dreams, all matter were,  
 How cou'd he apprehend, compound, infer?  
 How *Universals* form, *Reflect*, or *Will*,  
 And on those *Acts* make new *Reflections* still?  
 How *Sciences* invent, or *Arts* devise,  
 And ev'n by *Folly* and *Mistakes* grow *wise*?  
 How everlasting *Poems*, *Works* divine,  
 Which to compose both *Earth* and *Heav'n* must join;  
 How these produce, how weave each *Notion* there,  
 And give each stubborn *Thought* its *Turn* and *Air*? 1030  
 As soon wild *Atoms* into *Whirlpools* huld  
 Might make this beauteous *Poem* of the *World*.  
 A heap of *Letters* in a *Mirror* seen  
 As soon might form great *Maro's Works* therein.  
 If all were *Matter*, *Sadoc* argues well,  
 Wou'd no *Hereafter* be, no *Heav'n* or *Hell*?  
 All wou'd be *Fate*, and *Man* as justly then  
 Might punish *Stones*, as *God* cou'd punish *Men*.  
 But shan't the *Judge* of all *Men* justly do?  
 Shall not eternal *Truth* it self be *true*? 1040  
 That here things equally he don't dispense,  
 Ev'n *Sadoc's Sons* must own, who argue thence  
 Against his *Justice* and his *Providence*:  
 Tho' we more fairly a future *World* conclude  
 To plague the *Unjust*, and recompence the *Good*;  
 Which by th' inspir'd of old in every *Age*  
 Was fair inscrib'd on many a *sacred Page*;  
 Tho' far more legibly than all the rest,  
 By him of *Heav'n* and *Earth* belov'd, express'd.  
 Nor this last *Refuge* to th' *unjust* remains,  
 This glimm'ring *Hope*, that *Time* shall end their pains: 1050  
 As soon the *Fiends* may break their *Iron Chains*,  
 As wretched *Souls* from the sad *Prisons* rise,  
 From those eternal *Shades*, regain the *light* from *Skies*.  
*Habits* of *Vice* are *Hell*, that *World* of *Woe*,  
 They needs must with 'em bear, where e'er they go:  
 The loss of *Heav'n* is *Hell*, who banish'd thence,  
 Their pain of *Loss* equals their pain of *Sense*;  
 And cou'd they to that *blissful Place* repair,  
 Yet what, ah! what cou'd vicious *Souls* do there? 1060  
 Who

Dan. 12. 2, 3.

Who *Life* and *Death* propos'd, the latter chuse,  
And a fair *Option* granted, Heav'n refuse.

Thus he — When *Chuz'd* — Easily we learn  
Those *Truths* we might from *Natures self* discern,  
And you my *Faith* with small reluctance, gain  
T' *unmatter'd Minds*, and endless *Joy* and *Pain*:  
But that which shocks *Philosophy* and *Sense*,  
And crosses all our *Notions* drawn from thence,  
Is your assertion that the *dead* shall *rise*,

1070 Our mouldring *dust* agen enjoy the *Skies*;  
Those *Seeds* of things thro' *Air* and *Water* tost,  
Thro' *Earth* and *Fire*, *Bodies* in *Bodies* lost;  
That these shall be in their old *Form* rejoyn'd,  
Each *Atom* shall its *brother Atom* find:  
If then there's ought your *sacred Books* contain,  
If ought in *Reasons School* can this explain,  
The useful *Knowledge* candidly impart,  
And ever more command a *grateful Heart*.

*Gamaliel* thus — Who *erring minds* regain,  
1080 Their *Pleasure* richly do's reward their *Pain*;  
And *Reasons self* no worse *success* secures  
\* In those so well prepar'd for *Truth* as yours.  
Not that from *Nature* you clear proofs can see  
Of what's a *supernat'ral Mystery*.  
But first we'll prove 't, tho' from the *World* conceal'd,  
By Gods *unerring Spirit* to us reveal'd,  
Then to our *Faith* the aid of *Reason* bring,  
And prove no *Contradiction* in the *Thing*.

\* The *Law*, the *Prophets*, and the *Psalms* contain,  
1090 This *Truth* the *Sadducee* denies in vain.

When *Fate* the *Souls* and *Body's link* unties

\* The *Spirit* says, *Man* rather *sleeps* then *dies*.

Express great *Esay* writes the *Dead* shall *rise*;

When the *last Trump* the joyous news shall bring,

That those who dwell in *Dust* shall *rise* and *sing*.

Tho' this seems strange to our *short sights* who dwell  
In mortal *Clay*, with God 'tis possible.

His *Pow'r* can do what *Nature's* never can,

And reproduce the same *numeric Man*;

1100 From various things that *Body* can restore

Which his dread *Word* from *Nothing* made before.  
 Those *Seeds* of *things* too fine for *humane* *Sight*,  
 Tho' granted *numerous*, can't be *infinite*;  
 But were they, the *Almighty* is the *same*,  
 And *knows* 'em all who calls the *Stars* by *Name*;  
 Each *Atom* can't his proper place return,  
 And raise a *Phoenix* from a dusty *Urn*.  
 Tho' shou'd he *different* parts of *matter* take,  
 With the *same* *Soul* he the *same* *Man* wou'd make:  
 The *Soul's* the *Form*, by this *dull* *matter* lives,  
 And th' *individuating* *Seal* it gives;  
 That still *survives*, for what can that *destroy*?  
 The *Bodies* *Harbinger* in *Pain* or *Joy*.  
 While *Body's* still in *Flux*, still loose it flies,  
 Ev'n join'd to *Soul*, each *Day* 'tis born and dies, \*  
 And when *Fate* calls, it thence *divided*, must  
 Scatter in *Air* or moulder into *Dust*.

1110

He said and paus'd, all pleas'd with what he spoke,  
 When *zealous* *Cephas* thus his silence broke.

Well have you *reason'd*, *Fathers*! and as well  
 For *Truth* have urg'd *Truths* sacred *Oracle*;  
 Yet *Reason* some evade by *Sophistry*,  
 Some *Scriptures* wrest, but none can *Sense* deny.  
 To this our *Lord* by *Miracles* appeals,  
 In all those *Truths* which he from *Heav'n* reveals  
 By *Miracles* him his *Great* *Father* seals;  
 Which *thousands* can as well as we attest,  
 By *Friends* admir'd, by *Enemies* confest:

1120

Who can by his *own* *Pow'r* both *Worlds* command,  
 And raise the *Dead* by his dread *Voice* or *Hand*;  
 Whom *Heav'n* and *Earth* obey, all must believe,  
 His *Testimony* all the *World* receive.

1130

But never *Man* like him these *Truths* e'er taught,  
 He *Immortality* to *Light* has brought;  
 That *Heav'n* the *Good* with *endless* *Joy* shall gain,  
 The *wicked* mourn in *Hell* with *endless* *Pain*.

As little, *immaterial* *Substance*, we  
 Can doubt, so much we've heard, so much we see.

*Legions* of *Fiends* we see our *Lord* obey,  
 VVho *spightful* him *confess*, and hast away; \*

1140

VVhether

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*The 2 Men proposed to David.*

- Whether to their own *dark Abyss* confin'd,  
 Or them he in the *howling Desert* bind;  
 Whether before they haunt some *lonely Tomb*,  
 Or bolder into *Towns* and *Cities* come,  
 And strike afflicted *Mortals* *blind* or *dumb*.  
 This have *Capernaum's Walls* with wonder seen,  
 \* This from his *Hills* th' affrighted *Gadarene*,  
 Where to their Saviour they their *Swine* preferr'd,  
 Where *Beasts* and *Fiends* obscene in *Legions* herd.
- 1150 Were our *Eyes* false, we've stronger *Evidence*,  
 And proof ev'n more infallible than *Sense*.  
 These *Truths* did *Truth* it self to us reveal,  
 Or plain, or in some lively *Parable*:  
 One I among the rest remember yet,  
 And think I hardly ever can forget;  
 Still are, methinks the *Scene's* before my *Eyes*  
 The *pains* of *Hell*, the *joys* of *Paradise*;  
 And were not *Day* well wasted --- *Wast* no more  
*Gamaliel* says, more earnest than before
- 1160 To hear the whole: while *Nicodemus* cries,  
 Those only *wast* the *Day* who, lost in *Vice*,  
 The *sliding Hours* profusely misemploy  
 In shortliv'd *Pleasures* and voluptuous *Joy*,  
 VVho while the *sliding Hours* fly swift away,  
 Fondly themselves beguile, and not the *Day*:  
 But who like us their happy *Sands* have past,  
 'Tis they, and they alone, *Life* truly *tast*,  
 They use their *Time* which others only *wast*.  
 But pray proceed, slip not one *passage* o'er,
- 1170 Believe we long to hear it all and more.  
 He thus --- I'll every *circumstance* relate;  
 Thus was the *Poor-Rich-Mans* tremendous *Fate*,  
 --- See his luxurious *Body* cover'd o'er  
 With *Royal Purple*, fetch'd from *Tyre's* proud *shore*.  
 \* The softest *Linnen* next his tender *skin*,  
 Richly perfum'd, (and need) to hide within  
 A lothsom *Load* of *Vanity* and *Sin*:  
*Arabia's* choicest *Odors*, purchas'd thence  
 With the exactest *Care* and vast *Expence*
- 1180 Rich *Nard*, *Anomum*, sacred *Frankincense*:

All these profusely smoaking fill'd the Air,  
 As if the *Land of Spices* had been there,  
 Where nothing else they burn; the choicest *Fare* \*  
 His *Tables* load, the panting *Servants* come  
 Half crush'd with their *pill'd weight* into the room:  
 Those *Birds* with which wise Heav'n our *Fathers* fed,  
 And thought the fittest *meat* with *Angels bread*, \*  
 As coarser *Fare*, despis'd, he'd scarce afford  
 A room at th' end of his *luxurious Board*:  
 The beauteous Fowl by distant *Phasis* bred, \*  
 Almost as richly as their *Master* fed;  
 Both *fatted* for *destruction*, scarce he'd deign  
 To taste, almost untouch'd born off again;  
 And cou'd the fancy'd *Phenix* self been caught,  
 The Dish he at a *Kingdom's price* had bought.  
 While in a stately *Gallery* hard by,  
 Adorn'd with *Babylonian Tapistry*  
 His *Honours Musick* sate, and as they bring  
 Each *Course*, anew they sweep the sounding *string*;  
 At once to charm his *Conscience* and his *Cares*,  
 Lull his loose *Soul* with melting *Lydian Airs*,  
 Or soft *Anacreon's Words* from *Greece* they bring,  
 Which *Eunuchs* bought from *Rome* or *Egypt* sing;  
 No Words e'er better *chosen* to excite  
 His *sated*, yet his *furious Appetite*,  
 And urge to *lawless Loves*, and vain *Delight*;  
 Thus on his yielding *Couch* reclin'd he lay,  
 Thus he, *Luxurious*, past the scorching *Day*  
 Till cooler *Evening* come, he bids prepare  
 His stately *Chariot* — He must take the *Air*:  
 At his broad *Gates* arriv'd he casts his *Eye*  
 And sees a *miserable Object* lie  
 With sores all cover'd — Strait with *cruel Pride*  
 He turns his *Head* and haughty *Eyes* aside,  
 Then frowning, thus t' his *crouching Servants* near  
 Take hence this *Dirt* he cries, what makes he here?  
 Drag him to th' *Dunghil*, that's the fittest *place*;  
 Let him rot there, and not these *Walks* disgrace:  
 Too soon they obey, and *spurning* bid him rise  
 And get him thence — He lifts his *fainting eyes*,

1190

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1220

With

- With much of *Pain* he lifts his heavy head, and soon  
Which soon fell down agen, and sighing said  
With a low Voice — What hurt or injury  
Will 't be, if here you let me faint and die;  
Tho' while I might have liv'd, you'd not afford;  
'Twas all I ask'd, the Fragments of your Board  
Which e'en the *Dogs* had left — The Wretch dares prate;  
Replies the *Lord* — Here trail him from the Gate;  
They did, across the more relenting *Stones*,  
11230 Scarce cou'd he speak, but just expiring groans;  
The kinder *Hounds*, who as it chanc'd were there,  
Soon scented him, where half expos'd and bare,  
His fest'ring nauseous Sores infect the Air;  
Scarcely one part from head to foot was sound,  
One frightful Ulcer he, all o'er a Wound:  
Around him the poor *Curs* with pity wait,  
And as they cou'd seem'd to bemoan his Fate;  
They of their *Masters* cruelty complain;  
With heads thrown up they deeply bowl — In vain  
11240 The *Huntsman* rates 'em off, they ne'er the more  
\* Will from him stir, but gently lick'd his Sore.  
Some Ease he found e'en in the pangs of death,  
Tho' whence he knew not, with his parting Breath,  
Too late's your Aid, who e'er you be, he cry'd,  
Requite you Heav'n! — With all his strength he try'd,  
A little rais'd his Head, then sunk and dy'd  
— His active Spirit no sooner wing'd away  
From her untenantable house of Clay,  
But strait fair *Angels* from the Clouds descend,  
11250 And thitherward their Course directly bend;  
His shiv'ring Soul wide wand'ring in the Air,  
On their warm Purple Wings to bliss they bear;  
Safe to the Realms of endless Peace convey'd,  
And in great *Abraham's* bosom softly laid;  
There all the glorious Orders round him shine;  
\* " And calm the Relicks of his Grief with Hymns Divine  
When now Sol's Beams almost had left the Air,  
Back did the Miserably-rich repair;  
Who near his house, the lifeless Carcass there  
11260 Did at first glance a little startled see,

But

But soon himself recalls — What is't to me, 1270  
 If he be dead, he did insulting cry?  
 That Wretch had nothing else to do but die.  
 For me, I better can my time employ,  
 And many an unexhausted Year of Joy;  
 Shou'd Fate and Death be sawcy and pretend  
 To rush into my presence e'er I for 'em send;  
 Rich Cordials soon shou'd make 'em quit their hold,  
 I'd bribe 'em thence with show'rs of liquid Gold;  
 — Now let 'em keep their distance — When I'm old,  
 With Virtue and the Palsy bedrid lie,  
 Return, I may have leisure then to die.

— He said, and a new Banquet bids prepare,  
 Rich Syrian Unguents crown his flowing Hair;  
 Resolv'd that Night in all the Joys to live  
 That Wit or Wine, or flatt'ring Vice cou'd give;  
 A few choice Friends, as great, as lewd as he,  
 Sate round, t' augment and share his Jollity;  
 At length the Tables clear'd, the Banquet o'er,  
 Profusely plentiful as that before, 1280  
 He a huge golden Goblet rais'd on high,  
 And swears to all their Healths he'd drink it dry,  
 Then brought t' his head, when on the sudden, fall,  
 His lips scarce touch'd, he, Goblet, Wine and all;  
 The Servants shrieking overturn the Board,  
 And run to th' aid of their expiring Lord;  
 Rich Cordials fetch'd, they force 'em down in vain,  
 His hand upon his heart, there, there his Pain;  
 Death-struck, he fell, hard comes his rattling breath,  
 His jolly Face now pale and cold as Death; 1290  
 Atheist no more, believes a God too late,  
 Trembling with Horror of approaching Fate:  
 All Arts in vain, with wild distorted eyes  
 He desp'rate in their arms reluctant dies;  
 So soon his Carcass, black and horrid grown  
 Corrupts, it longer cou'd be born by none;  
 But as the time permitted, they Inter  
 With State, in his Parental Sepulchre; \*  
 Proud Hatchments o'er, perhaps some praise him too  
 For twenty Virtues that he never knew; 1300

Their

Their *Flatt'ries* help him not, nor reach him, where  
His *Soul*, by th' ugly *Demons* of the Air,  
Is seiz'd their own, their *Mark* they on him found,  
Which in firm *Adamantine Fetters* bound,  
To *Ætna's Gulf*, or further on, they bear  
To the sad *Northern World* thro' *mirk'som Air*,  
O'er *utmost Thule*, thence thro' *Hecla* steep, \*  
Sink with him down *headlong* to the boundless *Deep*.

- Amidst the *dreadful Pains* of that sad *State*,  
1310 Which for all those who now *despise* 'em, *wait*;  
Where long he *Tortur'd* lay, he lifts his *Eyes*  
Unto the now almost *forgotten Skies*;  
The *Earth* to him, *Diaphanous* as Air,  
With ease look'd thro', for *Souls* see every where;  
Beyond *Heav'n's* mighty *Gulf* he saw as well,  
Tho' vast as that, from th' *under-World* to *Hell*; \*  
Within whose shining *Borders* soon he found  
Sweet *Paradise*, that blest, that happy *Ground*  
Where *Father Abraham* sits, the *Patriarchs* round,  
1320 And *holy Souls*, ay reign in boundless *Light*,  
Expecting greater *Bliss* than *Infinite*; \*  
Among the rest when *Lazarus* he spy'd,  
With a loud lamentable *Voice* he cry'd,  
O *Father Abraham*! Tho' so far from thee  
Remov'd, O *Father* hear, and *pity* me!  
To live in yon blest *Realms* I must despair,  
What wou'd, alas! my guilty *Soul* do there?  
All the small *Boon* I ask, O that I might  
*Obtain* 't! Is but less *Pain* than *infinite*;  
1330 Since I in this dire *Place* must ever dwell,  
O give but a more tolerable *Hell*!  
If this too much, one *Moments* *respite* give,  
What's that t' a *Wretch* must here for ever live?  
Still less than that, yet let me, let me gain  
Some small *alleviation* of my *Pain*:  
The happy *Lazarus*! — O what a *Change*,  
(But sure the *Blest* above knew no *Revenge*,)  
Betwixt his *Fate* and mine! Let him descend,  
And with one drop of *Water* me befriend,  
1340 Tortur'd in quenchless *Flames* e'er since I fell,

And *Thirst*, next *Guilt*, the greatest *Plague* of *Hell*.

Ah *miscall'd* Son, *Abraham* severe replies,  
With *unrelenting Justice* in his *Eyes*,  
The time of *Mercy's* now for ever o'er,  
No more thy *Friend*, thy *Father* now no more:  
Then, then thou shou'dst have *su'd*, when long in vain }  
GOD did a *Pardon* offer, you disdain;  
Nay dar'd, ungrate, his *Providence* arraign:  
E'en from his *Goodness*, wou'd no *God* believe,  
Because he suffer'd such a *Wretch* to live: \*

1350

Then thou in *Wealth* and *Opulence* didst flow;  
*Two* are too much, thou hadst *one Heav'n* below,  
Where *Lazarus* his *Hell*; now all things weigh'd  
In his just *Ballance*, *Retribution's* made;  
He lives in endless *Joy*, who then did *mourn*;  
Thou in unpity'd *Flames* must ever *burn*.  
Besides, th' *interminable Gulf's* so wide,  
That do's 'twixt your sad *Realms* and ours divide;  
Yours cannot *hope* a *Change*, nor ours can *fear*,  
You must be ever *there*, we always *here*.

1360

If then my *Pain* I must *uneas'd* deplore,  
O let it not (but can it?) e'er be more,  
The hopeless *Wretch* returns; for even here  
In *Hell* it self I've something *worse* to fear:  
I th' lightsom *World* above I call to mind,  
I yet have *Five* dear *Brethren* left behind;  
Them my false *Rhet'ric* did too oft entice,  
My bad *Example* them inclin'd to *Vice*:  
I fear lest their *Damnation* mine enhance,  
Their added *Sums* my vast *Account* advance:  
If he so long a *Journey* must not go,  
Or make a *Visit* to our *Worlds* of *Woe*;  
At least *half-way* let *Lazarus* descend,  
Rowze 'em from *Vice*, and warn of my sad *End*;  
This, this wou'd strike their *Souls* with pious *Fear*,  
Sure they'd the *Dead*, tho' not the *Living* hear.

1370

Nor e'en can that be granted, *Abraham* says,  
If they neglect *Lives* fix'd and *stated* ways,  
What the great *Moses* their *Forefathers* told,  
*Thunder'd* from *Heav'n*, what all th' *Inspir'd* of old;

1380

If

If they the *Law* and *Prophets* not receive,  
Nor wou'd they the returning *Dead* believe.  
—He said, the *Fiends* about their *Pris'ner* came,  
And sink him deep in liquid *Worlds* of *Flame*;  
While *Lazarus* forgets those *Miseries*,  
By which he thinks too cheap his *Crown* he buys,  
And learns triumphant *Hymns* in *Paradise*.

}

The *Apostle* breaths, the *Story* all commend;  
Hence *Fathers*! See, reply'd our *Saviour's* *Friend*,  
1390 Our *Master* came not, as the envious say,  
The *Sanction* of our *Laws* to take away,  
Or mighty *Moses* teach to *disobey*;  
*Perpetual Doctor* of the *Churches*, where  
His *Truths* of *moral Obligation* are,  
Nay even those who sit in *Mose's* *Chair*,  
He bids *obey* in all that's *just* and *right*,  
Suffer or do, nor must his *Servants* fight.

}

}

*Gamaliel* thus — Since you so much have shown,  
1400 I've now far other *Thoughts*, I frankly own,  
Of your great *Masters* *Doctrine*, than before,  
And must th' *Iniquity* o'th' *Age* deplore  
That him rejects, our *Rulers* *Spite* and *Hate*  
The *Cause*, he worthy a far better *Fate*.  
But chance what may, avert my boding *Fear*,  
Kind *Heav'n*! You ever shall be *welcom* here.

And now the *Sun* behind the *Mountains* fell,  
Gilding, with parting *Beams*, fair *Siloam's* *Well*; \*  
The *Guests* arise, *Gamaliel* with 'em rose,  
1410 Since they'll no longer stay, he forward goes,  
Conducts 'em to the *Gate*, and parting there,  
Back the *Disciples* to our *Lord* repair.

The End of the Sixth Book.

# NOTES

## ON

### The LIFE of CHRIST.

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#### BOOK VI.

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1. **L**O! *Tb' Eternal Word I sing, &c.*] I chose *Pindaric* here, being most suitable to the  *loftiness*  of the Subject: And for my *Excuse* in using it, desire no better than *Mr. Cowley's Example*. For the *Matter* of the *Ode*, it includes, for the main, little more than what's *express'd* or *hinted* in the *First Chap.* and other places of *St. John's Gospel*.

5. *Rise my Eagle-Soul! Arise.*] That *Epihet* may be more proper to *St. John*, because he's generally thought represented by the *Eagle*, among the four living *Creatures* in the *Revelation*; which is accordingly pictur'd near him.

18. *No mean Succession his Duration knows.*] I am not ignorant that our famous *Parker*, and the *Men of New Notions*, are generally of another mind. But this has not only been the *Opinion* of all *Antiquity*, who thought *Succession* disagreeable to the *Nature* of *God*, but of the best and most *Learned* of the *Moderns* in our own Nation. See *Bishop of Worcester's Sermon* on the *Mysteries* of the *Christian Faith*; *Mr. Bently*, and others; and among *Poets*, *Mr. Cowley*,

*Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,  
But an Eternal Now does always last.*

23. *Whatever was, was God, e'er Time or Place.*] From *Vida's*: *Quicquid erat Deus illud erat.*

27. *One, undissolv'd.*] The *nearest* word I could find to *undivide*.

30. *Not to be argu'd, but believ'd.*] As to the *Modus*, I mean, the *Manner* of the *Eternal Generation*; as I explain it in the following Verse, — *ineffable the way, &c.*

39. — more intimately one  
*With his great Father, than the Light and Sun.*] This usually is given as an *Illustration* of the *Trinity*, and particularly the *Procession* of the *Son* from the *Father*; tho it must come *short*, or else it would not be a *Similitude*, but the same thing. All that is pretended to be proved by such *Instances* as these, being that such things are no *Contradiction* in *Nature*.

43. *There is no after or before.*] From that in the *Athanasian Creed*. In this *Trinity* none is *before* or *after* an other; that is, all the *Divine Persons* were *coexistent* from all *Eternity*, and do now *equally* partake of the *Divine Essence* and *Perfections*.

46. *No room for one short Moment, or bold Thought between.*] The *Arrians*, who had much more to say for their *Heretic* than their modern *Kindred*, did grant, in some of their *Confessions* of *Faith*, that the *Son* was from all *Eternity* by such  
an

an *Emanation* from the Father, as that whereby the *Light* proceeds from the *Sun*, but yet contended for a *Moments* difference between their *Existence*; the *Son* receiving his, as they think, from the *Father*; whereby they unavoidably fell into the same *Absurdity* which other Pretenders to Reason since have done: That I mean of a *made God*, or a *subordinate Supreme*. To which, if they can, let 'em find one that's *equal* in the whole *Athanasian Creed*.

47. *The Father lov'd the Son, &c.*] Thus some endeavour to *solve*, or rather *illustrate* the Doctrine of the *Divine Processions*.

54. *Three more than Names, the Father, Spirit, and Son.*] 'Twas the *Heretic* of *Sabellius*, that the three Persons in the *Trinity* were only *three Names* for *one Person*, as well as *one Essence*. Which some have charged on *Dr. Cudworth*, tho, I think, with more *ill Nature* than *Justice*. Nor seems there need of many Arguments to confute it. *Names* can't *act*. *Names* are not *distinguish'd* by *Personal Pronouns*; one *Name* can't *send* or *satisfie*, or *attest* another: But there are in the *Divine Essence* *different Agents*, *different Actions* being attributed unto it, and those who perform 'em are distinguish'd by *different Personal Pronouns* in the *Sacred Scripture*. Of the *Father* and *Son* there's no doubt: Of the *Holy Spirit* 'tis said, *He shall teach you all things*. The *Father* is said to *send*, the *Son* to be *sent*, the *Holy Spirit* to *witness*. Therefore they are more than *Names*, and I think *Persons* is the plainest *Word* we have whereby to express them.

57. — *one self-conscious Mind.*] With all *Submission* and *Respect* to that *Reverend Person*, who, if I mistake not his meaning, asserts *three distinct Minds* in the *undivided Trinity*, I must acknowledg I can't be of his *Opinion* for these *short Reasons*; if *three holy Minds*, then *three Holy Ghosts*: But says the *Creed*, *One Holy Ghost*, not *three Holy Ghosts*. Again, if *three Minds*, then I see not how to avoid *three individual Essences*, as much as of *three Men*: Therefore not *one individual Essence*, tho this all *Catholick Christians* acknowledg.

60. *This by the Spirit did the Son.*] *Gen. 1.* The *Spirit of God* moved upon the *Face* of the *Waters*: Which could not be a *Wind*, the *Earth* not being yet made to send out any *Exhalation*, or so much as any *Air* to be mov'd, without one of which, *Wind* could not be produced.

62. *As was resolv'd it's* Consult of the great *Three-One*.] That our *Church* thinks all the *Trinity* consulted or agreed together in the *Creation of the World*, and understands that Expression, *Gen. 1. 26. Let us make man*; in that *Sense*, appears, I think, plain enough from her ordering that *Chapter* to be read on *Trinity-Sunday*.

71. *Those fair Idea's be express'd, &c.*] According to that *Notion* so much talk'd of by some, of an *Ideal World*; tho thus much is certain, that the *infinite Mind*, had before *all Time*, and therefore from *Eternity*, *fore-seen* and *decreed*, what were then only *possible Essences*, should be in *Time* reduced into *Existence* or *actual Being*.

78. *With Luna's Silver-Waves, &c.*] Alluding to the new *Notion of Light*; that 'tis perform'd by repeated *Undulations*.

82. *The Angels next he made.*] So in *Coloss. 16.* *By him were all things created in Heaven and Earth, Thrones, Dominions, Principalities, Powers*: And in the *Old Testament*, "The *Morning-Stars* sang together, and all the *Sons of God* shouted for Joy, when the *Son*, the eternal, essential *Wisdom* of *God*, as the *Fathers* interpret it, laid the *Foundation* of the *Earth*; and if he made the *Angels*, he could not be himself an *Angel* in a proper *Sense*, tho he's call'd by *Accommodation* or *Comparison*, the *Angel* of the *Covenant*; and by *Jacob* the *Angel* that preserv'd him from all *Evil*. Of which see more below.

92. *Falling from thence, some Sun or Planet grows.*] Alluding to *Galileo's* *Notion*, "That every *Globe* of the *Universe* was created at a *distance* from the *Place* wherein it was to move, and thence let fall to the place of its *design'd Residence*."

94. *First, Matter wills, then Form to Matter lends;*  
*First different Somethings makes, &c.*

Matter, the *Heaven* and the *Earth*,  
Ff 3 *Gen. 1. 1.*

Gen. 1. 1. which must relate to the *Matter* of them only, the whole being at first *ἀβυσσος* and *ἀναστροφὴς*, inform and void, till 'twas in three *Revolutions* of the first created *Light*, and three more of the *Sun*, reduced into that beautiful and lovely *Order*, which denominates it a *World*; all the jarring *Elements* being separated and disposed into their proper *Places*:

98. *And all around was Light, &c.*] Gen. 1. 3. God said let there be light, and there was light; immediatly after the Spirit's moving upon the Face of the Waters.

106. *By God, who had the Pow'r alone.*] This certainly held then, whatever some may think it does since.

115. *If any asks, can satisfy*———*His Wrath.*] This *Thought* has been labour'd at by some of the greatest Genius's the World has e'er produced, *Milton*, *Dryden*, and others, after whom I should scarce have dared to attempt it, had it not been almost necessary to the Subject.

131. *Nor like an Angel's, only form'd of Air.*] 'Twas the Opinion of some wild Hereticks in former Ages, that our Saviour's Blessed Body was only fantastical not real; whom 'tis not worth the while to confute.

150. *And once in Royal Robes array'd, — At sacred Salem stay'd.*] Many Learned Men have been of Opinion that *Melchizedeck* was our Saviour, who, as well might appear like a Man as an Angel; and as well stay some time as just appear. They think that 'tis a harsh Interpretation of *ἀντὶς ἀνθρώπου*, without Father without Mother: to say, that it only meant his Father and Mother were not known, or not recorded, especially considering what follows, that he had neither beginning of Days nor end of Life; for further Christ is said in the Psalmist to be *Sacerdos in æternum*, a Priest for ever, after the Order of *Melchizedeck*: Whence it should seem that he himself was a Priest for ever, eternal, and therefore no other than the Son of God; as it seems implied in the Apostle's Words, of whom 'tis witnessed that he liveth, *Heb. 7. 8.* made after the Power of an endless Life, *v. 18.* as in the third, without Descent, *ἀχραντός*. (Who shall declare his Generation?) And, he abideth a Priest continually. And when that's objected, made like to the Son of God, therefore not the same; they answer, that he may be the same with him, tho said to be like him, and produce that Instance where Christ is said to be *ἐν ὁμοιότητι ἀνθρώπων σχήματι*, *Philip. 2.* Made in the likeness of men: and yet more plainly and unexceptionably, *Revel. 1. 13.* One like unto the Son of man: Whom yet all here grant to be Christ. Other strong Probabilities might be added, but these I think are sufficient to defend my making use of that Opinion.

157. *He, with two menial Angels, once a Guest.*] Gen. 18. 1. The Lord appeared to him; as *Cap. 17.* The Lord appeared to Abraham, and said, I am the Almighty God; which could not be an Angel, could not be the Father, must be the Son. *v. 22.* God went up from Abraham; therefore must have taken a bodily Shape, which the Father ne'er did. And in the following Chap. when the two Men, or two Angels, went to destroy Sodom, they tell Lot, The Lord had sent them to destroy it; that Lord whom they left talking with Abraham: And that Passage, "The Lord rained Fire and Brimstone on Sodom and Gomorrah from the Lord out of Heaven; the very *Arrians* understood of the Father and the Son; as we find in some of their Confessions of Faith in *Eusebius*.

161. *Then Abraham saw his Day, and did rejoyce.*] A not improbable Sense of our Saviour's Words, *John 8. 56.*

164. 'Twas he who did the wandring Jacob guide, — 'Twas he whom met by Jabbok's side, &c.] That the Angel who deliver'd Jacob from all Evil, and whom he prayed to bless his Grand-Children, was the uncreated Angel, our Blessed Saviour, has been the Sense of *Antiquity*, as *Petavius* observes, tho he seems not willing to believe it, lest the Church of Rome should thereby lose one main Argument for worshipping Angels. But without him we are sure he was God: For Gen. 48. 15: The God of Abraham and Isaac which fed him all his Life long, is call'd, *v. 16.* the Angel that redeem'd him, &c. tho no doubt but 'twas the same who redeem'd and fed him. Again, *Exod. 3. 2.* The Angel of the Lord appeared in a flame of fire out of the midst of the Bush: But *v. 4.* God called to him out of the midst of the Bush:

*Bush*: And v. 6. *I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*: The same also who wrestled with *Jacob* at *Peniel*, Gen. 32. who tho call'd a *Man*, v. 24. because appearing in the *Form of Man*, yet was really *God*, v. 28. *As a Prince hast thou power with God*: And so it seems *Jacob* himself thought; for he call'd the Place *Peniel*; for, says he, I have seen *God face to face*.

175. *What Angel else those Titles durst have claim'd?* — In every sacred Page *Adonai nam'd*.] 'Tis not proper to make a *Jew* pronounce the Name *Jehova*, which was, I suppose, long before this esteemed *unutterable*, for which was used *Adonai* or *Elohim*. Now that the *Angel* which went before *Israel*, which appeared often to the *Patriarchs*, was call'd *Jehova*, is plain in twenty Instances: See *Exod.* 23. 20. *Behold I will send an Angel before thee*: And 21. *My Name is in him*: Now the Name by which *God* revealed himself to *Moses* and the *Children of Israel*, when he brought them out of *Egypt*, was *Jehova*: *Exod.* 6. 3. *By my Name Jehova was I not called*: And say to the *Children of Israel*, *I am hath sent me unto thee*. But *God* will not give his *Glory*, *Isai.* 42. 8. *His incommunicable Attributes*, and *essential Glory* to any other *Being*: Therefore whoever has this *Glory*, must be *God*; and this *God* the *Son*, whom the *Jews* tempted in the *Wilderness*, as the *Apostle* says, *1 Cor.* 10. 9. and of whom all the *Fathers* interpret it: Nay, the very *Jews* themselves do the same, as I find in the *Notes on Grotius de Verit. Relig. Christian.* p. 368. Out of *Moses Ben Nachmen*, as quoted by *Masius*; *Iste Angelus, &c.* That *Angel*, if we might speak the very Truth, is the *Angel the Redeemer*, of whom it is written, my Name is in him. The *Angel* who said to *Jacob*, *I am the God of Bethel*: He of whom 'tis said, *God* called to *Moses* out of the midst of the *Bush*. He's called an *Angel*, because he governs the *World*: For 'tis writ, *Jehova* brought us out of *Egypt*. And again, he sent his *Angel*, and brought us out of *Egypt*. Again it is written, The *Angel* of his *Presence* (of his *Face*) saved them, to wit, that *Angel* who is the *Presence* or *Face* of *God*; and of whom 'tis said, My *Face* or *Presence* shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. Lastly, that *Angel* of whom the *Prophet*, The *Lord* whom you seek, shall suddenly come to his *Temple*; the *Angel* of the *Covenant* whom you desire. Again, The *Face* or *Presence* of *God* signifies *God*, as all *Interpreters* agree; but none can understand this, unless he's acquainted with the *Mysteries* of the *Law*.

177. *Royal Isaia him.*] He's generally reckon'd of *Noble*, or *Royal* Off-Spring. The *Glory* he saw in the *Temple* when the *Seraphim* cry'd *Holy, Holy, Holy*, *Isai.* 6. was the *Glory* of our *Blessed Saviour*: For so says this *Evangelist* in his *Life*, *John* 12. 41. *These things said Isaia, when he saw his Glory and spake of him*.

190. *The lovely Boy, in whose auspicious Face.*] This is borrow'd from *Mr. Dryden's* Translation of *Virgil's Sicelides Musae*.

207. *Their Reason is a Spark of his celestial Fire.*] *God* the *Son*, who made *Man*, and breathed into him the *Breath* of *Life*, gave him also *Soul* and *Reason*, forming him in this, as well as *Piety*, after his own *Image*, who is the eternal *Logos*, or first *Essential Reason*.

251. *And only to the chosen Jews reveal'd.*] *Vid. Joseph's Speech*, in *Lib. VIII.*

262. *For you, Sir, I perceive, have Plato read*] As the *Heathen* said of *St. John*, when he read the beginning of his *Gospel*.

275. *Who borrow all you think of us you know,* — *From Fabling Greece and false Manetho.*] See this prov'd at large by *Josephus* against *Appion*.

295. *Their ancient mighty Jao was the same, &c.*] This *Jao*, or as *St. Jerom*, *Jabo*, was very famous among the most ancient of the *Heathens*: Him the *Devils* themselves were forc'd to acknowledg to be the true *Supreme God*. So the *Oracle of Apollo Clarius*, *ἡγεῖτο τῶν πάντων θεῶν δὲν ἑμὸν ἰδὼν ἰδὼν*. He was the same with *Jehova*, and as well as *Jove*, deflected from it. That this was the *God* of the *Jews*, we learn from *Diodorus*, who speaks as much of 'em as most of the *Heathen Writers*. "*Moses*, says he, inscrib'd his *Laws* to the *God Jao*: And *Sanchoniathon* tells us, he received much of his *History* from the *Priest* of the *God Jao*, by which Name, as *Irenaeus* tells us, the *Gnostics*, who affected *Antiquity*, were us'd to call *God*.

298. *And him to whom you did a Temple rear,* — *Was only the Phenician Thunderer.*] The

The Saxon *Thor*, and Scythian *Taramis* are concluded by learned Men to be the same, both signifying *Jupiter the Thunderer*; the Name of the latter, as *Bochart* thinks, deriv'd from a Root, which both in the *British* and *Phœnician* Language signifies to *thunder*. And to the same God did *Augustus* erect a *Temple*, I suppose after some great *Thunder*, that probably which *Horace* alludes to, in his *Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem*.

302. Now Hammon him from ancient Cham you call,  
Now Belus name him from our injur'd Baal. ] There can't be a more natural or easie Derivation of *Jupiter Hammon*, than from *Cham* or *Ham* as we write it. And that *Belus* is the same with *Baal*, and *Baal* with *Jupiter*, and yet a true name of God, *Hos. 2. 16*. I think all learned men are agreed. See more below, where also of *Belisama*, *Astarte*, *Isis*, &c.

312. *Lucina* aid;— Old, *Berecynthia* Mother of the Gods, &c. ] *Lucina* is the same with the *Moon*. *Berecynthia* seems a compound from *Hec* which is either *Venus* or *Juno*, and *Cynthia* the *Moon*, both the same with *Rhea*, so call'd from *ῥέω, fluo*, from an obvious reason. *Berecynthia* was Mother of the Gods, So *Isis*, *Cybele*, *Rhea*.

322. All your three hundred Joves. ] A fair Company of them, for so many *Varro* reckons, tho most of them different Names for the same Person, nay often only *Fable* at the bottom.

354. Of some departed Father, Friend or Lord  
They first an Image made, and then ador'd. ] This has been look'd upon both by Antients and Moderns as the first rise of Idolatry, generally thought to have been begun by the Worshippers of *Belus*, though this the *Egyptians* were probably guilty of as soon as any others, because they had not only the Images of their Relations and Friends, but their very Bodies, as they have to this day preserv'd amongst them; and when they are reduced to straits did really often get help from 'em, by pawning their Father or Grandfather to the rich; whom they thought it a great piece of *Impiety* not to redeem again as soon as able.

359. And Seas, as Luna bids 'em, ebb and flow. ] I'm not concern'd, whether 'tis the *Moon's Influence*, the Motion of the Earth, or whatever other Cause, to which the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the Seas are owing; 'tis enough that what I assign has been believ'd as most probable by Antiquity, which Mr. *Cowley* follows in his "Undisturb'd by Moons, &c.

362. Or mighty Mazzaroth. ] I confess I can give no better Reason for calling him *mighty*, than because he has a very *hard Name*: But what's the true meaning on't, after all the GuesSES of the Critic, perhaps he only knows who calls all the Stars by their Names, however *Gamaliel* might then know what it was.

367. Which some thought living, for they saw 'em move. ] They believ'd 'em intelligent Beings, says Mr. Bently out of *More Nevochim*; and the same appears from *Plato*, *Diodorus*, especially *Eusebius*, *Demonstr. Evang. Lib. 1. Cap. 6.* ποινίας παραδὲν ὑπ' Αἰγυπτίους πρεσβύτους πάντων κατέχευε λόγῳ ἡλίου καὶ σελήνης, καὶ ἀΐσεως θεῶν ἀποφθίνας. The *Egyptians* and *Phœnicians* first worship'd the Sun, Moon and Stars, as Gods.

388. Nay, to make all things sure, the Fiends and all. ] Which *Porphyrus* fairly acknowledges, owning that *Belzebub* and *Serapis* were the same.

402. Lord of Heaven. ] *Beelsamen* signifies no more, as *Belisama*, Queen of Heaven, two Idols of the *Phœnicians* the same with *Jupiter* and *Juno*.

404. Moloch and Belus is with these the same. ] *Moloch* signifies King, or Lord; *Belus*, or *Baal* is much of the same Signification. That *Jupiter* is the same with *Belus* I think few question. That the Sun had the same name appears from the Grecian *Ἡλιος*, derived of the *Phœnician Eliun*, of whom *Sanchoiathon*; and we learn from *Damasus*, in *Phot.* that the *Phœnicians* confound *Hel* and *Bel*, as our *British* learn'd to do from them, the Father of our *Cassibelaunus* (rather *Cassibelinus*) being call'd in some of our old Writers *Hel* or *Heli*, in others *Bel*. And in *Gruter's* Inscriptions we find one at *Aquileia*, *Apollini Beleno*; and the Herb *Apolinaris* was called by the ancient Gauls, *Belinuntia*; to which add that *Macrobius* in *Saturn. ult.* affirms *Jupiter* and the Sun to be the same.

405. Saturn with both.] *Thallus*, an old Historian commended by *Lactantius*, *Tertullian* and *Minutius*, mentions *Belus* and *Chronus* as the same 'ἐνίοι μὲν οἰκοῦσαι τὸν Χρόνον some, says he, pay divine Honours to *Chronus*, and name him *Baal*, or *Bel*, the Romans call him *Saturn*, and some say that *Linus* first introduc'd his Worship. So *Apollinaris* in *Catena* on *Psalms* 106. 28. 'ΕΛΛΗΝΙ δὲ τὸν Βάαλ Βῆλ ἐποικίζουσιν ἐν πασὶν αἰσιν τὸν Χρόνον. 'The Grecians call *Baal* *Bel*, who they say is the same with *Time* or *Saturn*. *Scaliger* thinks this *Baalpeor*, Δία Βεργυράον, *Taramis* the Thunderer, *Vossius* the Sun, *S. Jerom* *Priapus*; and I suppose are all three in the right.

406. The same Inscription both, &c.] That famous one ΑΓΑΙΒΕΑΩ; ΜΑΛΕΧ. ΒΕΑΩ; mention'd in *Bochart*.

407. Alike their Form, alike their Sacrifice.] Their *Form*, a King with a Scepter in his hand; their *Sacrifice* humane, as is notorious, both to *Saturn*, *Baal*, and *Moloch*.

408. To both the Nations their Betylia raise.] These were very ancient Idols, Name and Thing, as the learned conjecture, corrupted from *Betbel*, where *Jacob* anointed a Pillar and dedicated it to God, whence the *Phenicians* his neighbours might do the same to their Idols. These *Betylia* were dedicated to *Saturn*, *Jupiter* and others, being found formerly in great numbers near Mount *Libanus*, particularly at *Heliopolis*, the City of *Hel*, or *Bel* the Son of *Jupiter*; as *Photius* from *Damascius*, which latter says he saw one of them himself sustain'd and moving in the air, sometimes bigger sometimes less. That they had some Motion and a sort of Life we learn from *Sanchoiasthon*, who calls these *Βαυβλία*, λίθοι ἑμφορεῖς. Their Form was different, sometimes like a Pillar; whence *Cowley*: 'Baal's spired Stone to dust was ground. Which I suppose was the proper sign, which the Jews were so often forbidden to make: at others round and white, like an exact Globe. This Stone is also called *Abaddir*, as *Gale* from *Priscian*, whence perhaps the Devil's name *Abaddon* in the Revelations; all of them I'm inclin'd to believe the same with that *Jupiter Lapis* or *Terminus* of the Romans, whom *Lactantius* mentions, who was so stubborn he'd not yield an Inch to *Jupiter Latialis* himself, but kept his ground in the *Capitol*, when all the other Gods were afraid of the Thunderer.

409. That *Isis*, *Io*, angry *Juno* are

The same your own best Writers oft declare.] *Euripides* as quoted by *Bochart* says, the *Phenicians* and *Thebans* thought *Isis* the same with the common Mother. *Herodotus* in *Euterpe*, as I find him quoted in *Gale*, says, the Image of *Isis* was of the same Form with the Grecian *Io*. Now further, that *Isis* was *Juno* is plain, because *Plutarch* says in *Crassus* that the Hieropolitan Goddess, who was this *Isis*, is also called 'Ηξ or *Juno*. And the same *Isis* is called by *Julian* in his Oration, *De matre Deorum*, ἡ μήτηρ ὅσων θεῶν, &c. 'Mother of the Gods, and Wife of *Jove*; and again, Διὸς συνδωκυῖς καὶ συνδπονῖς, which could agree to none but *Juno*.

411. The same their way of Life.] See *Herodotus*, who describes *Isis* as μενεσσοῦ τὴν οἰκισμένην, running to and fro on the Earth. So *Plutarch*, *Apuleius*, *Sanchoiasthon*, *Lucian* and others; and the same is true of *Io*, and *Juno* rambling after her *Jupiter*.

413. And all--- The Wife of *Jove*.] Of *Isis* 'tis prov'd, of *Juno* not doubted, nor can it be of *Io*, if the same with *Juno*, as she was by *Ovid*'s leave, only a Contraction of it, tho he only makes her a Concubine of *Jupiter*.

414. All horn'd alike.] So says *Herodotus* of *Isis* and *Io*, βουκιστὸν ὄν, therefore true of *Juno*. See more below in *Astarte*.

416. Hence *Isis*, ere to *Libyan Wafts* he fled,—With her own double Crown, &c.] *Libyan Waft* where the Temple of *Ammon* is describ'd by *Dionysius*, καὶ τὴν αὐτὴν Λιβυκοῖο θεῶ Λαμπαρὸν ὑπὸ πολλῇ. Where the Scholiast thus; 'Ηξέσθῃ, λέγει ὅτι κειροστέφανον τὸ τῷ Διὸς ἦν αὐτότῳ ἀγαλμα, Ἀμμὸν δὲ Ἀργύπποι τὸν Δία καλεῖσθαι. That *Herodotus* says, that this Image of *Jupiter* had Horns like a Ram, whence the Fable of *Jupiter*'s turning himself into a Ram when he fled from the Giants into *Egypt*; and some

think *Asteroth* or *Astarte* was worshipped in the form of a *Sheep*, as we learn from the Rabbies.

421. *Their sacred Ox did Joseph represent.* ] So *Vossius*, and most other learned Men; which is made more probable by the Etymology of *Serapis*, which signifies as some think *Ox Father*. *Joseph* was, as he himself says, a Father to *Pharaoh*. The *Ox*, a laborious Creature, is the Emblem of Plenty and Industry: Further, the Image of *Serapis* had a *Bushel* on its head, as *Suidas* describes it, in memory of his providing Corn for the people: And *Sandford* tells us, that *Minutius* the Prefect of Provisions at *Rome* was honoured with the Statue of a golden *Ox* for much the same reason.

425. *By Father Abram first from Chaldee brought.* ] That the *Chaldeans* were the most ancient Philosophers there is but little doubt, any more than that *Abraham* was a *Chaldean*. *Philo* ascribes the invention of Letters to *Abraham*, tho' *Eupolemus*, *Artapan* and others to *Moses*. *Abraham* might teach them to the *Phenicians*, as they, we know, did by *Cadmus* to the *Grecians*, and *Moses* to the *Egyptians*; who tho' they might teach him their own Learning, there's no necessity they should teach him his Letters. But that the *Egyptians* learned 'em from a *Stranger*, their own Writers acknowledg, and we find in *Plato*.

426. *Whether from Seth's eternal Pillars learn'd.* ] As *Josephus* asserts, and speaks of one of them as remaining in *Syria* to his time; which one would think he'd scarce have done, had there been no foundation for such a thing: nor is there any Contradiction or Absurdity in it.

429. *Their boasted Hermes ours and not their own.* ] *Hermes* is said to have invented Letters, or at least brought 'em into *Egypt*. This *Moses* is concluded to have done, therefore he must be that *Hermes*.

430. *Nay even the old Chaldeans sacred Fire,*  
*Which Delphos, you, and all the World admire,*  
*Your Vesta, Persia's Mitra, are but one*

*The same with Moloch, Ammon and the Sun.* ] The old *Chaldeans* were the first who worshipped the Fire, which some attribute to *Nimrod*; this 'tis thought was done at *Ur*, which the vulgar render *Fire*. The same sacred Fire or Symbol of the Sun was also ador'd at *Delphos*, and almost every where else, especially by the *Romans*, under the name of *Vesta*; the *Persians* worship'd it under the name of *Mitra*, and at other times they call'd it *Amanus*, why not from *Ammon*? who had also his sacred Fire perpetually preserved, of which see *Plutarch* in his discourse of Oracles.

436. *The Egyptian Isis, Queen of Heav'n, you name*  
*Your Juno, our Astarte is the same,*  
*And both the Moon, in Venus all agree*

*Agree, great Mother [he of Gods and Men.]* ] *Julian* begins his Prayer thus to *Isis*, the same as he thinks with *Dea*, *Rhea*, and *Demeter* or *Ceres*, *Ὁ θεὰ καὶ ἀνδρόπων ἡμεῶν*. 'O thou Mother of Gods and Men! and just after, *συνεργε Διός*, 'Partner of the Throne of Jove. That *Juno* is *Queen of Heaven* among the *Heathens*, is granted. That *Astarte* is the same with *Juno*, and both with the *Moon*, will appear from the Description we have of her in *Sanchoniathon* and others. She wore upon her own head, says he, that of a *Bull*, just as *Juno* is before describ'd, representing a *Crescent* or *Half-moon*. She's agreed to be the same with *Asteroth* the Goddess of the *Sidonians*, whom the *Jews* worship'd in *Samuel's* time, and *Solomon* afterward. The same with that *ἡ Βααλ* in the *Aëts*, which has so puzzl'd Interpreters, of whom the Writer of *Tobit* quoted by Mr. Cowley, *ἔδωκε τῇ Βααλ τῇ Δαμῶνι*, 'they sacrificed to *Baal* the Heifer; the same with *Baalhis*, or *Belis*, or *Belisama*, which last signifies exactly the *Queen*, as *Beelsamen* the King, of *Heaven*; by whom the *Moon* is thought to be intended, and call'd by that Title in the holy Scriptures. That this *Astarte* is the *Moon* further appears from *Lucian's* *Dea Syria*, *ἡ δὲ σελήνη ὡς ἀνταίαν ἔχει*, 'I esteem *Astarte* to be the *Moon*. Further, that *Juno*, and *Venus*, and the *Moon* are all one is *Vossius's* Opinion. It has been already prov'd  
of

of *Juno* and the *Moon*, and is as clear of *Venus* from that forementioned passage of *Plutarch*, where he says, the *Hieropolitan* Goddess was call'd by some *Juno*, by others *Venus*, and by others the Goddess which takes care of the *Principles* and *Seeds* of things. I have only to prove that *Astarte* is *Venus*, which *Tully* expressly affirms *De natura Deorum*: "*Venus Syria Tyroque concepta, quæ Astarte vocatur.*" And yet more plainly, the Isle *Erythia* near *Spain*, which as *Bochart* says was call'd *Ashoreth* or *Astarta* by the *Phenicians*, was also nam'd by some *Apegedias*, by others *He's viro*, the Isle of *Venus* and *Juno*. This *Venus* had also many other names; the *Assyrians*, as *Herodotus*, call'd *Venus Mylitta*, the *Arabians* *Alytta*, (from a Composition of both which, with a small Variation, might the Island *Melita* or *Malta* be named, where was formerly a temple of *Venus*, as *Cytheron*, *Erythia*, and other places for the same Reason) the *Persians* as before *Mitra*, as learned Men have conjectured, from the *Persian* *Meliter*, which signifies *great*, whence the Greek *μήτηρ*, the Latin *Mater*, from the *Doric*, and our English *Mother*. But why may not this *Mitra* as well come from *Mitrazaim* the *Sun*, as *Vossius* thinks, and accordingly some call this Idol the *Sun*, *Venus*, or whatever 'twas, *Mitra*, or *Mitbra*, as *Suidas*; others *Mefra* or *Mizra* as *Philo*; nor is't any wonder it should be reckon'd both Masculine and Feminine, since such was the Statue of ancient *Venus*, such, 'tis thought, *Priapus*, and the *Deus Lunus*, and so *Astarte* or *Astartus*. Nay the same God or Goddess was still worshipp'd by the *Arabians* in *Mahomet's* time, who in his *Alchoran* thus upbraids them with their Idolatry, *Surat. 51.* 'Have you not seen *Allath*, and *Alloza*, and *Menath*; which *Alloth* seems the same with the *Alytta* of *Herodotus*, only an *Arabick* Termination for a Greek. *Beidar* in his Commentary on the place says, they were all three one Image, bearing the resemblance of every living Creature, (as some think the *Pantheon*) and yet like a Woman. *Isa-bar-ali*, cited by *Hottinger* says, 'twas the Star of the God *Remphan*, *S. Jerom* tells us this Star was *Lucifer*, which in his time the *Arabians* worship'd; and *Lucifer* in the Morning is *Venus* in the Evening. This *Menath* seems to be the same with *Mercury*, worshipp'd in those parts as some have thought by the name of *Meni*, and who according to *Beidar's* Description was the same with *Venus*, an *Hermaphrodite* in the most proper sense of the Words.

450. To *Cyprus* first from the *Sidonian* shore. ] It appears that the Worship of *Venus* came from *Sidon* and the *Phenicians* to the rest of the World, because they were the first who ador'd her, near whose shoar is the Isle of *Cyprus*, where she had an ancient Temple, and whence she bore the name of *Cypria*. See *Pausanias* in *Atticis*, who thus speaking of the Temple of *Venus Urania*, She was worshipp'd first, says he, by the *Assyrians*, then by the *Cyprians*, *Paphians* and *Phenicians* of *Palestine*, whence the Inhabitants of *Cytheron* learnt to adore her.

452. Past *Icaria* gone. ] a small Island in the *Ægean* Sea, *Samos*, as *Bochart* thinks, a Colony of the *Phenicians*.

453. At *Samos* toucht, where they her Temple rais'd, And by the Grecian Name of *Juno* prais'd. ] *Juno* had a famous Temple at *Samos*, which *Virgil* celebrates. *Vossius* thinks *Jupiter* was deriv'd from *Jab* μήτηρ, and *Janus* from the same *Jab*, and that in the same manner was formed *Jana*, as from thence *Juno*; which words among the antient *Romans* were the same, the *a* and *u* being frequently chang'd, as *Calamus* into *Culmus*; and *o*, as in *Dido*, being the Greek Termination.

457. Nor far from thence other *Erythian*. ] A Family of the *Erythraei* are plac'd hereabouts, by *Dionysius*, and others. Why I call them *Erythians*, not *Erythraeans*, see below.

461. *Melita* pass. ] Where was a famous Temple of hers, as before; and indeed she left Temples and took Names at most of the considerable Islands and Ports of the Seas. Whence she's call'd *Cypria*, *Paphia*, *Cytheræa*, *Erycina*, *Melitæa*, &c.

462. By her old Name. ] That of *Juno* most solemnly ador'd at *Carthage*, which gave *Virgil* a very neat occasion for most of his Machines in his *Æneis*.

465. *To Gades and the rich Tartessian Strand.* ] *Tartessus* was famous in all ancient Stories and Writers, tho now the place it self where it stood is hardly known. Some think it the same with the *Tarshish* whither *Solomon's* Ships went, which is not improbable, from the vast quantities of Gold and Silver formerly found there; *Bætica Hispania* being also formerly call'd *Tarshis*. *Thucydides* says, the *Phenicians* built this *Tartessus*.

476. *To that new World without.* ] *Britain*, which was call'd, when first known to the *Romans*, *alter orbis*; and is describ'd as such by *Agrippa* in his Speech to the *Jews*, which *Josephus* gives us, with which none doubt but the *Phenicians* were acquainted.

477. *Where Cesar late for Life, &c.* ] So say the *British* Historians, and he himself owns little less.

479. *Bel and Astarte known and worship'd there.* ] That *Bel*, or *Baal* was known, and his worship introduc'd here in *Britain* by the *Phenicians*, seems probable from the frequent Footsteps of the Name amongst us. *Bel*, as before, is recorded in our History as the Father of *Cassibelan*; our *Belinus* is also famous. Our *Cuno-belin* and others; to which add the Names of *Billinggate*, *Billingborough*, &c. Nay, *Camden's* Inscription mentions the God *Belinus* here in *Britain*. That *Bel* or *Baal* was the same with *Hammon* or *Jupiter* has been already proved, as also with *Moloch* or *Saturn* a *Phenician* Idol. Now we have the Name of *Hammon* in our *Portus Hammonis*, or *Portsmouth*; and *Ham-ooze* in *Plymouth*, and several other Places. We had an Idol whose very Shape and manner of Worship was proper unto their *Baal* or *Moloch*. Of which See *Sams's Britannia*, where he has a Cut of that huge wicker Idol, in whose Body the old *Britains* us'd to inclose the Child that was to be sacrific'd. That *Astarte* was known here *Bochart* thinks, and endeavours to prove it by the word *Aestar*, which he derives from the name of that Goddess, and by a passage in the *Roman* Historians; who tell us, when Queen *Boadicia* was joyning Battel, she cry'd out, O *Adraсте help*; which he believes was the same with *Astarte*. And why mayn't it be lawful to guess on, and derive the Name of the *Startpoint* in *Cornwall* from the same Goddess? Tho more sure we are, that we have another of her Name without the alteration of one Letter, here on the *British* shores, and that's *Belisama*; for we find *Belisama estuarium* between the Rivers *Deva* and *Sabrina*, now *Dee* and *Severn*, in *Ptolemy's* first Table of *Europe*. Nay further, what if we should find both their Names *Bel* and *Astarte* in one word, and that's *Belerium*, now *S. Burien* in *Cornwall*; deriv'd not improbably from *Bel* and *Ery*, *Venus*, or *Juno*, or *Astarte*; as in *Erythia*, *Erycina*, and twenty other instances, the *Phenicians* being desirous to perpetuate the Name and Honour both of their Gods and Goddesses together, exactly answerable to that proper Name *Bele-astartus*, whom we find in the List of their Kings. See more in the next Note.

483. *Which Erythra.* ] There's hardly any thing of this stature has bred more Controversie among the Criticks, than the *Erythrean Sea*, of which they give many different Etymologies, tho I think most agree that 'tis so call'd from the Isle *Erythra*, where one King *Erythrus* was buried, tho who or what he was, or when he liv'd they tell us not, some making him *Esau*, others they know not whom: all which difficulty vanishes, if we read *Erythia* instead of *Erythra*, and give the same name to this Island in the *Arabian Gulf* with that which is either near the *Gades*, or the same with them. This is made probable by a passage of *Solinus* concerning that in the *Straits mouth*: "*Erythia*, says he, which some also call *Erythraea*, This *Erythia* may answer almost exactly to the famous *Venus Urania*, if we deriv'd it from *Ery*, which, as before, signifies *Juno* or *Venus* from the *Chaldee* *הרה* Here, libera; and *θία*, divina; or *Hesiod's* old *Θεία*, whom he makes the Mother of the Gods. Which is still rendred more probable by what *Bochart* tells us of another Island call'd *Astarte* in the *Arabian Gulf*, which seems no other than this *Erythia*.

491. *By heavenly Art turns the blest Earth to Gold.* ] The *aurea Chersonesus*, or Golden Island of *Dionysius*.

492. *Where*

492. *Where Gomer's land thrusts out its double Head.* ] Now Cape Comorri, which some think derived from Gomer.

495. *Colias is Venus call'd.* ] A Place hereabouts is term'd by *Dionysius* *κολιάδα*, not altogether unlike *Calecut*, which is in our Maps in the same part of *Asia* with that in the old, which *Colias* is a name of *Venus*.

497. *The Corean Promontory lies, — Near where a Town.* ] Cape Cory, and the Town *Talycory* near it in *Zeilan*, by some thought the old *Taprobane*. Both probably from *Chora* the name of *Juno*.

503. *First born to Crete, and then to Ida's Hill, Then wandering with the Corybantic Crew, &c.* ] All known Stories of *Jupiter*.

506. *The Thracian Samos.* ] To distinguish it from the other already mention'd where *Juno* was worship'd.

507. *The sad Cabiri.* ] *Samothracian* Gods, as *Bochart* thinks, of *Phenician* Original. They were four, as the *Scholias*t on *Apollon*. *Argonaut*. *Axiokersa*, *Axiokersos*, and *Casmilus*; that is, as he interprets it, *Ceres*, *Proserpine*, *Pluto*, and *Mercury*.

512. *Thence Moloch's cruel food at antient Tyre, Thence did those savage rites, &c.* ] The *Tyrians* sacrificing children is notorious in History, as the *Carthaginians* from them. The *Romans* also had humane Sacrifices in the *Boaria*, and the *Greeks* the same as *Plutarch* tells us.

518. *The same curst Offerings are in Albion made.* ] See this describ'd by *Tacitus*, of the *Druids* in the Isle of *Anglesey*, in a very lively manner.

544. *Those two great Lights.* ] This is generally thought by some to have been the original of *Zabaism*, or the worship of the heavenly Bodies, represented as has been said by the eternal Fire among most Nations, and which has yet some *Votaries* in the *East*, both in *Persia* and the *Indies*.

550. *Now mighty Nimrod they their Bacchus make, — Then our great Moses.* ] See this prov'd by *Gale*, *Vossius* and others, in almost twenty particulars, all of which can't be Fancy. *Bacchus* pass'd the Red Sea, made water flow out of the Rock, gave Laws in two Tables, is describ'd as *Bicornis*, turn'd his Rod into a Serpent, struck his Enemies with darkness, first directed in the worship of the Gods. *Bacchus* *Bochart* derives from *Bar-Chus*, the Son of *Chus*, as *Nimrod* was, He's call'd *Nebrodes*, the Greek Name of *Nimrod Zagreus* a Hunter, as *Nimrod* famous for his Wars and Expedition into *India*, so *Nimrod*, all of which could not be by accident.

552. *Who sometimes must the fam'd Taautus be.* ] This *Taautus*, *Mercury* or *Hermes*, *Teutates*, *Thouth*, *Theoth*, or by whatever names he's call'd, seems to have much of the story of *Moses* in those Fragments we have left concerning him; 'tis the Opinion of the *Theorist*, that they are the same; *Moses*, says he, was both the *Taautus* and *Hermes* of the *Egyptians*.

556. *From us had yours their Orders, Names and Powers.* ] See this demonstrated by the learned *Scaliger*, none could think the order of the Letters *natural*, nor could so many Languages accidentally hit on the same Order.

563. *A Serpents Form induc.* ] So *Ovid* and others describe him, the true meaning of which seems to be, that he and his Wife fled, lurk'd in holes and Caves, when driven away by *Joshua*.

567. *These Letters first, &c.* ] *Vid. supra.*

574. *Like his, they Vessels wrought.* ] 'Tis granted by *Heathen* Authors, that the *Tyrians* were the first Navigators, as in that of *Tibullus*; *Prima ratem ventis credere docta Tyrus*. And 'tis not improbable that they learnt the Art from the Model which *Noah* left the World.

577. *This he whose Birthplace Samos boasts well knew.* ] *Pythagoras*, who went to the *Jews* as well as the *Egyptians* and *Chaldeans* to learn Philosophy, and *Hermippus* says as much of him who was his Scholar, and writ his Life. He was circumcis'd that he might be permitted the Knowledge of the *Jewish* Religion; after which he went to *Croton* in *Italy*.

587. *Had that great man, &c.*] Plato it's undeniable had many of his Notions from the *Jews*, tho he cares not to own it, naming 'em *Barbarians, Egyptians, &c.*

588. *His own and many, &c.*] Either 'tis a *natural Truth*, or was left by *Tradition*, or he had it from the *Jews*: neither of the two first I doubt can be prov'd, the *last* therefore must be granted. That he believ'd a *Trinity*, and had it from others; so says *Plotinus*, as I find him quoted in *Dr. Cudworth's intellectual System*, p. 546. Where he says, the *Τρεῖς ἁγιάων ἀρχαίς*. *Tagathon* or *Hen*, *Nous* or *Logos*, and *Psyche*, were not *Plato's* Inventions, but far more ancient: "Εἶναι γὰρ λόγος γὰρ ὃ μὴ κενὸς" "That these Doctrines are not new or of Yesterday, but very anciently deliver'd, tho obscurely. The Discourses now extant being "but Explications upon 'em, appears from *Plato's* own Writings; *Parmenides* "before him, having insisted on them. Thus *Theodoret* out of *Porphyry*, that God "himself bears witness, that the *Phenicians* and *Hebrews* have found the way that "leads to the Knowledge of the Gods, tho the *Grecians* have wandered from it.

595. *Whom the first Legislator.*] So *Josephus* says, and proves against *Appion*: And *Diodorus* expressly affirms the same.

599. *Before Troy's Wars.*] *Vid. Joseph. ubi supra.* And *Thallus* the Historian tells us, he was 930 Years elder.

603. *Did to our neigbb'ring Isles.*] Both *Minos* and *Lycurgus*, and others of the *Grecian* Legislators retir'd into *Crete* for the composing of their Laws; where, as *Serranus* thinks, they had 'em from the *Jews*.

605. *To us the Attick Laws.*] So *Grotius* affirms in his *De Veritat.* which is made more clear by *Petit. de Legib. Attic.*

608. *An Heavenly Art.*] So it has been always thought; not taught, but inspir'd.

622. *Fathers their Children blest'd in Poetry.*] *Jacob* his Twelve Sons.

637. *The Sacred Stile.*] Which was then *Verse*.

640. *With much of Pain wrung out some Doggrel Lines.*] Alluding to those old blundering Verses ascrib'd to the *Oracles*.

647. *Old Linus first enticing cross the Seas.*] *Linus* was certainly a *Phenician*, as well as *Hercules*, who was his Scholar, tho a very unlucky one; for he knock'd his old Master's Brains out. *Thallus* says, 'twas this *Linus* who first brought the Worship of *Saturn* into *Greece*, a *Phenician God*, as has been often proved, and the same with *Moloch*.

649. *Fam'd Orpheus.*] *Orpheus* was the Auditor of *Linus*, being, as *Tatianus contra Gentes*, *Hercules* his Contemporary. *Justin Martyr* says he was the first Author of *Polysheism*; and accordingly *Diodor. Siculus*, who gives the best Account of these sort of Antiquities of any of the Heathen, "That he first brought into *Greece* the Mysteries of *Bacchus*, *Hades*, &c.

663. *Leaning on a Staff.*] I think *Gamaliels* Conjecture has at least as fair a Face of Probability, as those of our Modern Critics, as to the Etymology of the *παλῆστας* of *Homer*.

667. *Our Siloam first supply'd your Helicon.*] The Rabbies have a Story, that whoever drunk of the Water of *Siloam*, were fill'd with a *Prophetical Spirit*. The same the Heathen fancy'd of their *Helicon*. Tho I have a further Intention here, namely, that their Poets borrow'd most of their Fancies and Ornaments from the Hebrew Writings, as I have before observ'd.

670. *Ascrean Sage.*] Old *Hesiod*.

685. *The Properties t' express,—Of that great Jove, &c.*] Thus had *Celsus* and the cunning Heathens learn'd at last to plead for their Idolatry.

700. *Much more the Heroes must, when Gods prevail.*] Thus *Julian*, in his Oration already cited, of *Hercules*, *ἡμὶν δὲ αὐτῷ νόμῳ, &c.* "After he is now gone "to his Father, he can with more ease take care of Humane Affairs, than he "could while here upon Earth.

701. *Much rather then, — The spotless Parent both of Gods and Men.*] I would not

not willingly hear an honest Heathen abus'd, nor let more be said by 'em than they really own. See almost the same Words which I use, in *Julian's Oration*; *ὅς ἦν ἄλλων ὅ τῇ μητρὶ ἦν θεῶν* "Much rather to the Mother of the Gods: And *ὁ θεῶν ὁ ἀνδρώπων μήτηρ*. where he repeats his *Ave* to her with a great deal of Devotion, asking all good Fortune here, and that she'd receive his Soul hereafter.

716. *They from conquer'd Cities with 'em bear.*] A notorious Custom of the Romans; and, I suppose, from the Story of the *Palladium*, the *Tyrians*, and others of also all the Heathens.

738. *Now the worst of Men, now none at all.*] None could be worse than the best of their Gods, *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, and many of them only fabled Persons that had never a Being; as *Longinus*, and others among their Successors.

740. *In Satyrs, or in humane Form ador'd.*] 'Tis observable the Devil has but little chang'd Fashions since he first endeavour'd to cheat or fright Mankind. He was then *horned* and *clowen-footed*, as *Pan*, the *Satyrs*, *Taurus*, *Apis*, &c. and in the same Shape, *Story* says, he usually still appears.

755. *Old Numa's Temples knew no Images.*] So says *Varro*, and that it was a long time before they were introduced at *Rome*.

771. *Moving Temple.*] So *Josephus* calls the *Ark*.

778. *Your Corban.*] Some think this *Corban*, so famous among the *Jews*, especially the *Pharisees*, signifi'd a *solemn Oath* or *Imprecation*, whereby they oblig'd themselves to do or not to do a thing. *Origen*, and others of the ancient Writers, as *Dr. Hammond* on the 15th. of *St. Matthew*, think it signifies a Gift consecrated to God, a pretended devoting all their Substance to *pious Uses*, which by their Law or Custom, freed 'em from helping even their Father and Mother. Which Consecration, or Devoting, might be done with an Oath, and then both *Senses* agree.

797. *In all that Rome or Athens.*] We can't suppose but that he had read the famous *Latin*, as well as *Greek Authors*.

808. *This I'm sure is so.*] Opposing *Tradition*.

826. *'Midst Show'rs of Stones, and Sheets of deadly Fire.*] The Punishments inflicted by their Laws against false Prophets and Hereticks, *Deut. 17. 12*. Tho the Romans did not care to put 'em in execution; as we may see from *Pilate*, *Felix*, and others.

833. *Whose Patrons, sacred Oral Truths deny.*] 'Twas notorious that the *Pharisees* made the Word of God of no effect by their *Traditions*. So says the *Talmud*; *Plus est in Verbis Scribarum quam in Verbis Legis*; and *Verba Scribarum amabiliora sunt verbis Prophetarum*. "There's more in the Words of the Scribes than in the Words of the Law; and the Words of the Scribes are more amiable than the Words of the Prophets, and yet higher, *Egredienti à studio Talmudico ad studium Biblicum non erit Pax*: "There's no Peace to him who goes from the Study of the *Talmud* to the Study of the *Bible*. Christ spoke against *Traditions*, and commands to search the *Scriptures*. The *Pharisees* cry up *Traditions*, and forbid the *Scriptures* to be read. Whether are to be obey'd?

835. *For Heretics, &c.*] I must doubly ask Pardon here, both for borrowing these Verses, and making thus use of 'em; which I did, because they express the Doctrine and Plea of the *Pharisees* as closely and fully as 'tis possible to be done; and had the *Hind* and *Panther* been writ in his time, would undoubtedly have read it, and might have quoted it too, as well as he does *Menander*.

838. *The Word is neither clear, nor perfect Rule.*] So said the *Pharisees*. Hence their *Cabala*, or *Lex non scripta*, containing *Traditions*, to supply what they pretended imperfect, and *Glosses*, to illustrate what was not clear; both of which they themselves would have the keeping of, and what Work they made with 'em, we may not only find in the *Evangelists*, but even in their own Writers. *Si dixerint Doctores dextram esse sinistram, audi*: Says *Grotius* out of their Works; "If our Doctors says your Right Hand is your Left, you must believe 'em.

916. *Trifles by the Learned World despis'd.*] Great part of them *Anagrammatic Fooleries*.

917. *Your*

917. *Your Sephiroth are Truths in Scripture plain.*] Many of these *Sephiroth* the Rabbies describe in God; among the rest, there is the *Amen*, the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the *Light*, the *Spirit*, which must relate to the Blessed Trinity, being the very Expressions by which the Holy Scriptures denote unto us the *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*; and accordingly the Rabbies say, that "*Many Sephiroth* do not hinder" the *Unity* of God.

923. *One step beyond the Hasmonean Race.*] They pretended Antiquity to authorize their unlawful Impositions, and call'd 'em, "The Traditions of the *Fathers*," *Epiphanius* says, The great things the Pharisees pretended to more than others, and made Vows to perform 'em, were these following, *Virginity*, constant *Prayers*, *Discipline* of the Body, and *Abstinence* from Meat and Sleep. They pretended from *Exra*, but could prove no further than from the Times of *Jonathan* the High Priest; which *tho* *Josephus* calls *à Temporibus antiquissimis*, was but about 140 Years before.

932. *Sometimes the High-Priests, as you must own.*] See *Josephus*, and *Acts* 5. 17. *The High-Priest, and all they that were with him, which were of the Sect of the Sadducees.*

964. *A loose Court, to Zadoks Sect inclin'd.*] The Court of *Herod*. Some make the *Herodians* and *Sadducees* all one; there might indeed be some difference between 'em, tho' 'tis hard to say which was worst; and many of their Opinions were the same.

992. *Their Breath.*] This holds in that Country, tho not in ours.

1089. *The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms contain.*] Thus a learned Rabbi being ask'd how he prov'd the Resurrection from the Sacred Writings; answer'd, "From the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms.

1092. *The Spirit says, Man rather sleeps than dies.*] That Expression is often us'd in Holy Scripture, even in the *Old Testament*, *Deut.* 31. 16. *1 King.* 1. 12. *Job* 7. 21. and that with an Exclusion to Annihilation; for *Daniel* 12. 2. *Those that sleep in the Dust shall awake.*

1115. *Even joy'd to Soul, each day 'tis born and dies.*] That is, as to particular individuated Matter, by the addition of new *Particles* and *avolution* of the old.

1142. *Spiteful him confess.*] It's not likely the Devils confess'd our Saviour out of any *Good Will*, but rather, as it should seem, on purpose to disgrace his Doctrine and Person; for which reason he forbid 'em to do it.

1143. *Whether to their own dark Abyss confin'd.*] *Dr. Hammond* thinks, that when the Devils besought our Saviour that he'd not send 'em out into the *Deep*, it relates to their own *Abyss* of *Hell*; and that 'tis equivalent to that other Phrase, "Not tormenting 'em before their time.

1177. *The softest Linnen.*] *Ludolfus* is very angry with *Dives* for wearing this fine Linnen, which he says he did, *Propter mollitiem carnis*: But if that had been all his Fault, methinks they should have let him gone no further than *Purgatory*: For tho there are a sort of Men in the World, who may find I know not what Merit and Super-erogation in scrubbing their Carcasses with Hair-Cloth, and being more nasty than their Neighbours, yet one would think, wearing clean Linnen, tho it happen'd to be fine too, should be only a *Venial Sin*.

1185. *Where nothing else they burn.*] One of the *Arabia's*, where they have such Plenty of *Spices*, and Want of other Fuel, that Geographers say, they make use of 'em for their common Firing.

1189. *The fittest Meat with Angels Bread.*] Because the *Israelites* eat 'em with *Manna*.

1192. *The beauteous Fowl.*] The Pheasant, which still keeps its Name, tho it has fetch'd it a great way off.

1243. *Lick'd his Sore.*] *Ludolfus* here has a very odd Allegory in his Prayer at the end of this Parable, *Veniant Canes Doctores tui, ut lingant Vulnera peccatorum meorum!*

1258. *Calm the Reliques.*] A Line of *Mr. Norris*.

1307. *O'er utmost Thule.*] By this famous *Ultima Thule*, I think there's little doubt

doubt but *Island* is intended in antient Writers, especially the Poets who have often occasion for it. Thus *Dionysius* having been before speaking of the Isles of *Britain*, he says, 'tis in the Ocean beyond 'em, and that you need a good Ship to carry you to it: Πολλὴ δ' ὡςτέρωσι ταμὼν ἴδδν' Ὀκεανοῖο Νῆσόν κεν θέλω εὐεργετὴν περὶ νηῶς. He gives yet, if I mistake not, another Mark of it, particularly of this *Hecla*, a burning Mountain there, which Tradition makes one of the *Vents* of Hell: Ἡμαδ' ὅμῃ δ' οὐκλας ἀεφάρης ἐκπέχεται πῦρ which the Translator thinks relates to the Length of Days, translating πῦρ by *Lumen*. But it seems at least as probable, that by this Fire pour'd out Night and Day in this Island, the Author might intend this Mount *Hecla*, which is famous for incessantly casting out Smoak and Flames.

1316. *The vast as that.*] So the Poet.

1314. *Thirst, next Guilt.*] Undoubtedly a terrible Pain, since set to express what's infinite.

1407. *With parting Beams.*] *Siloam* lies West of *Jerusalem*.

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THE

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# THE ARGUMENT OF THE Seventh B O O K.

**O**UR Saviour and his Disciples come early to the Temple, the Musick whereof is described, and the several Instruments the Jews made use of in their Sacred Service. The Morning Anthem. The Buyers and Sellers in the Temple, and our Saviour's driving 'em thence, pursuing 'em to Solomon's Porch, which is described, with the Valley of Kidron, and the Precipice between Mount Moriah and Oliver. In the mean while his Disciples survey the Buildings of the Temple, the Gates, the Courts, the Pillars, and the Golden Vine, and finding our Saviour, with Admiration shew them to him, and discourse of them; who prophesies the Destruction of all those stately Buildings; which he more at large describes, on their Desire, as ascending thence, and looking back on the City and Temple from the Mount of Olives; mentioning also the Rise of a False Christ, or Antichrist, in the World; and, on their still desiring to know more of these Matters, foreshews the Opposition his Followers should first meet with by the Roman Empire, under the Ten Persecutions; when Constantine should conquer the Heathens under his Banner, and embrace the Christian Religion. After which, on the Degeneracy of the Church, Mahometanism arises in the Eastern, and Popery in the Western World, the latter followed and check'd by the Reformation, and at last destroyed by Christ's second Coming. Which he goes on to describe, and exhorts 'em to be always ready for it, the precise Hour not known, first by Parables that of the ten Virgins, and of the Lord and his Servants. Then by a plain Relation of the manner and Pomp of the last Judgment. The Conflagration of the World. The Sentence of the Just and Unjust, and their eternal Bliss and Misery. The Book concluding with a Prayer of the Author, being a Paraphrase on that Part of the Li'any, In all Time of our Tribulation, in all Time of our Wealth, in the Hour of Death, and in the Day of Judgment, *Libera nos.*

THE

THE  
LIFE  
OF  
CHRIST:  
AN  
Heroic Poem.

BOOK VII.



AND now the Sun, gilding the *Earth* and  
*Skies*,

Did over lofty *Olivet* arise;  
Gently he rose, as him some sacred Awe  
Had seiz'd, when first the *Temple Roofs* he  
saw;

Saw thro' the *Shades*, nor durst directly see, \*

Lest that shou'd dazle him, as mortal he:

Scarce cou'd his own *reflected Image* bear,  
From the vast *Golden Mirror* flaming there:

Earlier than he his watchful *Maker* rose,

10 As early to his *Fathers House* he goes

With

With his lov'd Twelve, when those within unfold  
 The mighty *Gates*, heavy with loads of *Gold*: \*  
 Twice Ten *robustous Servants* there attend, \*  
 Who to the *Work* their Shoulders panting lend:  
 The *Gentiles*, and the *Womens Court* they pass  
 To the Third Gate, of rich *Corinthian Brass*; \*  
 Next *Israel's Court* they enter, prostrate there,  
 T' attune high Heav'n with pious *Hymns* and *Pray'r*,  
 In decent ranks the *Vested Priests* begin, \*  
 Loud answer'd by the full-mouth'd *Quire* within: 20  
 Musick's soft Notes, and loud *Majestick* sound;  
 From the gilt *Roofs* and vaulted *Courts* rebound,  
 And distant *Zion-hill* beats back the sacred Sound:  
*Nature* and *Art* in the blest *Service* joyn,  
*Voices* and tuneful *Instruments* combine;  
 The Consort first sweet *Aijeleth* begun, \*  
 And welcom'd to the World the cheerful *Sun*;  
 Next the *Creator's* Praises they recite  
 On *Alamo*, chaste *Virgins* best delight; \*  
 Grave *Jonath*, soft *Mahalah* mixt with these, \* 30  
 And melting *Harp*s that never fail'd to please: \*  
 Shrill *Cornets*, clanging *Trumpets*, apt t' inspire,  
 With holy *Raptures*, or with Martial *Fire*;  
 The *Anthem* this, once sung to *David's* royal *Lyre*.

PSALM 135. *Hallelujah!*

\* **L**ofty *Hallelujahs* sing  
 To th' Alwise, th' Almighty King!  
 Him with Hearts and Voices raise!  
 Him, ye his blest Servants, Praise!

Ye who ever stand to blest,  
 In the *Beauty* of *Holinefs*!  
 In his *House*, with *Glory* crown'd,  
 Or the *sacred Courts* around,

Him, the *Spring* of *Life* and *Light*,  
 Boundless *Goodness*, boundless *Might*!  
 Him, and his great *Name* record!  
 The *Service* is its own reward. \*

You

58  
50 You, O *Isra'ls* Sons rejoice!  
Your Father's God's *peculiar Choice*!  
Great and high! What *Idol* dare  
With the *Lord of Hosts* compare?

His *Pow'r* no other *Limits* knows,  
But what his *Goodness* will impose: \*  
*Heav'n, Earth* and *Sea* his *Orders* keep;  
Close he seals the *Aged Deep*.

See his *Clouds* make black the *Skies*,  
*Lightnings* glare, and *Storms* arise;  
And freed from their dark stony *Cave*,  
Hark, th' impetuous *Whirlwinds* rave!

60 To *Zoa's Fields*, with *Blood* o'erflown,  
Too well his *Signs* and *Wonders* known;  
Known by their *First-born* too well,  
First *they*, and then their *Fathers* fell.

He pow'rful *Nations* did subdue;  
*Monsters* quell'd, and *Tyrants* slew:  
*Sihon*, by th' *Amorite* obey'd,  
And mighty *Og*, who *Bashan* sway'd.

In vain proud *Can'ans Kings* combine,  
Their weak *Arms* in vain they joyn;  
The sooner all they *Captive* stand,  
To *Israel*, God dispos'd their *Land*. \*

70 Still, O God! Thou art the same,  
Still we sing thy *glorious Name*;  
Our glad *Hymns* thy *Justice* raise,  
And thy pard'ning *Goodness* praise.

Not so the Gods by *Mortals* made,  
To whom vain *Vows* and *Incense* paid;  
In vain for their *Advice* they come,  
Mouths they have, but still are dumb.

Lifeless *Eyes*, which see no more  
Than those *Stocks* who them *adore*;  
Nor their *Ears* the *sound* can take,  
Which their lost *Devotions* make.

80

Tho' they lean their *Nostrils* down,  
If they've no *Incense*, they'll not *Frown*;  
Such are *they*, and such are *those*,  
Who on them their *Hopes* repose.

You, O *Israel*, who alone,  
The great God of Gods have known;  
You, who guard his *holy Place*,  
*Mitred Aaron's* sacred *Race*!

You, who from great *Levi* spring,  
His *illustrious Praises* sing!  
You too ought to do the same,  
Each good *Man* that hear his *Name*.

90

At once let all our *Vows* aspire!  
Let our glad *Voices* fill the *Quire*;  
Him blest who do's at *Salem* dwell,  
The *Saviour* of his *Israel*!

*Hallelujah!*

Exod. 30. 7,  
8. Mean while, rich *Incense* feeds the *sacred Fire*, \*

And odorif'rous *Clouds* to Heav'n aspire;

Next on the *Brazen-Altar* bleeding lies

Exod. 29. A *Milk-white Lamb*, the morning *Sacrifice*; \*

39, 40. With these the *Priests*, the holiest *Mincha* joyn, \*

A cheerful *blaze* of *Flow'r*, and *Oyl* and *Wine*:

In silence then, their *private Prayers* they make,

Then frequent *Crowds* the *sacred Walls* forsake;

Our *Saviour last*; but such as still remain,

With *Isr'el's God* t'adore their *Idol Gain*:

Scarce from their *Knees* they rose, (and worldly *Care*

Had seiz'd their *Thoughts*, e'en while dissembling there;)

When

100



S<sup>t</sup>. MARKE .

Book: 7: pag: 238.

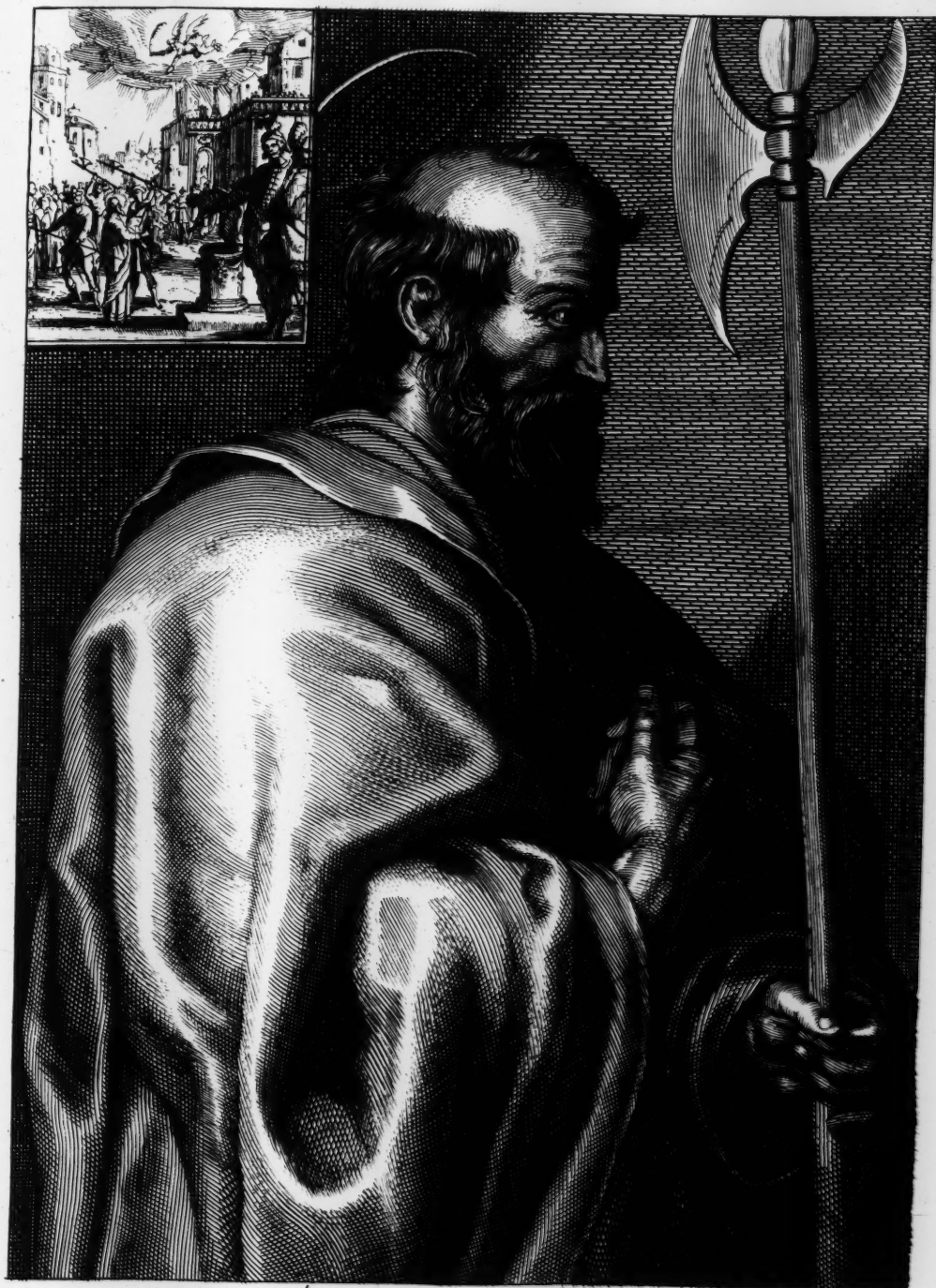
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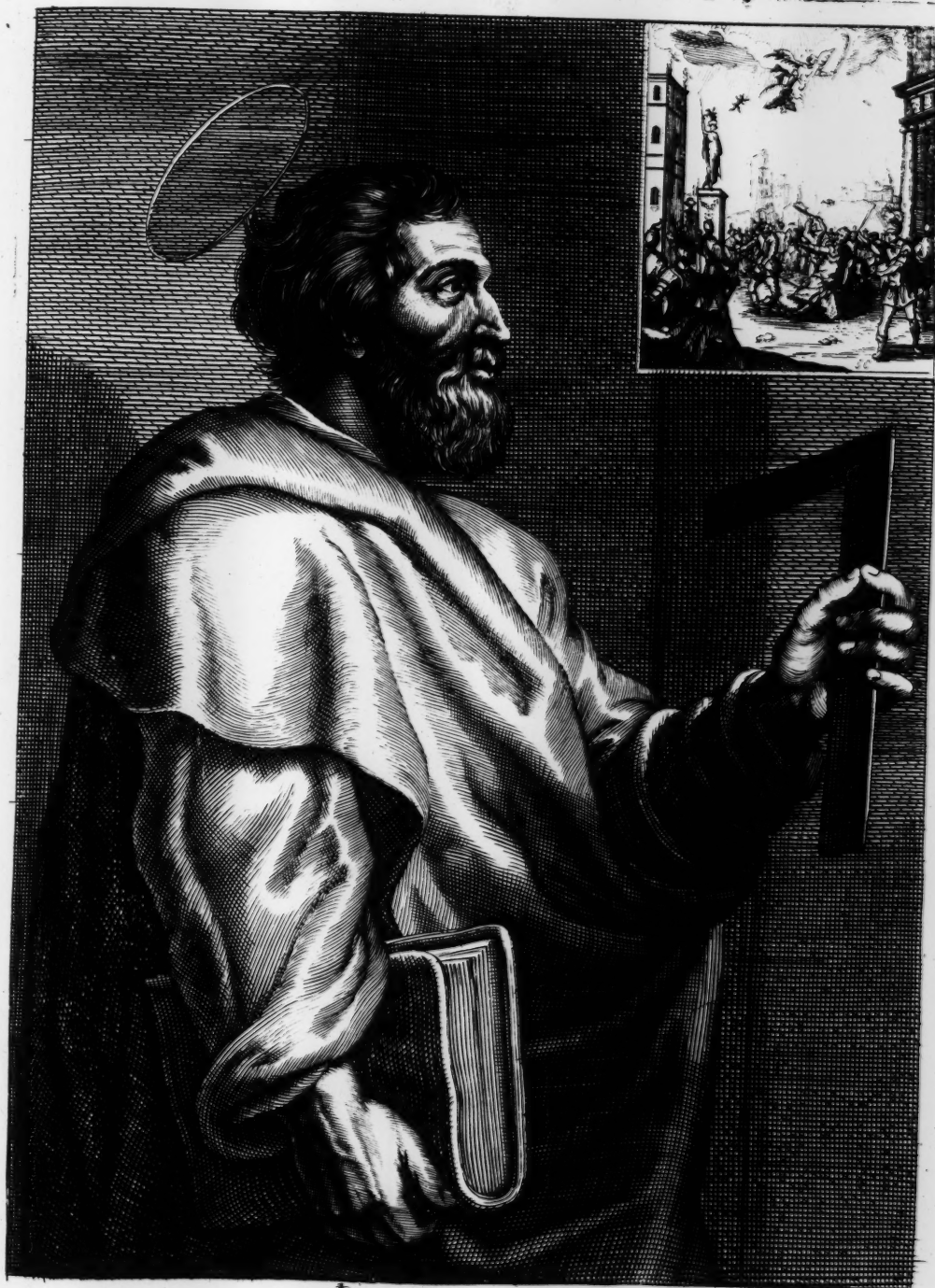
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S<sup>t</sup> MATTHÆVS

*Book 7. pag: 238.*

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Book 7. pag. 239.

S<sup>t</sup>. MATHEW

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When strait a *busie Ham* ran round the place,  
And all things strait put on a different Face:  
The Temple a *profane Exchange* was made,  
*Religion* vanish'd thence, or grown a *Trade*;  
\* Some in the *Cloisters* gainful *Shops* unfold,  
And spread on *Tables* glitt'ring heaps of *Gold*;  
Some *fair-neck'd Doves*, and murmur'ing *Turtles* bring,  
The poor *Good-mans* accepted *Offering*.

John 2. 15.

Thus the *arch'd-Roofs*, while the void *space* between  
120 Soon fills with dusty *droves* of *Beasts* and *Men*;  
Here free-neck'd *Bullocks* which disdain'd the *Yoke*,  
Stand ready for the *Sacrificers* stroke;  
The largest that rich *Basan's* Pasture feeds,  
The choice of all that *Flowry Hermon* breeds:  
Here num'rous *Flocks* from *Sharon's* lovely *Plain*  
Stand bleating by, or drag their pond'rous *Train*;  
While spotless *Lambs* the next *partition* fill,  
\* Driv'n with more *ease* from *Carmel's* fertile *Hill*.  
All eager bent on the hot chase of *Gain*,

130 Some *bargain*, some *advise*, and some *complain*:  
All were *deceiv'd*, or else *Deceivers* there,  
*Dust* and a confused *Noise* fills the *Air*.

The Saviour saw, and strait such *Frowns* he wore,  
As ne'er were seen on his calm *Face* before:  
\* *Blushes* at once of *Shame* and *Anger* rise;  
A just *Resentment* sparkling in his *Eyes*,  
Soon breaks in *Words* — Avoid *profane*! he cries!  
Hence *sacrilegious Wretches*, nor disgrace  
With your *unhallow'd Feet* this *sacred Place*!

140 That House where holy *Pray'rs* shou'd force the *Skies*,  
You've made a *Den of Thieves*, a Scene of *Cheats* and *Lies*.  
*Actions* his *Words* succeed; when slow they went,  
Them thence with unexpected *hast* he sent;  
A *Scourge*, with *Slaves* the fittest *Argument*,  
He do's of strongly-twisted *Cords* prepare,  
And soon with *strokes* and *cries* resounds the *Air*:  
None durst *resist*, but murmur'ing *melt* away,  
As guilty *Ghosts* fly swift th' approach of *Day*.  
To the bright *Eastern-gate* he them pursu'd,

150 Which *Kidron's* horrid *Vale* beneath it view'd;

H h

Unfashion'd

Unfashion'd *Precipice*! to the lost sight  
 At once affording *Terror* and *Delight*.  
 Yet here great *Solomon*, and none but he  
 Cou'd do't, with much of *Pain* and *Industry*,  
 A wondrous *Pile*, in spite of *Nature* rais'd,  
 Whilst all the *Nations* round him fear'd and prais'd:  
 The Work-men min'd deep, wond'rous deep below, \*  
 As to the *Center's* self they meant to goe:  
 Of *Tyre* they were, and oft had plough'd those *Seas*, \*  
 Where lie the doubtful *Cassiterides*:

160

Beneath some *Hill* that threatens the angry *Main*,  
 There had they oft pursu'd some wand'ring *Vein*,  
 And dug almost to *Hell* in search of *Gain*;  
 Yet ne'er so near as now — The *Turrets* rise  
 As high above the *Earth*, as deep amidst the *Skies*:  
 Beneath whose *spacious Arch* our Saviour taught;  
 For whose kind touch th' *Infirm* and *Maim'd* they brought,  
 He Cur'd 'em all, wide spreads his *Fame* around,  
 And *Death* and *Med'cine* no employment found.

}

Thus busy'd there, his chosen *Twelve* the while,  
 Wond'ring, survey the *Temples* glorious *Pile*;

170

*Vid. Joseph.  
 de Bell. Jud.*

On solid *Rock* the firm *Foundations* laid,  
 Of *Earthquakes* or of *Thunder* not afraid;  
 Firm as the *Centers* self on which they stay'd:  
 Those everlasting *Gates* the *Porches* close, \*  
 Tall as the mighty *Cedars* them compose;  
 The *spacious Courts*, which such vast *Crowds* cou'd hold;  
 The glitt'ring *Pillars*, and the *Vine* of *Gold*: \*  
 The *Temples* self, all gilt its *Front*, and *Side*,  
 A *Godlike-Work*, and worthy *Herod's* pride:  
 The stately *Porch* twixt two vast *Columns* rose, \*

180

1 Kings 7.  
 21.

*Jachin* and *Boaz* scarce more tall than those,  
 Of the *Corinthian Order*, fair and high,  
 Sweet *Beauty* joyn'd with awful *Majesty*:  
 The *Stones* so huge, they scarce dare trust their *Sense*; \*  
 Each a whole *Mountain* seem'd, not hew'd from thence:  
 Yet these vast *Ribs* of *Iron* closer chain  
 So large, each rather seem'd a *Native Vein*.  
 A heap of *Miracles* — When long they stay'd,

And

190 And all things with *unweary'd Eyes* survey'd ;  
 Wond'ring, they to the *beauteous Porch* repair,  
 And find with Joy their *much lov'd* Master there ;  
 Whom they, yet full of the *prodigious Sight*,  
 To the same *Entertainment* wou'd invite :  
 What *Stones*, what *Building* here ! how *rare*, how *vast* !  
 Sure these as long as *Time* it self must *last* !  
 To whom, with a *wise sadness* in his *Eyes*,  
 Which *boded* something more, our Lord replies ;  
 — With such vain *Hopes* no more your selves deceive,

200 Prepare to meet that *Fate* you won't believe !  
 Not one of those proud *Tow'rs* which *Heav'n* invade,  
 Whose strong *Foundations*, deep as *Hell* are laid ;  
 But soon must *kiss the Dust* — Not one of those  
*Prodigious Stones* which this huge *Pile* compose ;  
 Now, e'en by more than their *own weight* combin'd,  
 As parts of *Matter*, close to *Matter* joyn'd ;  
 Not one, but by a *Force* superior born,  
 \* From its old *Seat*, from its strong *Brethren* torn,  
 Must from these *Walls* and firm *Foundations* go,

210 And sink for ever in the *Vale* below.

Struck with these dreadful *Truths* they silent stood,  
 Pale *Fear* had stop'd their *Words* and chill'd their *Blood* :  
 Bold *Cephas* first reviv'd, and as they went  
 Their *well known way*, o'er *Olivet's* ascent  
 Thro' the cool *Shades* for pleasant *Bethanie*,  
 Submits, he asks, When these *dread Things* shou'd be ?  
 What sure *Prognosticks* their *approach* declare,  
 And *his*, that *wise*, they might for both *prepare* ?  
 What dreadful *Sights* his *Coming* shou'd *foreshow* ?

220 \* How they the *Worlds* and *Temples End* might know ?

Silent our Lord awhile, and looking down  
*Compassionate* on the devoted *Town*,  
 Intent he stood, and fix'd his lab'ring *Mind*,  
 On the prodigious *Scene* of *Woes* behind ;  
 Till *Tears* and *Words* at length well-mingled brake,  
 From his sad *Eyes* and *Lips*, and thus he spake.

Ah lost *Jerusalem* ! how much, how oft  
 Hast thou thy *Ruin*, I thy *Welfare* sought !  
 Oft didst my *Prophets*, as *Impostors*, stonè,

Matt. 23. 37.

And shed their *Blood* who came to save thy own:  
 E'en I, the *Heir*, who left my *Native Sky*,  
 Ungrate! to bring thee *Life*, my self must *Die*.  
 How oft wou'd I thy wand'ring *Flocks* have led  
 To *Crystal Streams*, in *Flowry Pastures* fed?  
 Thy stubborn *Sons* my kind *Protection* lent,  
 At once preserv'd 'em *safe* and *innocent*?  
 As *heat* and *warmth* the royal *Eagle* brings, \*  
 And cherishes her *Young* beneath her *Wings*.  
 Still all was *then* in *vain*, *now* all too *late*,  
 Heav'n has thy *Ruin* seal'd, and made it *Fate*.

230

240

For you, my *chosen Few*, who *firm* remain,  
 No *sanguine Dreams* of *Pleasure* entertain!  
 Be ever on your *Guard*, your *Lamps* shine clear!  
 The *Night*, the long, the fatal *Night* is near:  
 How unprepar'd the most, as those who fell  
 Matt. 24. 73. In *Noah's Flood*, thro' *Earth's* black *Vaults* to *Hell*?  
 Luk. 17. 36. On their rich *Carpets* some *Luxurious* laid,  
 Some underneath their *Vineyards* leafy *Shade*;  
 Some in the busie *Markets* Sweat, and some  
 Their glitt'ring *Brides* conduct in *Triumph* home:  
 Th' old *Prophet* all despise, and dread no more  
 The *Plague* denounc'd an *hundred* Years before. \*  
 This saw just *Heav'n*, and strait the *signal* gave;  
*Nature* agast shrinks back, the roaring *Wave*  
 Rides foaming o'er the *Beach*, new *Rivers* flow,  
 In *Earthquakes* born from frightful *Gulfs* below:  
 While pitchy *Clouds* a long continu'd show'r,  
 From *Heav'n's* wide *Cataracts* incessant pour:  
 O'er *Tow'rs* and *Hills* th' impetuous *Floods* arise,  
 Sweep the lewd *Earth*, and vindicate the *Skies*:

250

260

So sudden, so *untbought* will I appear;  
 The *Change* as much expected *there* as *here*.  
 Sudden to th' stupid *World*, who not regard  
 The threatn'd *Wrath*, but *You* not unprepar'd,  
 Secure shall be in my *Protection* found,  
 And see unmov'd the tott'ring *World* around:  
 Then many a vile *Impostor* shall pretend \*  
 My *Name*, and meet a just, a dreadful *End*;  
 These, *mischiefs* shall in close *Cabals* conspire,

Those

- 270 Those to the lonely *Wilderness* retire:  
 All vain alike, when I from *Heav'n* appear,  
 The *Lightning's* not so sudden or so clear:  
 But first for all the *Injuries* prepare,  
 Which *Malice* can inflict, or *Virtue* bear!  
*Hated* by all, *abus'd*, *contemn'd*, *betray'd*,  
 \* My very *Name* and *yours* shall *Crimes* be made:  
 Dragg'd to *Tribunals*, hurry'd up and down,  
*Kings* shall your *Judges* sit, and *Princes* frown.  
 Yet still *intrepid*, face 'em all, for I,
- 280 My faithful *Friends*! unseen, will still be by:  
 To me remit the care of your *Defence*,  
 Safe in my *Pow'r* and your own *Innocence*!  
 This all their *pompous Rhet'ric* shall outdo,  
 Your guilty *Judges* trembling more than you!  
 And much, much greater *Cause* have they to fear;  
 When to this height arriv'd, their fall is near;  
 My *Blood* and yours for loud *Revenge* will cry,  
 Which *Deluges* of theirs must satisfy:  
 Fierce *War* its wasting *Squadrons* scatt'ring wide,
- 290 Shall o'er the guilty *Land* triumphant stride;  
*Death*, *Rapine*, *Murder* shall compose its *Train*,  
 And after proudly walk on heaps of *Slain*.  
 \* *Nation* with *Nation*, *Tribe* with *Tribe* engage,  
 Excuse the common *Foe*, and save their *Conqu'rors* rage:  
 Who left, abroad, from these *Distractions* be,  
 \* Unhappy *Solyra*! shall fly to thee;  
 To thee shall just *Destruction* with 'em bear,  
 And all th' *unnumber'd Miseries* of *War*.  
 The mighty *Foe*, with long *Successes* crown'd,
- 300 \* Shall with a *Fourth*, thy *Three* proud *Walls* surround;  
 Fly e'er 'tis done, a *Moment* more 's too late;  
 Fly, or prepare for your approaching *Fate*!  
 Fly those curst *Walls*, for nought behind you stay,  
 Scape for your *Life*, and on *wild Mountains* stray!  
 But first th' *abhor'd Prophaners* of your *Law*,  
 \* Which *Heav'n-lov'd Daniels* piercing *Eyes* foresaw;  
 The *Holy place* with wicked *Arms* shall seize,  
 And fill with *Blood* and piles of *Carcasses*;  
 The *Guardian Minds* shall the *sad Word* receive,

And

And to those *humane* Fiends the *Temple* leave;  
 Leave with a *Voice* wou'd chill the firmest *Heart*,  
 A deep, a mournful *Voice* — Let us depart! \*  
 Scarce can the dreadful *Sights* *above* foreshow  
 Worse *Plagues* than those, they then shall feel below:  
 Tho' high in Heav'n a bloody *Sword* shall glare, \*  
 A *Besom* of *Destruction* sweep the *Air*;  
*Horses* and *Chariots* arm'd look gantly down,  
 And *show'rs* of *Blood*, stain all the trembling *Town*:  
*Thunders* and *Earthquakes* then they'll scarcely mind, \*  
 Harden'd with what they feel and what's behind.  
 All these, alas, compar'd to what remains,  
 But the beginning of their *hopeless* Pains; \*  
 For now the *Famine* enters its *sad* reign,  
 Attended by a gantly *meager* *Train*:  
 A single *Death* less dreadful in each *Street*,  
 The *half-starv'd* *Citizens* like *Ghosts* shall meet; \*  
 Thence *starting* at the sight, each other fly,  
 And tott'ring a few steps, *fall down* and *Die*:  
 Tho' now you think a *barren* *Womb* a curse,  
 Woe to the *Mother* then, and *vainly-fruitful* *Nurse*!  
 The *miserable* *Mother* shall become  
 Her own dear *Infant's* *Murd'rer* and his *Tomb*:  
 All *Piety* and *Nature* banish'd there,  
*Bread* shall the *Sons* from gasping *Fathers* tear,  
 From them the ravening *Soldier*; *Bread* the *Cry*!  
 Who gain it, are but *longer* e'er they *Die*.  
 Within *Sedition* reigns, without the *Foe*,  
 Above your *Tow'rs*, above your *Walls* they goe;  
 This after that each day resistless win,  
 And like a *Deluge* over all come pouring in. \*  
 What a sad *Conquest* shall their *Fury* find?  
 How few by *Plague* and *Famine* left behind?  
 Yet ah! too many shall the *Sword* devour,  
 The greedy *Sword* — These from a *half-burnt* *Tow'r*,  
*Precipitate* th' invading *Soldier* fly,  
 And run on *Death* because they *fear* to die:  
 While *desprate*, these leap *headlong* from the *Wall*,  
 In hopes to kill a *Roman* by their *fall*;  
 These to the *Altar*, sacred now no more

310

320

330

340

For

- 350 For *Refuge* fly, they'd that *Prophan'd* before.  
 —Here still they *Fight*, and a new *War's* begun,  
 \* Till — See! the *Temple* fir'd, the *Work* is done.  
*Jerusalem's* no more, one *Ruin* all;  
 This the last fatal *Blaze* before her *Fall*:  
 Her *Flames* and dying *Groans* at once aspire,  
 While *Blood* enough is shed to've *quench'd* the *Fire*:  
*Salem's* no more, nor can she now *Repent*,  
 Her *Children's*, and her own sad *Monument*:  
 Nor e'er shall *Israel's* *Race* these *Walls* regain,  
 360 Till *Heav'n* has clos'd the *Gentiles* destin'd reign.  
 But first must many a wond'rous *Thing* befall,  
 First my pure *Doctrine* fill the *spacious* *Ball*.  
 What passes here, what here we've done or said,  
 Shall be by after-Ages, wond'ring read.  
 Four *Scribes* will I to that great *Task* assign,  
 Whilst the blest *Spirit* shall dictate every *Line*.  
 Thence, till I come, my *Friends* my *Law* shall teach,  
 In *Times* successive *Links* how vast a *Breach*!  
 Which yet no *points* in *Gods* *Duration* reach:  
 370 Nor must my *Followers* soon a *Calm* enjoy,  
 Nor soon my *Rebels* pow'r will I destroy;  
 First he'll a *Rival* raise my *Seat* to claim,  
 \* And in the *Church* usurp my *Throne* and *Name*;  
 Between the *Seas* superb, his *Palace* rear,  
 On *seven* proud *Hills*, long tyrannizing there;  
 The *World* shall wonder, *Kings* his *Train* shall bear  
 And kiss his *Feet*; my *Followers*, who refuse  
 The servile *Mark*, he'll treat as me the *Jews*;  
 By *Inquisitions*, *Tortures*, *Poyson*, *Fire*  
 380 Unnumber'd *Thousands* must prepare t' expire.  
 Conqu'ers in all, these all shall have the *Grace*  
 To joyn their *Great* *Forefathers* *Martyr'd* *Race*;  
 The *Beatific* *Vision* first enjoy,  
 And with me reign, when *Babel* I destroy.  
 He said, but tho' such wond'rous *Things* exprest,  
 Their modest *Silence* still did more request:  
 He knew their *Hearts*, nor their *Confession* needs;  
 And thus on the same mystic *Theme* proceeds.  
 \* The *World* for the *Elect* was chiefly made,

Dan. 11. 45.

Rev. 17. 9.

John 16. 19.

And

And by the *Church* the *Fates* of *Empires* sway'd ;  
 Who that *defend* shall *stand*, who that *oppose*,  
 Can never grapple such *unequal Foes* ;  
 The *Heav'nly Host* all rang'd in bright array,  
 Suspended till their *King* commands away ;  
 These o'er their *stated Provinces* preside,  
 And these the mighty *Turns* of *Nations* guide :  
 My *Flock* amidst a *World* of *Wolves* defend,  
 While those that *hate* 'em meet a *dreadful End*.  
 The *World* declines, *Time* rolling down the *Hill*,  
 Shall soon the ancient *Prophecies* fulfil :

390

Dan. 2. 19.

The mighty *Image* ( 'twas a *wond'rous sight* )  
 Which *Daniel* saw in *Visions* of the *Night*,  
 Now wears apace, and verges to decay,  
 Soon will his *Iron Feet* be mix'd with *Clay* :  
 The *pond'rous Stone* cut from the *Mountains* side,  
 Shall soon th' *ill-mingled Policy* divide ;  
 The lifeless *Trunk* and *Limbs* to *Powder* grind,  
 Its very *dust* wide-scattering in the *Wind* :

400

Dan. 7.

The *Fourth* *prophetic Beast*, *foreseen* from far,  
 Is enter'd now on the *Worlds Theatre* ;  
*Fiercer* than all the rest — The *Roman Pow'r*,  
 Which the contending *Nations* shall devour :  
 This, *Hell* shall to its *Int'rests* soon engage,  
 And you must grapple their *united Rage* :  
 What *Men* and *Devils*, what *Arts* and *Arms* can do,  
 Bravely prepare to meet, and conquer too !  
 Ten furious *Tyrants*, fierce as ever wore, \*  
 Their *Purple Dublets* dy'd in *guiltless Gore*,  
 Shall their *keen Axes* and their *Rods* employ,  
 And vainly wou'd your *Name* and *mine* destroy :  
 On their devoted *Heads* the *Curse* shall fall ;  
 An heavy *Vengeance* hovers o'er 'em all.

410

420

A Wretch the first, who shall *Mankind* disgrace,  
 To them a *Foe* as to your *sacred Race* :  
 On his own *Town* and *Mother* first shall try  
 In *Fire* and *Sword*, his *Infant Cruelty* ;  
 Murder'd and *Burnt*, yet their desert they'll have ;  
 This gave the *Monster Birth*, and that a *Scepter* gave :  
 Pity on them is *lost*, but *guiltless* you,

Whom

430 Whom he'll with the same Fire and Sword pursue;  
You in his festal Flames shall shine, and be \*  
The first bright Martyrs burnt for Heresie.  
But Vengeance shall the Parricide attend,  
His own curst Hand his hated Life shall end;  
At once deliver the vex'd World and you,  
The only Good the Wretch will ever do. \*

Who next shall against Heav'n renew the Fight,  
Is Mankind's Fate; (his Brother their delight!) \*  
The foul aspiring Fiend a God would be, \*

440 Mixture of Lewdness and of Blasphemy:  
It in his Race there's ought remains of good,  
Jealous, by Martyrdom he'll purge his Blood; \*  
Then you, my Friend! from distant Asia born,  
At once his utmost Rage shall feel, and Scorn;  
Tho' plung'd in flaming Oil, you need not fear,  
Still shall the Son of God's bright Form be near; \*  
Still safe you shall at the weak Tyrant smile,  
When kindly banish'd to some desert Isle:  
Ev'n there I'll meet thee, there agen relate

Rev. i. 9,  
10, 11, 13.

450 In wond'rous Types, the Worlds and Churches Fate;  
Whilst our proud Foe a hasty Death shall seize, \*  
And his mild Successor our Friends release. \*

Nor must the Churches then, long hope for Peace:  
Then restless Schism, and wilder Heresie  
Shall all invade, and with bold Blasphemy,  
Some, ev'n the Lord that bought 'em, shall deny: \*  
To worldly Domination some aspire,  
And soon my Field will need a purging Fire;  
Which the third Time shall kindle, that dread Day

460 Shall sift the Wheat, and sweep the Tares away:  
Nor he himself, who wields the weighty Rod \*  
Of injur'd Heav'n, and a revenging God,  
Unplagu'd escapes a destin'd dire Event,  
Unless on your repenting he repent.

Unwarn'd the next to th' Purple will succeed,  
And you agen in Crowds must burn and bleed;  
But more the Jews, whom their false Christ shall head, \*  
Their short-liv'd Meteor to destruction lead.  
Rebellious, justly they, you guiltless, fall;

Nor long unheard your *Blood* shall *Vengeance* call :  
 What *Plagues* shall your vain *Persecutor* seize ?  
 How oft he'd fly to *Death* in vain for *ease* ? \*  
 How oft his little *flutt'ring* *Soul* away,  
 Which *Vengeance* makes in the loath'd *Carcass* stay ?  
 By him who next succeeds, *Barbarians* tam'd,  
 A peaceful *Prince*, and *Pious* more than *Nam'd* : \*  
 God's *Empire* he'll, *without design*, restore,  
 And punish those who *tortur'd* you before.

470

A *Vain Philosopher* shall next arise, \*  
 By whom the *Just* with various *torments* dies :  
 Till to my *Follow'rs* he his *Life* shall owe,  
*Vict'ry*, and *Rain* their pow'rful *Pray'rs* bestow ;  
 As great *Elisha* once *three Kings* did save,  
 And *Water* to their *Hoft*, and *Conquest* gave.  
 This a far fiercer *Tyrant* knows in vain ; \*  
*Swift* moves his *Fate*, nor has he long to *Reign*.  
 Whose wicked *Sons* as *barbarous* as *lewd*,  
 In one *another's*, shall revenge your *Blood*.

480

Next a fell *Wolf*, who, the mild *Shepherd* slain, \*  
 Shall by false *Treason* the *World's Empire* gain ;  
 Short his *keen Rage*, the *Soldiers* him *displace*,  
 And *ease* the *World* of him and all his *Race*.

490

The next an equal *Guilt* and *Fate* attend, \*  
 Oppress'd in *War* by an untimely *End*.

Another yet will you and *Heav'n* engage ;  
 Cruel *Old Man* ! What means this *impious Rage* ? \*  
 For you the *worst* of *Tortures* he'll prepare ;  
 How little thinks he what himself must bear ? \*

These *Nine* fierce *Waves* in vain already gone,  
 The *Tenth*, with all their *Force* comes rolling on :  
 Two *Monsters* shall the *groaning World* divide, \*  
 And rule with equal *Cruelty* and *Pride* :

500

With doubled *Rage*, the *Fiend*, and doubled *Fear*,  
 Ranges the *Earth*, he knows his *Fall* is near ;  
 Knows the wise *Nations* will his *Gods* despise,  
 The *Idol-Banners* stoop, and *Cross* must rise : \*  
 Their vainly-thund'ring *Jove* himself, and all  
 Their helpless *Fry* of *spurious Gods* must fall,  
 Once more the fatal *Stone* shall claim the *Capitol* : \*

The

2 Kings 3.  
17, 18.

510 \* The Tyrants drop by Justice or Despair,  
 And my blest Champion shall the Purple wear:  
 See those brave Men his Throne and Honors share,  
 Whose pow'rful Pray'rs and Arms had fix'd him there!  
 See him the rev'rend Confessors embrace,  
 And by his Royal Side triumphant, place!  
 With Admiration, he'll, and Transport, see  
 \* Those glorious Scars they wear for Truth and me;  
 "Of foregone ills almost the Trace remove;  
 They blest in his, he in his Empires Love:

Constantine  
 the Great?

520 So much of Good, ev'n one good Prince can do!  
 So much I'll favour those who favour you!

Matth. 18.7.

\* Yet still some Signs of antient Fraud remain;  
 Still shall the Lust of Empire and of Gain,  
 \* Distract the World --- Nor yet my fated Reign.  
 Scandals must come, those in the Church arise,  
 Who tho' they bear my Name, my Name despise:  
 Vengeance at length th' ungrateful World pursue,  
 New suffer'd Ills shall punish those they do:

530 A cursed Law, with Ishmael's wand'ring Race;

\* Whilst all the West a fiercer Tyrant spoils,  
 Hated and fear'd by Cittim and the Isles;  
 Nay the dire mortal Gangrene shall disperse,  
 It's hateful Poison round the Universe:  
 Widely the Cath'lick Mischief shall prevail;  
 \* Some Stars to Earth drawn by the Dragon's Tail:  
 \* The Earthly Gods this Monster shall dethrone,  
 Ev'n him in Heav'n he wou'd, and reign alone:  
 Tho' that he can't, he'll with his Laws dispence,

Rev. 12.4.

540 Sure Death to all appear in their Defence:

\* But first, what lets must be remov'd away,  
 The mighty Roman Empire first decay:  
 Then shall this Name of Blasphemy arise,  
 And soon renew the War against the Skies:  
 Flatt'ry and Murder shall his Title gain,  
 Which he'll, by the same cursed Arts maintain;  
 Luxurious, he shall Abstinence enjoin  
 From what kind Heav'n did for Man's Use design,  
 \* Chast Marriage shall the worst of Crimes be grown,

2 Thess. 2.7.

Tim. 3.4.3.

Ibid.

- Revel. 18. 7, 8. Tho' all the Sins of Sodom shall be none: 550  
 Long shall he *Reign*, but when he sits on high,  
 Sits most *secure* of *Fate*, his *Fall* is nigh:  
 A *Swan* in *Gomer's* spacious *Fields* shall rise, \*  
 Will all his *Laws*, as he does *mine*, despise:  
 Then ev'n *repenting Kings* shall hate the *Whore*  
 Revel. 17. 17. As much as they *enchanted*, lov'd before;  
 2, 4. Th' *Ill-gotten Empire* by degrees decay,  
 2 Theff. 2. 8. Till by my *Sword* and *Thunder* driven away:  
 Then shall the *Just* their *promis'd Kingdom* gain,  
 Dan. 7. 18. " And then the *Saints of the most high* shall reign. 560  
 If more you ask, the *Day*, the *Hour* precise  
 VVhen I appear, my *Father* this denies;  
 The *wisest Mind* that near the *Throne* does wait,  
 And *deepest read* in the dark *Rolls of Fate*,  
 Must own this *Myst'ry* is from him conceal'd,  
 Mark 13. 32. Nor to the *Son* himself, as *Man*, reveal'd;  
 Since, if *far off*, it might prevent your *Care*,  
 If near, might sink in *Terror* and *Despair*.  
 Ibid. 33. Your *Task* is --- *Still be ready* --- *Watch* and *Pray*!  
 Thus arm against the *Fears* of this *dread Day*! 570  
 Matth. 25. 1. to 12. Come learn a *Parable* --- *Ten Virgins* fair,  
 Together liv'd, no matter when or where!  
 Five *Prudent*, whom no danger cou'd *surprize*;  
 All *fair*, tho' th' other *Five* more *Fair* than *Wife*.  
 These once a *Royal Bridegroom* did invite  
 T' a *Princely Feast*, on his blest *Nuptial Night*:  
 Five had their *Silver Lamps* all clear and bright,  
 With *purest Oil* supply'd; not so the *rest*,  
 Whose *empty Lamps* their *Negligence* confest:  
 Yet all prepare the joyful *Pomp* to meet; 580  
 The *Prince* and his fair *Princess* lowly greet:  
 They travell'd long, but still no *Bridegroom* near,  
 Nor any *News* of his *approach* they hear;  
*Night* hasten'd on, and the *cold Air* they fear;  
 Unwholsom *Mists*, and dropping *Evening Dew*:  
 At a *Friends House*, which on the *Road* they knew \*  
 They all take up, *convenient t'was* and *nigh*,  
 They'd soon be *ready* when the *rest* came by:  
 There enter'd, long they *waiting* there in vain,

With

590 With various *Talk* each other entertain ;  
 Till *Sleep* had seiz'd and *seal'd* their weary'd *Eyes*,  
 When the pale *Moon* had measur'd *half* the *Skies* ;  
 And scarce they on the downy *Couch* were laid,  
 E'er at the *Gate* the joyful *Cry* was made,  
 He comes, he comes --- Quick starting at the sound, }  
 All rising, for their *Lamps* they search'd around, }  
 E'er we'll awake ; theirs soon the *Prudent* found ; }  
 Well worth their *Care*, glorious they shin'd and bright,  
 And shot new *Day* across the gloomy *Night* :  
 600 Nor *Light* nor *Oil* in theirs the others find,  
 Unpleasing *Reliques* only left behind ;  
*Recruits* for both they from the *Wife* intreat,  
 In vain, for their own *Store* was not too great :  
 They to the *Merchants* send 'em, there to buy,  
 What might their thirsty *Bankrupt Lamps* supply,  
 Then join themselves the *Train*, not yet too late,  
 And find a cheerful *welcom* at the *Gate*.

Not so the other, who in *darkness* stray'd ;  
 Till all was shut, they their *return* delay'd :  
 610 Now all too late, they no *admittance* meet,  
 Expos'd t' *Affronts* and *Dangers* in the *Street* :  
*Clam'rous* and loud when clos'd the *Gates* they found,  
 They knock and call, the *Courts* and *Walls* resound :  
 Till from the *Board* the *Bridegroom's self* arose,  
 And to the *sounding Gates* in anger goes ;  
 As loud demanding what *ill-manner'd Guest*,  
 Unseasonably there disturb'd the *Feast* ?  
 Forward and bold they answer --- Lord 'tis *We*,  
 Part of thy own *invited Company* ;  
 620 Prepar'd and ready at the *Gates* we stand,  
 But wish'd *admittance*, yet in vain demand ;  
*Repuls'd* by the rude *Servants* --- But you here,  
 We now no longer can our *Entrance* fear.  
 --- Ah 'tis too late, the time for that is o'er--  
 'Tis past, already past, and comes no more ;  
 The *Lord* rejoins --- You're *Strangers* all to me,  
 And utter *Darkness* must your *portion* be.

The *Moral* easie is, and evident ;  
 Delay no longer ! Now, ev'n now *repent* !

Devout

Matth. 25.  
14, to 30.

*Devout and vigilant, still on your Guard,  
Lest the Judge comes, and finds you unprepar'd:  
Lest such your Fate as that bad Servants, whom,  
His angry Lord did to just Torments doom.*

630

*Earnest they ask't, intent and fix'd upon  
Each Word he spoke, our Saviour thus goes on.*

*A Lord there was, whose business call'd him far  
From his own House, whether for Peace or War,  
Not matters much, but his Estate was large,  
Of which he Part thinks fit to leave in charge  
With his remaining Servants; well he knew  
What each was worth, and what they all cou'd do;  
Five Talents this receiv'd, the other Two,*

640

*One ev'n the least; he this Division makes,  
And strait he his far distant Journey takes:  
Who had the Five, by Merchandise and Trade,  
So well improv'd his Stock, Five more they made:  
Who Two, receiv'd proportionable Gain;  
Who only One, and even that One in vain;  
Digs in the Earth, his Talent there he leaves,  
No pain he takes, or profit thence receives:  
Long after comes their Lord from foreign Lands,  
And of his Servants their Accounts demands:  
The two with humble Joy their Master meet,  
And cast their Labours product at his Feet;  
Both from him meet a just and kind regard,  
And both his gen'rous bounty did reward;  
With guilty Eyes demiss and conscious Face,  
The third comes in, and thus with an ill Grace  
Accosts his Lord --- I knew you ev'r you went,  
A hard Exactor of what Sums you lent.  
Rigid and hard, nay did from others pains  
Expect, I know, large unproportion'd Gains?  
How could I then propose my self to save,  
If I in Trade had lost those Sums you gave?  
With these vexatious Thoughts I struggling lay  
A while, but took at last the safest way:  
Your Talent I entrusted to the Ground,  
And there the same agen in Specie found:  
'Tis here, tho' I've no Interest gain'd, here's all,*

650

660

Each

670 Each Mite and farthing of the Principal.

To him his Lord, whose Eyes just Anger dart--

-- "Wicked and slothful Servant as thou art--!

If gain from others Labour I desire,

Whose all is mine, I but my own require :

But since thou this didst know, since so austere

A Lord I was, a Master so severe,

Since honest Pain like these thou woud'st not take,

Why might not others the advantage make

Of what I left: but since I see my cost,

680 And kindness all on thee, Ungrate ! are lost,

Thy Talent giv'n to those who'll it improve ;

Hence let thy Fellow-Servants thee remove,

Thee hence, unprofitable Wretch, convey,

Hid, like thy Talent from the cheerful Day,

In noisom Dungeons ; bound and fetter'd there

For ever mourn in Darkness and Despair.

But if these Truths you more distinct and clear

Without a Parable desire to hear,

Attend while I th' amazing Scenes display,

690 The awful prospect of the last Great Day?

\* My Harbingers the Seven Archangels bright,

Heark how their Trumps the guilty World affright!

The awful Trumps of God ! a Call they sound,

Is heard thro' Nature's universal Round ;

That Signal heard from the dissolving Sky,

Decrepid Nature lays her down to die :

Not so Man's deathless Race, who now revive,

And must in Joy or Pain for ever live :

From long-confining Tombs each dusky Guest

700 Disturb'd arise, most, never more to rest ;

The clust'ring Atoms as before they were

Together Troop ; the Earth, the Sea, the Air

Give up their Dead --- How diff'rent all they rise ?

These light and chearful, these behold the Skies

With Looks obverse and horrid, how they shine

All dreadful bright, all red with Wrath divine.

Ev'n yon fair Star, whose Webs of Light disperse

Their golden Threds around the Universe,

Loose from it's Center down Heav'n's Hill must roll,

Vid. From  
v. 32. to the  
end.

Mark 13:  
29.

And

And by its Fall ~~unhinge~~ the steady Pole;  
 And whilst he, hissing in th' Abyss, is drown'd,  
 Ten thousand lesser Suns lie scatter'd round. \*  
 The Moon's bright Eye shall dark and bloodshot grow,  
 Reflecting only Smoak and Fire below.  
 Vast Heaps on Heaps, thick Orbs on Orbs are hurl'd,  
 Chaos on Chaos, World confus'd in World:  
 Huge Spheres, so fast each after other roll'd,  
 Ev'n boundless Space their ruines scarce will hold;  
 If the Great Whole no more from Fate secure,  
 What Ravage shall this little part endure!  
 This Point in the great Circle! As before,  
 When by th' impetuous Deluge floated o'er;  
 The Oceans both of Heav'n and Earth did join,  
 Both with the Fountains of the Deep combine;  
 And Wave did after Wave unwearied come,  
 Sea after Sea from its hydropick Womb;  
 So from the Sources whence that rain came,  
 Delug'd with Seas of Fire, and Waves of Flame:  
 As when Heav'n's Vengeance on curst Sodom fell;  
 The World's one Tophet now, one Etna or one Hell.  
 From Earth's wide Womb large Floods of Flame shall flow,  
 The first World above shall meet with that below:  
 Thence holy Souls refin'd and made more bright,  
 Shall safe emerge to Worlds of calmer Light;  
 While those still stain'd with odious marks of Sin,  
 Must desprate sink; for ever sink therein.  
 But first that Doom which they deserve so well,  
 They must receive; that Sentence, half their Hell;  
 The Thrones are set, the conscious Angels wait,  
 And turn th' eternal brazen Leaves of Fate;  
 High in the midst shall my Tribunal stand,  
 Apostles, Prophets, Saints on my Right-hand,  
 Martyrs and Confessors—A glorious Train!  
 Now well content they suffer, then to reign.  
 Whilst on the left, a dismal gloomy Band,  
 Of Kings, proud Nobles, factious Commons stand;  
 Lewd Priests, Apostate Poets, who disgrace  
 Their Character, and stain their Heav'n-born Race.

Lean Hypocrites, who by long *Fasts* and *Pray'r*  
750 Get damn'd, with much of *pain*, and much of *care*:

— But strange! there will not be one *Atheist* there.  
All Marshal'd thus, tho' now they 're mingled seen;  
To you I'll with *applauding Smiles* begin.

“ Come you, by me and my great *Father* blest!

“ Come, *holy Souls*, to endless *Peace* and *Rest*!

“ For some short *Years* of *Misery* and *Pain*,

“ In *Light* and *Joy* for ever with me reign

“ In that blest *Place*, before all *Worlds* prepar'd

“ By Heav'nly *Skill*, by *Hands Almighty* rear'd:

760 “ In that bad *World* your selves you've faithful shown,

“ You own'd me *there*, and you in *this* I'll own:

“ Fainting for *Hunger*, me you oft *reliev'd*,

“ And *burnt* with *Thirst*, I your kind *Aid* receiv'd;

“ Wide wand'ring thro' the *World*, you entertain'd;

“ Half *Naked*, not my *Poverty* disdain'd,

“ But careful, *Clothed*; when *Sick*, your help did lend;

“ Nay, e'en *Imprison'd*, not forsook your *Friend*.

With *modest Joy*, in their enlighten'd *Eyes*,

Thus humble, all the *righteous Host* replies:

770 — “ Thy *Mercy*, not our *Merits*, Lord, we own,

Must place us by thee, on thy *radiant Throne*:

Much, of our selves, of *Ill*, our selves we knew,

Such *Good*, alas, when did we ever do?

Thus they — Thus will agen the *King* rejoyn—

Those *Kindnesses* I still accounted *mine*,

My *Friends* receiv'd; these did I still *record*,

And this great *Day* shall bring their full *Reward*.

Then to th' unjust he turns, who trembling wait,

Their too-well-known *intolerable Fate*;

780 *Justice* unmix'd dwells on his *angry Brow*,

Tho' *Mercy* only there, and *Pardon* now;

Ah what a *Change*? why will they not relent?

Since now they may — Why will they not *repent*?

Yet, yet there's *hope*, I'll cover all their *Sins*!

— Then all too late, for thus their *Judge* begins.

“ Go, ye accurst! to endless *Torments* go!

“ (For such your *Choice*) to endless *Worlds* of *Woe*!

“ Prepar'd at first for those lost *Spirits* who fell;

K k

“ You

Matt. 25 34  
&c.

37, 38, 39.

40.

41.

" You *shar'd* their Crimes, now doom'd to *share* their Hell.

" I'th' *other World* unkind your selves you've shown,

800

" Me you *disown'd*, you now I *here* disown.

" Fainting for *Hunger*, me you not *relieve*,

" For *Thirst*, you'd not one *Cup of Water* give;

" When *wand'ring* thro' the *World*, ne'er entertain'd;

" Half *Naked*, Poor and Mean, you me *disdain'd*,

" Or *Cloath'd* with *Stripes*, when Sick did *Curses* lend

" For *Balm*; *Imprison'd*, *Stones* for *Bread* wou'd send.

44 With all the *hast* of *impudent Despair*, \*

They'll all *deny*, and ask me *when* and *where*?

To them my *Answer* like the last shall be,

810

— What to my *Brethren's* done, is done to me.

A *Place* there is, from *Heav'n's* sweet *Light* *debarr'd*,

Where *dismal Shrieks* of *guilty Souls* are heard;

Loud *Yells*, deep *Groans*, thick *Stripes*, long *Clanks* of *Chains*;

There solid, *everlasting Darknes* reigns:

E'en that sad *Fire*, which on the *Wretched* feeds,

Nor new supplies of *Matter* ever needs,

Lends 'em no *Gleam*, no comfortable *Ray*,

But *change* of *Torments* measures *Night* and *Day*:

Hither black *Fiends* shall snatch th' *Unjust* away,

820

*Tormentors* and *Tormented* — Deep they fall,

And on the *ruines* of this *flaming Ball*

*Whirl* to th' *Abyss*, on *Waves* of *Sulphur* tost,

In that black *direful Gulf* for ever lost.

Not so the *Just*, who shall their *Lord* attend

To *Worlds* of *Joy*, that know no *bound* or *end*:

A *Place* there is, remov'd far, far away,

From that faint *Lamp* that makes this *mortal Day*:

A *blissful Place*, that knows no *Clouds* or *Night*,

But *Gods high Throne* scatters perpetual *Light*:

830

There *Angels* live, there *Saints*, so far refin'd,

Their *Bodies* scarce less glorious than their *Mind*:

There, true, eternal *Friendship* all profess;

There, in the height of *Piety*, possess

The *Heav'n* of *Heav'n*, the height of *Happiness*:

*Perfect* their *Joys*, yet still their *Joys improve*,

For still the *Infinite* they *See* and *Love*.

Here

Here shall they enter, here triumphant plac'd,  
Unutterable Bliss for ever tast

803 In mine, and my great *Fathers Arms* embrac'd.

—Here, Thou whom *Men and Angels* must adore!

Here, Saviour! When this storm of *Life* is o'er,  
Thy worthless *Servant* place! One *Moment* there,

For many tedious Years of *Want and Care*,

Will more than even make — And whilst I stay,

If from my *Post* I must not yet away;

Accept this humble *Verse*, my *Lifes* great *Task*!

'Tis all I can, and more thou wilt not ask:

Bless my few *Friends*, or if but *Namés* they be,

840 My *Friend*, — For I've scarce more than *One and Thee*.

Bless e'en my *Foes*! may they, till better, live,

And my vast *Debts*, as I do *theirs*, forgive!

Thy help in all my *Tribulation*, lend!

More than in *Promise*, (like the *World*) my *Friend*.

Down all vain tow'ring *Hopes*! But Saviour! grant,

I may n't my daily *Bread* and *Cloathing* want!

The very *Flow'rs* and *Ravens* these possess;

Thy *Will* be done, if I must still have less!

Or if to *Wealth* or *Fame* I e'er shou'd rise;

850 (Those *Gifts* I neither *Covet*, nor *Despise*,

Chuse for me, Lord! " For thou hast both my *Eyes*!)

If e'er thou me from this low *Turf* shou'dst raise,

Grant, as thou me, I may advance thy *Praise*!

Else, in this *Dust*, let me to *Dust* return!

—Then, then when my sad *Friends* around me *Mourn*,

O be not far away! Thy *Grace* supply,

And like a *Man*, and *Christian* let me *Die*!

And when my weary *Soul* forsakes my *Breast*,

O take it in thy *Arms*, and give me *Rest*!

860 —So shall I for my *Consummation* stay,

And hope, not fear the great decisive *Day*:

Refresh'd, beyond the reach of *Pain* or *Vice*, \*

In the *Celestial Shades* of *Paradise*.

In all time of  
our Tribula-  
tion.

In all time of  
our Wealth.

Herbert.

In the hour of  
death.

And in the  
day of judg-  
ment.

The End of the Seventh Book.

# NOTES

## ON

### The LIFE of CHRIST

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#### BOOK VII.

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5. *SAW* through the Shades, nor durst directly see — *Left that should dazzle him.*] The Description we have left us of this Temple, is indeed very glorious, *Opus omnium quæ unquam vidimus aut audivimus mirabilissimum*, says one concerning it, the most prodigious Work I ever saw or heard of. And *Tacitus* in *Lib. 5.* calls it, *miræ Opulentie Templum*, a Temple of wonderful Riches. And *Josephus* tells us, that not only the Front was gilded; but, as I understand him, the Outside was covered with Plates of Massy Gold, which dazzled the Beholders Eyes, and to Strangers, at a distance, made it appear like a huge white Mountain.

12. *The mighty Gates, heavy with Loads of Gold.*] The Gates of the Temple were all covered with Silver and Gold, except one with Corinthian Brass, of more value than any of the other. See theforementioned Author.

13. *Twice ten robustous Servants there attend.*] One of the Gates of the Temple, as *Josephus* tells us, was so large, that it employed twenty Men, every Night and Morning to shut and open it. The same Gate, which also he says, opened prodigiously, about Midnight, of its own accord with a great Noise, not long before the Destruction of Jerusalem.

16. *To the third Gate, of rich Corinthian Brass.*] *vid. supra.*

20. *Loud answer'd by the Full-mouth'd Quire within.*] I think there's no great doubt but this was the manner of the Temple-service, there being several of the Psalms which seem to have been sung alternatim, between Priests and People. *Heman* and *Jeduthun*, as we find, singing an Anthem of *David's* composing, and therein praising the Lord because his Mercy endures for ever; to which all the People said *Amen*, and praised the Lord. 1 Chron. 16. 36; 41. But the most lively Description of the Temple-service, which will much illustrate what follows, is that in 2 Chron. 5. 11, 12. *When the Priests were come out of the Holy place, also the Levites, which were the Singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, and Jeduthun, with their Sons and their Brethren, being array'd in White Linnen, having Cymbals, and Psalteries, and Harps, stood at the East end of the Altar, and with them an hundred and twenty Priests sounding with Trumpets. The Trumpets and Singers were at once to make one Sound, to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord. They lift up their Voices with Trumpets, and Cymbals and Instruments of Musick and praised the Lord, saying, for he is good, for his Mercy endureth for ever.*

26. *The Consort first sweet Aijeleth begun.*] I here insert most Sorts of Musical Instruments, mentioned in *David's* Psalms, according to the usual Interpretation of 'em. The first is *Aijeleth*, from the 22. Psalm, which is inscribed, *Aijeleth Shaber*, generally rendred the Hind of the Morning, a sort of Musick, as some think, of the Nature of our *Waits*, going about in the Courts to wake the Priests,

Priests; but 'twas also, we are sure, from *David*, us'd in God's immediate Service.

29. *Alamoth, chaste Virgins best Delight.*] They are thought a sort of *Virginals*, and mentioned in *Psal.* 46.

30. *Grave Jonath.*] See *Psal.* 56. inscrib'd *Jonath Elem Rechocchim*, rendred, *The dumb Dove in silent places*; like *Mabalab* afterwards, I suppose, a sort of grave Musick, fit to compose their Minds to *Attention* and *Devotion*.

31. *And melting Harps.*] The *Sheminith*, and all other sort of string'd Instruments.

35. *Lofly Hallelujabs sing.*] A reverend Person, now an Honour to our Church and Nation, is of Opinion, that this 135 *Psal.* was us'd at Morning Service, the Priests, Levites, and all the People inviting each other to praise God.

91. *Mean while rich Incense feeds the sacred Fires.*] This was done twice a day, vid. *Exod.* 30. 7, 8. *Aaron shall burn sweet Incense every Morning. When Aaron lighteth the Lamps at Even he shall burn Incense.* See also *Joseph Antiq. lib.* 3.

94. *A Milk white Lamb, the Morning-Sacrifice.*] *Exod.* 29. 38, 39. *This is that which thou shalt offer, two Lambs of the first Year, day by day. The one Lamb thou shalt offer in the Morning, &c.*

95. *With these the Priests their holiest Mincha join, A cheerful Blaze of Flour, and Oyl, and Wine.*] Vid. *Exod.* 29. 40. *A tenth-deal of Flour mingled with an hin of Beaten-Oyl, and the fourth part of an hin of Wine.* This *Mincha*, Meat-offering, as we render it, with its Drink-offering, is called most holy of all the Offerings of the Lord. Bread and Wine is the most antient Sacrifice; that which *Melchisedech* brought forth seems to have been sacred. This is still retain'd by our Saviour, who was a Priest of the same Order. Vid. *Mede* on the Jewish Offerings.

115. *Some in the Cloysters gainful Shops unfold.*] The three Courts of the Temple, which are all included under the same Name, because we want two distinct Words for the *vāṭ* and *lēṭ*, being all consecrated Ground, took up a considerable room, each of 'em having Cloysters round, and a void space in the middle. In the space were the Sheep and Oxen; under the Cloysters, I suppose the Money-Changers and Dove-Sellers. The Roof of these Cloysters, if I understand *Josephus* aright, served as Foundations for those sumptuous Galleries round the Temple, which *Sabinus* burnt down in an Insurrection of the Jews; for they could not be on the Cover'd Part, or *vāṭ*, since 'tis not probable they could have burn'd the Top and left the Bottom standing. Vid. *Joseph. Antiq. lib.* 7. cap. 12.

128. *Drive'n with more Eale from Carmel's fruitful Hill.*] Because, tho that's further from *Jerusalem*, their Tails were not so cumbersome, which were incredibly large in the *Asiatick* Sheep, and therefore I say before, *Drag their pond'rous Train.*

135. *Blushes, at once, of Shame and Anger rise.*] Shame for his Country-men, not himself.

136. *A just Resentment sparkling in his Eyes, &c.*] *St. Jerom* says here, *Ignem quicquam ex Oculis radiabat, &c.* there were certain fiery Rays came from our Saviour's Eyes, which they were not able to endure.

146. *He does, of strongly-twisted-Cords, prepare.*] We never find our Saviour, in all his History, so angry as he is here, but once before, and that on the same Occasion; for it's thought he drove these sacrilegious Wretches two several times from the Temple. Nothing, I say, ever made him so angry as their thus confounding things sacred and profane. The Jews, 'tis plain, made no distinction, and believed not any Holiness in this Place: after Prayers once over, all Places were, it seems, alike to them. The Distinction was our Saviour's own, and must still hold, if a Christian Church is still the House of God.

153. *Yet here great Solomon.*] That noble Tower or Porch, which tho *Herod* re-edified, it seems, still retain'd the Name of its first Founder; was built by *Solomon*, and its Foundations laid so deep and firm, that the *Babylonians* could not destroy 'em, tho no doubt they ruined the Superstructure. If I mistake not, here was the East-Gate, the Golden-Gate, the Beautiful-Gate of the Temple, all different Names for the same thing. 'Twas built over the Vale of *Kidron*, and from the top of its Towers to the bottom of that Valley, such a vast depth, that *Josephus* says, 'twas horrid

horrid to look upon, and would almost dazle the *Beholders*. This *Porch of Solomon* I wonder how *Capellus* happen'd to place on the *South* of the *Temple*, which he does, unless *Fuller* mistakes him; whereas 'tis seated in the *East*, by *Josephus*, and, I think, all others. This *Gate* and *Courts* about it cost more *Pains* and *Time* than all the *Temple*; *Solomon* began to bring *Earth* and even the *Valley*, but 'twas not finished in several Ages. *Vid. Joseph. lib. 6.*

157. *The Workmen mined deep, wondrous deep.* ] *Josephus* says, the Foundations of the *Temple* were three hundred *Cubits* deep (*sacred Cubits* we are to understand, in a *sacred Work*, twice as much as the *Vulgar*) and in some places more, and that great part on't was built upon the *solid Rock*.

159. *Of Tyre they were.* ] *Solomon* had *Carpenters* from *Hiram* of *Tyre*, and he might have *Masons* too; who, I here suppose, had formerly been *Miners* in *Britain*. See *Lib. iii.* and *vi.*

175. *Those Everlasting Gates.* ] I'm inclin'd to think that *Phraze* in *Psal. 24.* (which should seem to have been compos'd on the *Dedication* of the *Temple*, or some such Occasion) of *Everlasting Gates*, relates immediately to the *vast Heights* and *Bigness* of the *Gates* of the *Temple*; as the *Everlasting Hills*, in another place, in the same sence. Tho I believe the whole *Psalms* has a further respect, and is *prophetical* of our *Saviour's* *Ascension* into *Heaven*, in which sence I take it at the *End* of *Lib. x.*

178. *The glittering Pillars, and the Vine of Gold.* ] *Josephus* reckons above 100 of these *Pillars*, all gilded, and describes this *Golden Vine* as one of the most noble *sacred Ornaments* in the *World*. "It reach'd, says he, all along under the *Chapiters* of the *Pillars*, whereon hung *Bunches* of *Grapes*, all of *Gold*, each *Cluster* as long as a *Man*. To which *Vine* our *Saviour* might allude, when preaching near it.

181. *The stately Porch 'twixt two vast Columns rose.* ] So *Josephus* describes it, and says, "These, as well as all other *Pillars* were of the *Corinthian Order*; the tallest and most beautiful of any other.

185. *The Stones so huge they scarce dur'd trust their Sence.* ] Nor I; *Josephus*, in the *Account* he gives of them, making them so many *Cubits* long and broad, that one would think they needed as many *Workmen* to raise and manage 'em, as that which *Acosta* tells us of in *America*, drawn cross the *Mountains*, at the *Command* of one of their *Incas*, by no less than an hundred thousand *Men*; however, undoubtedly they were very large: for so the *Apostles* to our *Saviour*, who not only shew him in general, *St. Mark 13. 1, 2.* ταῦτας τὰς μεγάλαις οἰκοδομαῖς, those great *Buildings*; but, in *St. Luke*, take notice of the *Stones* in a particular manner, ποταμοὶ λίθου, ἡλαὶ λίθου, what manner of *Stones*, what goodly *Stones*, as we very well render it. And they had need be firm, when as *Josephus* tell us, *lib. 7. cap. 9.* "The *Romans* were six days battering the *East Galleries* of the *Temple* (with their prodigious *Rams*) but prevailed nothing against them. They then endeavoured to dig up the *Foundations*; but could only pull out some of the *outer Stones*, with a great deal of fruitless *Labour*. He further tells us, these *Stones* were all fastened to each other by huge *Clamps* of *Lead* and *Iron*, I suppose he means, the *Iron* was soldered unto them.

207. *Not one but by a Force superiour, &c.* ] The *Romans* did at last prevail, and tore up the very *Foundations* of the *Temple*, ploughing the *Ground* whereon it stood, which was performed by *Terentius*, or *Turnus Rufus*, left there by *Titus*, for that purpose, on the 19<sup>th</sup> day of the Month *Abib*, as *Maimonides*; so says *Eleazar*, afterwards in his *Speech* to the *Jews*, when he exhorted them to kill themselves, "The *Temple*, says he, they have raz'd to the very *Foundation*, and hardly the *Memory* thereof is now left. And *Josephus* says, even of the *City*, "That 'twas beat quite flat and plain to the *Ground*; exactly according to our *Saviour*, *They shall lay thee even with the Ground, and thy Children within thee.*

220. *How they the World's and Temple's End might know.* ] They seem to confound 'em in their *Question*, as if they supposed both should be together. And our *Saviour's* *Answer* does not, I think, as left recorded by any of the *Evangelists*, distinctly

*distinctly* and *orderly separate* 'em. The Reason of which might be to keep 'em more on their *Guard*. In the following Discourse of our Saviour, the Reader will see, I have *joined* several of his Prophecies, which we find in different places; expatiating as the *Subject* led me.

237. *As heat and warmth the Royal Eagle brings.*] So 'tis in *Deuteronomy*, whence this Simile seems to be taken. Our Translation indeed renders it *Hen*, but the word *avis* will reach the other *Sence*, which seems more *Poetical* and *Noble*.

252. *The Plague denounc'd an Hundred Years before.*] The most *natural* *Sence* of those Words, *Gen. 6. 3. Yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty Years*, seems to be, that the World should have so much respite before its Destruction: Which is favour'd by *S. Peter*, in his Reflection on Gods *Long-suffering* at that time. I say an Hundred because 'tis a *round Number*.

267. *Then many a vile Impostor shall pretend—My Name.*] *Josephus* tells us of many of these false *Prophets* before the Destruction of *Jerusalem*.

276. *My very Name, and yours, shall Crimes be made.*] Indeed their *Persecutors* cou'd find 'em guilty of no other *Crimes*, and therefore made the very *Name* their *Accusation*. Hence the famous *Christianos ad Leones*. &c.

292. *Nation with Nation.*] *Galilee* against *Samaria* and *Judaea*, *Simon* against *John*, &c. And the very Words *Josephus* makes *Jesus* use in his Oration to the *Idumeans* against the *Zealots*, are, "That they rejoiced to see *Nation* against *Nation*."

296. *Unhappy Solyma shall fly to thee.*] If the *Galilean Zealots* had not fled to *Jerusalem*, *Josephus* thinks it might have been sav'd.

300. *Shall with a fourth thy Three Proud Walls surround.*] The *Romans* not only cast up a *Trench*, but even built a Wall round *Jerusalem*, to keep in the *Jews*; after which no more cou'd escape. *Joseph. Lib. 6. Cap. 13.*

306. *Which Heav'n-Lov'd Daniels piercing Eyes foresaw.*] The *Abomination of Desolation* I think were these *Zealots*, because it cou'd be nothing else, that I ever yet saw, *assigned*. Not the *Destruction* it self, because 'twas to be the *Sign* of it, Nor the *Statue* or *Idol* placed, or designed to be placed in the *Temple*, by *Cains*, or *Tiberius*; because either not done at all, or too soon to be a *Sign* for this *Destruction*. Nor the *Roman* *Ensigns*, *Titus*, or *Adrian*, because these all too late; and the *Effect* not a *Sign* of the *Judgment*. On the other side, the word *Abomination* exactly hits those *Zealots*, who, as *Josephus*, *Lib. 2. Bell. Jud. Cap. 9*: "Drest themselves like *Women*, fell to *unnatural Lusts*, and profan'd the whole *City* with their execrable *Impiety*. They were a *Desolation* too, or such an *Abomination* as made *Desolate*. So *Jesus* in his forementioned Oration, "Houses," says he, they have *Ruinated* and made *Desolate*, by their *Robberies*. And *Josephus* tells us, "That at one time the *Idumeans* and *they*, murdered 8000 in the *Temple*, and 12000 young Men in the *City*. They stood in the *Holy-Place*, "or where they ought not to stand. So *Ananis* in his Oration, lamenting that he shou'd live to see the *Sanctuary*, where nothing ought to come but the *High-Priest*, profan'd by the *wicked Feet* of these *Impious Persons*. And *Josephus*, in his *Speech* to the *Jews*, of these *Zealots*, "That having their *Hands embred* in the *Blood* of their *Countreymen*, they presum'd to enter into the *Sanctuary*; where," says he, *none ought to come*. Nay, they were *here* before the *Romans* besieged the *City*, and therefore were properly a *Sign* of its *Destruction*, and a warning to others to leave it, as many did; and flying to *Titus*, saved their *Lives*. There remains but one thing more, which will almost demonstrate, that the *Zealots* were meant by this *Abomination of Desolation*; and that is, to enquire who it was caus'd the *Daily Sacrifice* to cease. But this the *Zealots* too did; *Josephus* in the forementioned Oration, who says, "That *John* and the *Zealots*, had not only *robbed* the *Temple* of all the *Ornaments* given by *Augustus* and others, telling the *People*, That *Sacrilege* was no *Sin*, because they fought for the *Cause* of *God*: But, as he adds expressly, "They had deprived *God* of his *daily Sacrifice* in the *Temple*. All this, is one of the most clear and unanswerable *Proofs* of a *Prophecy* exactly fulfill'd, that I ever met with. Which, for that reason, I've enlarg'd upon, and which I challenge all the *Atheists* or *Deists* in the *World* to answer. 312. A

312. *A deep, a mournful Voice*,—"Let us depart."] The famous *μεταβαίνοντες ἐν τῷ θανάτῳ*. Our Saviour we know did Prophecie of great Signs and Wonders before this Destruction.

315. *The high in Heaven a bloody Sword*.] *Vid. Joseph. Bell. Jud. Lib. 5. Cap. 12.* Where he says, "A Comet in the fashion of a fiery Sword had hung over the City for a Year together; before the Siege.

319. *Thunders and Earthquakes then they'll scarcely mind*.] *Lib. 4. Cap. 7.* He says, "When the Edomites Encamp'd by the Walls of Jerusalem, there arose a terrible Tempest of Wind, Rain, Lightning and Thunder, with an Earthquake, and several very strange and dreadful Voices. Notwithstanding which, their Friends within the Gates saw'd the Bars in sunder, and admitted them into the City.

322. *But the beginning of their hopeless Pains*.] Our Saviour says, *All these are but the beginning of sorrows*. And so it will appear to any who reads the whole History.

329. *The half starv'd Citizens like Ghosts shall meet*.] John and Simon having in their Rage at one another, burnt the City Granaries, enough to have supply'd 'em for a long time, the Famine soon rag'd amongst 'em. Of which Josephus gives many terrible Instances, *Lib. 6. Cap. 11. &c.* "The Seditious, says he, in this "Famine, broke up Houses for Corn and Meat; if they found any, they beat Per- "sons for denying it; if none, for concealing it; if strong and likely, they Kill'd " 'em, on presumption they had some secret Stores; if weak, because they'd soon "Die of themselves. Wives snatch'd the Meat from their Husbands; Children from "Parents; Mothers from Infants; nay, one Miriam, boy'd and eat her own Son, "Babes were dash'd on the ground by the Souldiers, when found with meat in their "mouths. The young Men, pale as Ghosts, walk'd about till they dropt Dead in "the Streets; and some, striving to bury others, fell Dead over 'em. And so he goes on with such a dreadful Description, as almost shocks Humanity to read it.

340. *And like a Deluge over all come pouring in*.] *The end of it shall be with a Flood*, says Daniel: and accordingly it was, universal and irresistible.

352. *Till—See—the Temple fir'd*.] Josephus says, "After they had been Fight- "ing many days about the Temple, a certain Souldier, contrary to the Order of "Titus, moved as it were with a certain Divine Fury, got some of his Compa- "nions to help him up, and set Fire on the Temple, by one of the Golden Windows, which happened on the 10th of August; the same Day, he says, that it was burnt for- "merly by Nebuchadnezzar. The manner of which, and circumstances whereof, the Historian describes like one who was no unconcerned Spectator. He tells us, "Many whose Eyes were just clos'd with Famine, got strength to bewail the "Temple, as they saw it Burning; and an innumerable Multitude being kill'd "about it and in it, fix'd their Eyes thereon, in the very Agonies of Death; "whose dead Bodies roll'd down the Temple-stairs in streams of Blood. All "was fill'd with dismal Shrieks and Lamentations, eccho'd by the Mountains "round the City. The Hill of the Temple now appeared all on Fire, tho "there was Blood enough shed to have quenched it. Some of the Priests be- "ing kill'd Fighting, others leaping voluntary into the Flames, and therest Burnt "alive, resolving not to survive the Temple. Indeed, through the whole, Jo- "sephus has done it so admirably, that I'm not asham'd to own I cannot reach him.

360. *Till Heav'n has clos'd the Gentiles destin'd Reign*.] From that of our Sa- viour, *Till the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled*.

373. *And in the Church usurp my Throne and Name*.] Our Saviour Prophecies of those that should come in his Name, saying, *I am Christ*. So did some of the little Antichrists, particularly Jonathan in Cyrene, who said expressly, *Ego sum Messias*. But this was to be eminently and remarkably fulfilled in the *ἐναντίας*, or *ἀντίχριστος*, the great Adversary or Antichrist. And that some such is foretold in the Scriptures, Bellarmine himself, and all the Papists believe. He then that usurps the Throne, the Power, the very Divinity of our Saviour, wherever we find

find him, must be *The Antichrist*. This the Pope does his *Throne*, for he's carried by his Slaves, after he's chosen, plac'd upon the High *Altar*, and there actually *Ador'd*. His *Power*, for he'll *forgive Sins*, and rule *Kings and Nations*, with a *Rod of Iron*. His *Divinity*, for not content with being the *Vicar of Christ*, his *Flatterers* have given him the very *Name and Power of God*; for which, we cou'd never hear, that he was so angry with 'em, as to put them into his *Anathema* against all *Heretical Kings and Princes*.

389. *The World for the Elect was chiefly made.*] 'Tis a Notion of the *Rabbies*, that the *World* was only made for the *Elect*, which I've somewhat soften'd.

417. *Ten furious Tyrants.*] The *Ten Persecutions*.

424. *To them a Foe, as to your sacred Race.*] *Nero* was the Wretch who stirr'd up the first *Persecution* against the *Christians*, which occasioned that sharp and just Remark of *Tertullian*; *Non nisi grande aliquod bonum quod à Nerone damnatum*, "It must needs be some extraordinary good Thing if *Nero* condemn'd it. This Monster was justly *Voted* by the Senate a *Parricide* and *Enemy of Mankind*. And accordingly his *Memory* has been ever detested by all Men, unless by the *Partisans*, and a few other *Heathens*.

431. *You in his Festal Flame shall shine.*] From these puzzling Verses of *Juvenal*, *Teda lucebis in illa, — Qua stantes ardent qui fixo gutture fumant — Et laetum mediâ sulcum diducit arenâ*. Alluding, whatever the Grammar of 'em is, to *Nero's* Burning the *Christians* for *Torches* at his *Night Revells*.

436. *The only Good the Wretch will ever do.*] Almost *David's* Words in *Cowley*, to *Goliath*.

438. *Mankind's hate, his Brother their delight.*] *Domitian*, who rais'd the second *Persecution*, one of the foulest of Men, (some think worse than *Nero*), and as much detested, as his Brother *Titus* lov'd, who was stil'd, as all know, *Deliciæ humani generis*.

442. *By Martyrdom he'll purge his Blood.*] History tells us, that he Murdered *Flavius Clemens*, his near *Kinsman*, and Banished his Wife *Flavia*, for being *Christians*.

446. *Still shall the Son of Gods bright Form be near.*] Alluding to the History of the *Three Children*.

451. *Whilst our proud Foe an hasty Death shall seize.*] Stabb'd by *Parthenius* and *Stephanus*. Concerning which, see the famous Story in *Apollonius's* Life.

452. *And his mild Successor.*] *Nerva*, who swore solemnly, no *Senator* should ever dye by his Order. See *Aurelius Victor* and *Dion*. He recall'd the *Christians* by an *Edict*, from Banishment; and amongst the rest *S. John*, tho some wou'd fain have him dead a great many years before; and others that he never dy'd.

456. *Some ev'n the Lord that bought 'em shall deny.*] *Ebion*, *Cerinthus*, and other *Hereticks*, who first deny'd the *Divinity* of our Saviour; against whom *S. John* wrote his *Gospel*.

461. *Nor he himself — Unplagu'd escapes a destin'd dire Event, &c.*] *Trajan*, who began the third *Persecution*. The *dire Event*, here mentioned, is that of the *Earthquake* at *Antioch*; where, the *Emperour* being then present and a vast *Conflux of People*, the *Earth* opened, and devoured an incredible Number of Men, one of the *Consuls* perishing, and the *Emperour* himself hardly escaping.

467. *But more the Jews.*] *Adrian*, who began the fourth *Persecution*, Burnt a *Thousand Towns of the Jews*, for *Rebelling* against him under their false *Christ Barcochab*, to whom *Rabbi Akiba* was a sort of *Elias*, crying, *Hic est Rex ille Messias!* and Kill'd 500000 Men; then reedifying *Jerusalem*, &c.

472. *How oft he'd fly to Death in vain for Ease.*] Being sick of a languishing *Distemper* he wou'd often have kill'd himself, but was hindred by his *Friends*. A little before his *Death*, he is said to have made those pretty foolish Verses, *Animula, vagula, blandula, &c.* Which, *Little, fluttering Soul*, alludes to.

476. *A Peaceful Prince and Pious more than Nam'd.*] *Antoninus Pius*, who, on *Justin's* Apology, made an *Edict*, that the *Christians* should not be Punished, but those who *Accus'd* 'em: As *Orosius* in his History.

479. *A vain Philosopher.*] *Antoninus Philosophus* began the fifth *Persecution*, stirr'd up by *Crescens* the *Cynic*, and continued with great Fury, till the Emperour being distress'd in War with the *Quadi*, for want of *Water*, and obtaining both that and *Victory*, by the Prayers of a *Christian Legion*, ordered it to be stop't; as *P. Orosius* tells us.

485. *This a far fiercer Tyrant knows in vain.*] *Septimius Severus*, who rais'd the sixth *Persecution*, under whom so many were Martyred, that some thought him *Antichrist*. His two Sons, *Bassianus* and *Geta* succeeded him, the Elder of which kill'd the Younger in his Mothers Arms.

489. *Next a fell Wolf, who, the mild Shepherd slain.*] The seventh *Persecution* under *Maximin*, who Murdered the good Emperour *Alexander Severus*; and was himself Kill'd, together with his Son, by his own Souldiers at the Siege of *Aquileia*.

493. *The next an equal Guilt and Fate attend.*] *Decius*, who rais'd the eighth *Persecution*, whose Son was kill'd by the *Goths*, and himself drowned in the Fens near the *Danube*, as he fled from the Enemy.

466. *Cruel old Man.*] *Valerian*, the Author of the ninth *Persecution*, at the Instigation of an *Egyptian Magician*. He was afterwards conquered and taken by *Sapores* the Emperour of *Persia*, who made use of his Back to mount his Horse, and when he refus'd that Office, slay'd him alive, and covered him with Salt.

502. *Two Monsters shall the groaning World divide.*] *Dioclesian* and *Maximinian*.

506. *The Idol Banners stoop and Cross must rise.*] The very *Signa* or *Ensigns* of the *Romans*, have been thought by learned Men *Idolatrous*: Which *Constantine* chang'd, and bore the *Cross* in his Banner; according to the famous Story.

509. *Once more the fatal Stone.*] See *Lib. 6.* Note on the *Bætylia* of the *Antients*.

510. *The Tyrants drop by Justice or Despair.*] *Dioclesian*, some say, *Poisoned* himself; *Maximinian*, who had once *Abdicated*; but when his Mind changed, and he for recovering his Empire agen, being caught Plotting against *Constantine*, he was fairly Hang'd for his reward.

517. *Those glorious Scars.*] A known Story. *Vid. Sozomen. Lib. 1. Cap. 11.*

522. *Yet still some Signs of antient Fraud remain.*] From *Virgil's* *Pauca tamen suberunt*, &c.

524. *Nor yet my fated Reign.* *Vid. last Note on Lib. 10.*

529. *Fierce Magog's Sons.*] The *Scythians*, as *Sir Walter Rawleigh* proves beyond contradiction.

531. *Whilst all the West a fiercer Tyrant spoils.*] The *Turks* give *Liberty* of *Conscience*; the *Pope* denies it; for which Reason, I make him the more Cruel of the two.

537. *The Earthly Gods this Monster shall Dethrone.*] 2 *Thess. 2. 4.*

541. *But first what Lets must be remov'd away.*] This the ancient *Christians* interpreted of the *Roman Empire*.

549. *Chast Marriage shall the worst of Crimes be grown.*] A Man may be a good *Romish Priest* tho he has half a *Dosen Concubines*, but not if he has one *Wife*. But amongst all the doughty Arguments against the *Marriage* of the *Clergy*, I think that of his *Infallibility*, *Siricius* himself, carries the most weight; "They that are in the *Flesh* cannot please God.

553. *A Swan in Gomers spacious Fields shall rise.*] 'Tis said in the History of *John Huss*, that at his Martyrdom he Prophesied, of a *Swan* to rise an hundred Years after, whom the *Papists* should not be able to Burn.

586. *At a Friends House, which on the Road they knew.*] Some such thing seems necessarily imply'd from the *Oeconomy* of the *Parable*. For its said in the 1 verse, *They actually went forth to meet the Bridegroom*. But ver. 5. *While the Bridegroom tarried they all slumbered and slept*; which they can't be supposed to do in the open Air.

691. *My Harbingers the sev'n Arch-Angels bright.*] It has been generally believed in all Ages of the Church, that there are different Orders of *Angels*; and there

there are great probabilities from Scriptures, that the Number of the *Chief Angels* is 7; which are also call'd, *The Eyes of the Lord*, running too and fro throughout the whole Earth. That these Angels shall be principally employ'd in the Preparations for this Judgment, appears, from comparing 1. *Thess.* 4. 16. *The Lord shall descend, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the Trump of God; with that of the 1. Thess.* 1. 7. *The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven, with his mighty Angels; Μετ' ἀγγέλων δυνάμεως ἰσχύος*: Which seems much the same with these Arch-Angels.

712. Ten Thousand lesser Suns lie scatter'd round.] According to their Notion, who think all fix'd Stars Suns.

733. Hence holy Souls Refin'd and made more Bright.] This seems the only ancient Purgatory: Some of the Fathers being of Opinion, that the Souls of all Men, nay that of the Blessed Virgin herself, were to pass through this purging Fire at the last Judgment. But this would do the Church of Rome no good, and therefore they have since altered the property on't, making it a Culinary Fire with a witness, and blowing it up some thousands of Years sooner than those good Fathers ever thought of.

798. With all the haste of Impudent Despair.] They shorten our Saviours Accusation, and say, ver. 44. *Lord when saw we thee an hungred, or a thirst, or a stranger, or naked, &c.* whereas the Righteous are more deliberate. Ver. 37. *When saw we thee an hungred and fed thee, &c.*

862. Refresh'd, beyond the reach of Pain or Vice, &c.] Agreeable to the Notion of the Primitive Churches, who constantly pray'd for this Refrigerium, or Refreshment of their Fellow Christians, departed this Life; they supposing them in a sort of Pain, by their thirsty and eager Desire for the final Consummation of their Happiness.

## The Argument of the Eighth Book.

**A** Catalogue of the Nations that came to the Passover, together with the Inhabitants of the Holy Land. Herod's Entry and Train from Galilee. Our Saviour privately comes thither with his Disciples, sending St. Peter and St. John before him to prepare the Passover in Mount Sion. But could not remain undiscovered, some Greeks, from Athens, having heard of his Fame, and pressing to see him; which having obtain'd by the Assistance of some Tyrian Merchants of Philip's Acquaintance; God the Father, at his desire, attests him now the third time by a Voice from Heaven. At which the People being again ready to force a Kingdom upon him, he retires, with his Disciples. However, his Fame and Doctrine spread so far, that all things were now at a Crisis, and the whole Nation upon the point of owning him the Messiah. At which Lucifer being alarm'd, takes with him a Detachment of Devils, and flies to Earth, where sending the rest to their appointed Posts, to facilitate his Design, he himself enters the Palace of Caiaphas; and Night being now come, and the High-Priest asleep, appears before him in the Form of old Hircanus, chiding him for his Remissness, and stirring him up to destroy our Saviour. In order to which, as soon as he wakes, he sends privately to assemble the Sanhedrim; which being known to Gamaliel, Joseph, and Nicodemus, they hasten likewise thither. Caiaphas's Speech to the Sanhedrim, against our Saviour, accusing him for a Subverter of their Laws; pretending to prove, he was not, for that Reason, to be heard to, tho he wrought Miracles; complaining of the Meanness of his Doctrine on one side, obliging to forgive Enemies, and of the impracticable Heights on the other, not admitting Liberty of Thoughts, or the first Motions of Desire or Anger; with other Objections usually urged by the Deists against Christianity. After which he rises higher, charges him with Blasphemy; and at last, falling into a Prophetick Fury, he declares, 'twas necessary one Man should die for the whole Nation; urging, that could not be a Sin which God himself had decreed. His Speech variously received by the Sanhedrim. Nicodemus stands up, and begins cautiously to answer him. Whom Joseph of Arimathea interrupts, and boldly, before 'em all, confesses Jesus; distinctly answering all the Cavils of Caiaphas against his Person and Law, and pressing the Sanhedrim to receive him as their true Messiah. While they were divided in their Opinions, and debating the matter, our Saviour celebrates the Passover, with his twelve Disciples, and institutes the Sacrament of his Blessed Body and Blood; foreshowing and describing the Traitor Judas, who went out from the rest with a resolution to betray him; whose Offer to the Sanhedrim was agreed to by the majority, and Preparations made to apprehend him. Our Lord comforts the remaining Disciples, but prophesies of their forsaking him, and particularly St. Peter's Denial. Thence he leads them to Gethsemane; and takes St. Peter, James, and John with him into the thickest part of the Garden, leaving the rest at the Gate. His Agonies and Prayers, not for fear of the approaching Pain or Infamy, but of his Father's Anger. An Angel appears to strengthen him. A Comparison of him with the most famous ancient Heroes, shewing how far he exceeded them in Patience and Virtue. The three Disciples asleep for Sorrow. Judas, having received Guards from the High-Priest, comes to the Garden, and, with a Kiss, betrays our Lord; who being apprehended, after he had healed Malchus, whom St. Peter had wounded, all his Disciples forsake him. He's carried to the High-Priest's Palace, and there abused by the Guards and Rabble. St. John, who soon resumed Courage, followed our Saviour, and own'd himself his Disciple. St. Peter comes after, tho with more Fear, and is introduced into the Palace, by the Interest of St. John; but being known to some of the Company, and charg'd as a Follower of Jesus, he thrice denies him, the last time with Curses and Imprecations; till, on our Saviour's looking back upon him, he returns to himself, and, departing from the Palace, endeavours to expiate his Guilt by a severe Repentance. Our Saviour accus'd by the High-Priest and Caiaphas, but no Proof against him, that would reach his Life; till Caiaphas adjuring him to own it if he were the Son of God, and he telling them, they should hereafter see him come to judge the World, he's accus'd for Blasphemy, and hurried away to the Roman Governour, being adjudged, by the Sanhedrim, worthy of Death.

T H E

THE  
LIFE  
OF  
CHRIST:  
AN  
Heroic Poem.

BOOK VIII.



NOW o'er the *Hills* the *Paschal Morn* arose,  
And from high *Tow'rs* the *sacred Trumpet*  
blows; \*  
Proclaiming their great *Feast*, all *Israel*  
meet, [ *Street* ;  
Thick crouding thro' each dusty *Gate* and  
*Strangers* and *Profelytes*, where e'er their *Birth*,  
Whatever part o'th' many *Peopled Earth*;  
Some from the *Isles*, *Crete*, *Rhodes* and *Cyprus*, some  
From *double-Sea'd Byzant*, and *Corinth* come;  
From the fair *Fields* with *Rivers* circled wide, \*  
10 From *Elam* and *Euphrates* flowry side.

With

With all th' *Arabia's*, to the *Feast* repair  
 The *Realms* of *Monobaze* and *Helen* fair; \*  
 Strong *Adiabene* call'd, well known to *Fame*;  
 But most from blest *Judea's* *Regions* came;  
 From *Dan*, to old *Beersheba's* fruitful *Plain*,  
 From *Jazers* *Sea*, to the great *Western* *Main*:  
 These from *Phenician* *Fields* their *Journey* take,  
 From *Tyrus*-*fairs*, and the *Cendevian* *Lake*:  
*Herod*, his num'rous *Galileans* brings  
 From all his *Towns*, a *Pomp* well worthy *Kings*:  
 Strong *Sephoris*, and rich *Tiberias* send \*  
 Their choicest *Youth*, *Sebaste's* *Lords* attend  
 With *Pray'rs* for their great *Frounder*, who his *Guests*,  
 On *Jordan's* *Banks*, at proud *Herodion* *Feasts*; \*  
 Who *Guarded* thence and *Honour'd*, wait him down,  
 By *Jericho*, to *Salem's* *sacred* *Town*:  
 His rich paternal *Palace* they prepare,  
 And rang'd before the *Gates*, *Salute* him there;  
 Nor sooner his approach the *Elders* know,  
 But to receive him in long *State* they go;  
 The *Roman*-*Guards* the same, loud *Shouts* they made,  
 Their *Eagle* on *Antonia's* *Tow'rs* display'd:  
 Not so our *Saviour* met, nor he desir'd  
*Vain* *Honours*, or mean wordlly *Fame* requir'd;  
 A train of *Virtues* did the *Hero* bring,  
 Unseen officious *Angels* guard their *King*.  
 In vain a private *Entry* made his choice,  
 For all *Good-men* at his approach rejoice:  
 Ent'ring the *Town*, he did before him send,  
 As *Harbingers*, bold *Cephas* and his *Friend*:  
 These all prepar'd, (nor cou'd they want *success*,  
 For where himself he sends, himself he'll blest:)  
 What *Moses*, or the *Elders* did enjoyn,\*  
 The *Lamb*, the *Herbs*, the *Bread*, the sacred *Wine*.  
 Mean while, the *Croud's* *Hosannas* to prevent,  
 He rounds the *Walls* by *Sion's* steep ascent:  
 In vain their unespoken *Pomp* he'd shun,  
 From every part the gazing *People* run;  
*Fame* bears the *News* thro' all the pester'd *Gates*,  
 And the vast *Town* almost depopulates. —

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So 50

So, when some *Godlike Prince* by *Heav'n* design'd,  
The common *Benefactor* of *Mankind*;  
*Triumphant* over e'en *himself* and *Fame*,  
Who wou'd by *Virtue* only raise his *Name*;  
So when he, *envious* of *himself*, wou'd go  
Thro' some *fav'd Town*, or *Realm Incognito*;  
Thro' the vain *Cloud* his stronger *Beams* will *Shine*,  
The mortal *Form* confessing the *Divine*:  
Forth pour thick *Floods* of *Men*, the *Saviour* meet,  
60 And strow thick *Flow'rs* and *Blessings* at his *Feet*.

So here, all press to see his *Heav'nly Face*,  
Nor only now the *Hebrews* sacred *Race*;  
His growing *Fame* to *Gentile-Worlds* is spread,  
His *Light Divine* had struck their *Demons* dead:  
The *servile Gods* to their black *Caves* retire, \*  
Great *Ammon*, than his *own*, now feels a hotter *Fire*:  
*Athens*, which did from *Egypt* first convey \*  
Vain *Idol-Forms*, and spread them wide away  
Thro the deluded *World*, now learns t' adore,

*Vid. Lib. 6.*

70 A *Sovereign Deity* unknown before;  
Nor had the *Sibyls* escap'd 'em; there they find  
A *Prince* whose *facile Yoke* shou'd bless *Mankind*,  
In scorn'd *Judea* born: They thither came,  
More by the *Savior's Miracles* and *Fame*,  
Than the great *Feast* attracted ——  
Came with some *Tyrian Merchants*, *Trading* down  
To new-nam'd *Julias*, once *Bethsaida's Town*:  
Their *Int'rest* these, and frank assistance lend,  
Since in his *humble Court* they had a *Friend*

*Acts 17. 23.*

80 To introduce 'em; meeting, they embrace;  
'Twas *Philip*, of the *Galilean Race*,  
Whom long they'd known, and ask'd the *Liberty*,  
These *Grecian Strangers* might his *Master* see.  
He beckons *Andrew*, both to *Jesus* went,  
And favourably their *Request* present:  
When thus our *Lord* — Tho' I *vain Pomp* disclaim,  
Nor in my own, but my great *Fathers Name*  
As yet have taught, yet since he's pleas'd t' attest  
My weak *Mortality*, it must be best.

*John 12. 20.  
&c.*

90 Now is the *Hour* I shall be truly known,

A glimpse of my paternal Glory's shown;  
 Now that false *Traitor*, who from *Honor* fell,  
 Yet seiz'd these *Worlds*, and taught 'em to *Rebel*, [ *Hell.* }  
 Transfix'd with vengeful *Flames*, sinks back t' his destin'd }  
 But ah! How dear an *Empire* must I win!  
 On what a *Throne* my promis'd *Reign* begin!  
 How sad an *Exaltation*! Yet e'en there,  
 Will I the ruins of the *World* repair:  
 Nor me my *Friends*, nor them I'll there disown,  
 But with 'em mount to a far brighter *Throne*: 100  
 The way o'er *Rocks* and *Thorns* my self I'll lead,  
 Nor must they only on *Roses* think to tread;  
 Thro' *Blood*, but 'tis their own, a *Crown* must gain,  
 True *Hero's Race*, enur'd to *Sweat* and *Pain*, }  
 Which sweetens all their future peaceful reign.  
 — Yet still will this *relucting Body* thrive,  
 Base *Flesh* and *Blood* the servile *War* revive  
 Against the nobler *Spirit*, still disgrace  
 Mans better *Form*, and stain the *Heav'n-born Race*;  
 Still *Pain* is his *aversion* — Tho' tis true, 110  
 Had he not *this*, he'd nothing to subdue;  
 No *Merits*, no *Reward* — Do what I can, \*  
 My lab'ring *Heart* has something still of *Man*;  
 Fain wou'd avoid th' unequal shock, and fain  
 Wou'd shrink from this intolerable *Pain*;  
 These more than humane *Terrors* — *Father* save!  
 O, if 'tis fit, preserve that *Life* you gave!  
 No, 'tis not — I my self a *Victim* give;  
 Willing I *Die*, that rescu'd *Man* may *Live*:  
 Yet, lest they me as an *Impostor* blame, } 120  
 E'er I to those blest *Regions*, whence I came  
 Return, Dear *Father*! *Glorifie thy Name*!

He said, when strait calm *Lambent Lightnings* flie,  
 And sacred *Thunder* murmurs round the *Sky*.  
 Then the dread *Voice of God* — “ As I've already done,  
 “ I thus attest thee still, my lov'd eternal *Son*!  
 They heard the awful *Sound*, they heard it all,  
 And to the *Saviour* lowly prostrate fall;  
 So little their false *Homage* he desires,  
 That from the flatt'ring *Croud* he strait retires; 130  
 A

- A Miracle he works to chain their Sense,  
 And with the *Ten*, pass undiscover'd thence :  
 Still more amaz'd they strictly search'd around,  
 Each *Street* and *Suburb* search'd, and had they found,  
 Had him by force the *King of Israel* crown'd :  
 So their great *Saul* himself, they cry, *withdrew*,  
 And with some *Samuel* his retirement knew :  
 For *factious* Arms, themselves and Friends prepare,  
 Scarce on the *Towr's* the *Roman Ensigns* bear.  
 140 Tho' this the thoughtless giddy Crowd alone,  
 Many o'th' *Elders* knew, but dar'd not own,  
 Knew him the *Prince* design'd for *Israel's Throne* :  
 On worldly *Fame*, and *Reputation* stood ;  
 How hard a thing to be both *Great* and *Good* ?  
 Mistaken *Fame* ! if from fair *Actions* done,  
 'Tis good ; if not, far better lost than won.  
 Happier the common *Race* of humane kind,  
 Happier in this, since for their *Eyes* or *Mind*  
 They no *disguises* need, vain *Forms* they break,  
 150 And what small *Sense* they have, they freely speak,  
 These his *Opposers* scarce *untouch'd* endure,  
 His *Foes* scarce more than he himself secure ; \*  
 Tho' he himself their *Conduct* not approv'd,  
 Nor *Rabble-Reformation* ever lov'd :  
*Int'rest*, not *Love* their partial *Votes* did sway,  
 They'd call him *King*, but not his *Laws* obey ;  
 Too pure for their gross *Tast*, too right and just ;  
 Nor he such *Subjects* wou'd receive or trust.  
 How e'er his *Doctrines* more and more prevail,  
 160 Still more the *Elders* false *Foundations* fail,  
*Scripture* and *Reason* gone, they only rail ;  
 All things were at the height, the *Crisis* all,  
 And his *Religion* now, or theirs must fall.  
 This saw th' *Arch-fiend* in his own loathsome *Cell* ;  
 A *Spy* thro' *Sodom's Lake* shot swift to *Hell*  
 And brought th' affrightful *News*, repuls'd before ,  
 The *Conclave* he resolves to call no more,  
 Till some great *Act* achiev'd, some *Mischief* done,  
 So black, as he'd himself not blush to own,  
 170 From every *Squadron* silently he drew, \*

Such *Spirits* as he most fit for *action* knew ;  
 Some from *blasphemous* *Belial* did command,  
 From *Moloch* some, but most from *Envy's* band :  
 Such as all *Parties* might to his engage ;  
 Some skill'd in raising *Tumults*, *Storms* and *Rage* :  
 The same that tempted *Dathan* e'er he fell,  
 And dragg'd him, yet alive, thro' *Earth's* black *Gulf* to *Hell*.  
 Some like himself, when cheating *facil* *Eve*,  
 So *subtle* they'd almost th' *Elect* deceive :  
 These guilty *Mortals*, knew t' illude or fright  
 With monstrous *Forms*, and *Spectres* of the *Night* :  
 With *Joys* impure oft fill'd, with *Sloth* oppress'd,  
 Their *Guardian* *Friends* away, their *Eyes* and *Breast* :  
 Some *Miser* *Fiends*, most *sordid* and most *base*,  
 The lowest sunk of all th' *Apostate* *Race* ;  
 These *Mines* and lone *Church-yards*, and *Treasures* hold,  
 And *howl* in *Tombs* around their *secret* *Gold* :  
 Yet these, the nobler *Mind* do what it can,  
 Maintain the strongest *Party* still in *Man* :  
 How few are proof against their *fatal* *Arts* !  
 Sure *Satan* arms with *Gold* his *fiery* *Darts* :  
 Like those of *Love* they no *distinction* make,  
*Kings*, *Peasants*, *Civil*, *Sacred*, all they take ;  
 All but one *rank* of *Men*, they ne'er took place,  
 Ne'er found a *Quarry* in the *timeful* *Race* :  
 'Tis strange that *Poets* are not *virtuous* still,  
 Since out of reach of *Gold*, that *Root* of *ill*.

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These *Spirits* their *Leader*, in whose *Cause* they fell,  
 Musters in *Hast*, the strong *Gensdarms* of *Hell* ;  
 These *Troops* of his own *Household* did review ;  
 Then *swift* to *Earth* for *Man's* *Destruction* flew ;  
 Arriv'd, each takes his *Post*, which well they knew. }  
 As the *sly* *Tyrant* order'd, each conceal, \*  
 Lest some kind *Angel* shou'd to *Man* reveal  
 What their *design* ; some did themselves dispose  
 T' excite their *Friends*, and some to tempt their *Foes* :  
 I'th' foremost *Rank*, their *Leader* wings his way,  
 For *Night* had now *reliev'd* the weary *Day*,  
 To *Salem's* *Towr's*, and as he o'er 'em flew,  
 A *spiteful* *glance* and *Curse* amongst 'em threw ;

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210

Affraid

Afraid lest the fair City shou'd Repent,  
And by their Pray'rs the destin'd Wrath prevent.  
To the high Priest's proud Palace did repair,  
And like a falling-Star shot headlong there;  
The Guards and Gates he penetrating past,  
Swift and invisible, and round him cast  
The Form of old Hircanus, grave and sage,  
The same his Face, his Stature, Meen and Age;  
His Voice the same, his Hands a Censer bore,

220 The sacred Mitre on his Brows he wore.

In still and deep Repose the Pontiff lay,  
Tir'd with the Work and Pleasures of the Day;  
Stern Caiphas — The Fiend approach'd his Bed,  
And leaning on his Hand, his Palsy'd Head,  
With loud and lamentable Voice he said;  
"Awake my Son! Is't thus your Flocks you keep?  
Or now Awake or else for ever Sleep!

But canst thou Sleep? — Yes — Canst thou stoop so low,  
To yield the glorious Day without a Blow,

230 — T' our Laws, our Nations and our Temples Foe?

Who now, by your remissness, fierce and proud,  
Heads dark Cabals among the factious Crowd.

All that is Sacred, left without defence,  
You violate my Tomb, and raise me thence.

Was it for this my great Forefathers broke  
A Strangers Chains, shook off the Heathen Yoke?  
For this like Bulwarks round their Country stood,  
And shed such Seas of honourable Blood?

O ye great Maccabees! too dear it cost,

240 To purchase what your Sons have tamely lost:

Say, did Hircanus thus your Line disgrace,  
Or act a thing beneath your glorious Race?

He grasp'd the Censer and the Sword you bore,  
Your Mitre and your Diadem he wore;

Spite of ill Fortune he preserv'd your Fame,

Nor trembled e'en at mighty Pompey's name. \*

Scarce half his Pow'r his weak Successors share; \*

Nor only you the Roman Thraldom bear:

(Since Manly 'tis to yield, if Men subdue)

250 But e'en a weak Enchanter conquers you;

If ought by *Herbs* and *pow'rful Names* h' has done, \*  
 To *Solomon's* wife *Sons* it can't b' *unknown*:  
 Yet still he *Lives*, you the blind *Crowd* forsakes,  
 And *droves* of *Profelytes* each hou'r he makes:  
 These will he soon to *greater Things* persuade,  
 The *Sanhedrim* and *sacred Throne* invade:  
 Haft then — The *Crown* and *Royal Ensigns* bring,  
 The *Galilean Carpenter's* your *King*.

— But shall he be, or are my *Fears* in vain?  
 O'er none but *Slaves*, a *Slave* deserves to reign:  
 Tho' yet he do's not — *Israel* yet is *free*,  
 And will, I know, maintain their *Liberty*;  
 Quench the *new-kindled Flame*, and pull this *Serpent* down,  
 Before he higher leaps and gets a *Crown*:  
 — Haft then, and tho' *past Ills* you can't redress  
 Him, *Meditating more*, secure, oppresses!  
 Or there *dispatch*, or else t' his *Fate* convey,  
 To purge the *Town* on this great *festal Day*;  
 Call you the *Sanhedrim*, I'll find the *way*.

260

He said and *sunk* — The *Pontiff* rais'd his *Eyes*,  
 And looking *gastly round*, My *Guards*, he cries;  
 All in *cold Sweats* — Yes, mighty *sacred Shade*,  
 Thy kind, thy *wholsom Counsel* shall b' obey'd:  
 He *Lives* no longer, his *sure Fate* is *past*,  
 'Tis done, and this *succeeding Day's* his *last*.

270

Vid. Luke i.

His *ent'ring Guards* he round the *City* sends,  
 And calls to *Council* his *confiding Friends*.  
 The *Elders*, and the *Priests* of greater *sway*,  
 Each did their numerous *subject Course* obey:  
 Pressing *Affairs* did their *wise Councils* need,  
 They must attend, with *silence* and with *speed*:  
 Yet not so close they the *dark Message* do,  
 But *Joseph* and the *wise Gamaliel* knew:  
 To *Council* they among the rest *repair*,  
 And meet their *Friend*, sage *Nicodemus* there.  
 All present, *Caiaphas* ascends the *Chair*,  
 And thus began — "You'll, *Fathers*! soon believe,  
 Not without *Cause*, I thus *disturbance* give  
 T' th' *Honourable House*, nor need I fear,  
 The just *Occasion* known, from any here

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290

Reproof

- Reproof for this *Assembly*. But too well,  
 All who are *Lovers of our Israel*,  
 The growth of *Nazareth's* curst *Sect* perceive,  
 \* On their *Impostor*, the whole *World* believe;  
 How *undeplor'd* our own and *Nations* Fate,  
 Unless we *help*, if *help's* not yet too late :  
 — If nothing us our *Countries* danger move,  
 ( Tho' no *Good-man* but must his *Country* love ; )  
 If we these *Walls* can leave, and see our *Place*,  
 300 \* And *Honour* fill'd by a vile *Earth-born* Race;  
 So *humbly*, or so *meanly* quit our *Seat*,  
 And live without a *Name*, obscurely *Great*;  
 If we all this might kindly give away,  
 Our *Laws*, our *sacred* *Laws* we can't *betray*.  
 There there the *Venom* lurks, at these he drives,  
 Their *Ruine* he in close *Cabals* contrives;  
 Th' *abhorr'd* of *Nazareth* ———  
 The *World* promulg'd by *Angels* he'd *repeal*,  
 A better *Law* than *Moses* did, *reveal*;  
 310 *Unletter'd* *Peasant* he, assuming thus  
 A *Pow'r* unknown, must teach the *World* and *Us*.  
 The *Crowd*, 'tis true, his *Miracles* proclaim;  
 But did not *Egypt's* *Juglers* do the *same* ?  
 Spite of our *Sense*, our *Reason* still is *free*,  
 Nor are we, were it not, at *Liberty*:  
 For wond'rous *Signs* our *Law* we must not leave,  
 Nor a false *Prophet*, tempt'd thus, receive :  
 Shou'd he *prevail*, which O avert ! ye *Pow'rs*  
 That rule the *World*, his *Laws* exchang'd for *ours* ;  
 320 What shou'd we gain ? What has he more compleat,  
 Then our great *Prophet* ? What *Sublime* or *Great* !  
 For *Carpenters* or *Fishermen* they'll do,  
 But *Fathers*, not for such as *Us* and *You* ;  
 \* *Rulers* and *Warriors*, to brave deeds inclin'd ;  
 These clog the *Soul* and sink the *rising* *Mind* :  
 Expos'd t' *Affronts*, you must the *Giver* spare,  
 Nay *Love*, they teach you *nothing* but to *bear* :  
 Now sunk too *low*, he strait too *high* aspires,  
 And strange *impracticable* heights requires ;  
 330 He wou'd not have us *men*, but spite of *Fate*,

Dan. 4. 26.

Be neither pleas'd or angry, love or hate ;  
 Not e'en our *Thoughts*, our *Sense*, our *Reason* free,  
 Clogg'd with unnat'ral *Laws* and *Mystery* : \*  
 No *Rule* he will, besides his *own* endure,  
 Where *his* obtains, no *Government's* secure :  
 Our *Nations Crimes* and *Fate*, his daily *Themes*,  
 And God and us alike, th' *abhorr'd Blasphemes*.  
 Not e'en our blest *eternal Temple* spares ;  
 Nor more the *Heathen* or *Samaria* dares \*  
 Our *Pow'r* to censure, his *proud Sect* disown,  
 Our *Curses* lost in *Air*, or backward thrown ;  
*Serpents* and *Vipers* this high *Court* he calls,  
 Sly *Hypocrites*, gay *Tombs* and whited *Walls* :  
 This his *Respect*, thus *Fathers*, us he treats ;  
 'Tis a small *Crime* that with th' *unclean* he *Eats* :  
 All our *Traditions* broke ; in vain we grieve,  
*Corban* and he together cannot *live* :  
 Yet more, beyond what's *Mortal* he *presumes*,  
 The *awful Name* of *God* himself assumes ;  
 With the *unrival'd Father* equal he,  
 The *Son*, the *Word*, born from *Eternity* :  
 If he *impunely* this, if still we bear,  
 How can we but deserve a *Fate*, severe  
 As what th' *Impostor* threatens ? --- How can we  
 Our *Selves*, our *Children* and our *Nation* free,  
 From the black *Guilt* and *Fate* of *Blasphemy* ?  
 This restless *Troubler* of our *Israel* dies ;  
 This *fatal Achan* we must *sacrifice* :  
 ---And if the sacred *Ephod* ought inspire,  
 I feel the *glowing sparks* of *Heav'nly Fire* :  
 Then hear what my enlighten'd *Mind* foresees !  
 Can that be bad which *Heav'n* it self decrees ?  
 " *Israel* in vain thy *Fate* thou dost attempt to flie,  
 " Unless for all thy *Sons*, one *Man* devoted die.  
 He said, then to *debates* the matter leaves ;  
 The *Sanhedrim* with different *Tasts* receives  
 His *warm Oration*, some his *Zeal* admire ;  
 The *Soul* of *Phinehas* sure must him inspire ; \*  
 The *Church* can never pay too much *esteem*,  
 T' had sunk *infallibly*, if not for him.

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360

John 11.50.

While 370

- While those who look'd with more *impartial Eyes*,  
 Saw thro' with ease, the *thin*, tho' neat *Disguise*;  
 Saw all vain *Sophistry* and *specious Lyes*:  
 Yet none dar'd stem the muddy *Torrent*, none,  
 Till prudent *Nicodemus*, bolder grown,  
 Thus rising spake --- "With all *submission* due,  
 \* And just *respect* t' his *Holiness* and you;  
 Men! Brethren! Fathers! a few *Words* I'd add,  
 To what's with so much *Zeal* already said.
- 380 Well has it been observ'd, and none *denies*,  
 Our *Laws* are *Sacred*, the *Blasphemer* dies  
*Convict* by these, but the same *Laws* take care,  
 We none *condemn* till his *Defence* we hear.  
 Who cou'd be *safe*, might pop'lar *Fame* accuse?  
 None here, I dare be bold, that *Judge* wou'd chuse:  
 --- Not that an *Advocate* I'd e'er be thought,  
 For any who my *Countries* ruin sought;  
 But *Truth* and *Justice* this --- He had gone on,  
 But the *brave* Lord of *Rama's* ancient *Town*,
- 390 Thus fervent interrupts him --- Why should we  
*Asham'd* of so *Divine* a *Master* be?  
 Let *Naked Truth* prevail, plain nat'ral *Sence*,  
 Without the gaudy *Paint* of *Eloquence*.  
 I own him, I *confess* him --- Lord, I'm *thine*!  
 (Tho' *sordid Interest* or *Pride* repine: )  
 He came from *Heav'n*, and all his *Laws* *Divine*.  
 What e'er the *Sacrifice*, I'll him *adore*,  
 I love my *Country* much, but *Justice* more;  
 He *Laws* *refix*? with God's blest *Will* *dispense*?  
 400 And *Word*? --- The most *improbable* *pretence*,  
 On which e'er suffer'd *spotless Innocence*.  
 Can he *Blaspheme* the *Heav'n* he hope's t' *enjoy*?  
 Can he God's *Temple* *build*, and yet *destroy*?  
 How oft to *Law* and *Prophets* he *appeals*,  
 My self I've heard, nor other *Truths* *reveals*,  
 But what within our *sacred Volumes* lie,  
 Tho' *veil'd* till now in *Clouds* and *Mystery*.  
 How oft ( agen I my *own Witness* give;  
 You us'd not *Fathers*, me to *disbelieve*! )  
 410 Declar'd one *Tittle* shou'd not *pass* away,

Till

Till this vast *Frame* of *Heav'n* and *Earth* decay !  
*Eternal Truths* must our short *World* survive,  
 Writ on our *Souls* as long as *Souls* can live.  
 These may be *blotted*, tho' they can't be *raz'd*,  
 He *graves* 'em new when by our *Crimes* *defac'd* :  
 Sure we're but *Men*, nor all things all *discern*;  
 Are we too wise from *Heav'n* it self to *learn*?  
 When the *Oraculous Epbod* us'd to *shine*, \*  
 Did any doubt the *Characters Divine*?  
 Say not 'tis *ceas'd*, see here *decipher'd* still,  
 More plain and *legible*, the *Father's Will*!  
 Th' *Eternal Word* does mortal *Mould* assume,  
 Our *wretched Clay* --- Does he in this *presume*?  
*Announc'd* from *Heav'n* t' instruct the *World* he came;  
 Cou'd e'er *Impostor* yet pretend the *same*?  
 Or shou'd they *Honour*, they, or *Profit* seek;  
 But *Zions King* is *humble*, *lowly*, *meek* :  
*Lowly*, yet *Great*, all here *beneath* a *God*;  
 He *treads* on *Crowns* as on the *Stars* he *trod* :  
 If we *Heav'n's* *attestation* shou'd *deny*,  
 Twice spoke in *Thunder* from th' *opening Sky*, \*  
 In all, the *Son of God* distinctly *shown*,  
 In all did him th' *Eternal Father* own :  
 We *Moses* too must *leave*, in *Clouds* and *Smoak* ;  
 But once from *Heav'n* the *Ten* dread *Words* were spoke.  
 But *Egypt's* *Juglers* wond'rous *Signs* did *shew*,  
 'Tis own'd; but did not our *Great Moses* too?  
 And yet you all confess his *Mission* clear;  
*Assign* the *difference* and we'll find it *here*.  
 Theirs for *false* *Gods* and *Idols* vain were wrought,  
 The other in *Defence* of *Truth* were brought :  
 T' attest the *one Supreme*, their *Charms* o'erpow'r'd,  
 As th' *active Hebrew* *Serpent* theirs *devour'd*.  
 Further, 'twas long *foretold*, the *chosen Band*  
 Shou'd deep *enslav'd* remain in *Mizraim's Land*,  
 Till *manumitted* thence by *God's* own *dread Right-hand*. }  
*Truth*, *Prophecies*, and many a wond'rous *Sign*,  
 Beyond *dispute*, attest our *Lord Divine* :  
 What *Rabby*, e'er so *clearly* taught before,  
 In *Spirit* and *Truth*, the *one true God* t' adore?

420

430

440

450

Not

Not all things *Moses* saw, we something need,  
Beside, why did the *Prophets* else succeed?

*Another Teacher* why himself *foreshow*,

Deut. 18:  
15.

If from his *Laws* the *World* did all things *know*;

*Jesus* this *Teacher*, true if *God* be true,

For none but *God* such mighty *Works* cou'd do;

His *Doctrines* rather are *renew'd*, than *new*.

We'd *Gold* at first, but he *refines* our *Gold*,

And his *New Law*, fills and explains the *Old*:

460 The *Piece* before was *masterly* and *fine*,

But he *Life-touches* gives, and makes it more *Divine*.

*Death* their desert; the heavy *threatning* fear!

So *Moses* self, who him refuse to hear.

How many a *Prophet* sings, how full and plain,

Of the *Messiah's* wond'rous *Birth* and *Reign*.

His wond'rous *Works*? if need of proof there be,

Ev'n *Caiaphas* has own'd that *this is He*;

All *Time* and *Place*, and *Ages* him confess; \*

All wait him now--- Shall *Isr'el* then do less? \*

470 In every part of *Natures* *System* found;

That *World* he made, by him together bound.

So just his *Laws*, shou'd *Heav'n* no witness give,

*Right Reason* wou'd oblige us to believe:

Shall we *Heav'n's* condescension then abuse,

Since over-weight it gives us, all refuse?

So just his *Laws*, that were they but obey'd,

The *World* wou'd soon a *Paradise* be made:

If mean, may I that meanness ever have!

Still may my *Passion* be my *Reasons* slave,

480 Above all *Wrongs*, like all the *Great* and *Brave*:

Above my self as well as others live,

Still I'm a *Conqu'ror* if I still forgive:

He that dares die, die scorn'd and tortur'd too,

But dares not an unhandson *Action* do;

He that dares own his *Friend*, tho' far disjoin'd,

And absent long, tho' *Earth* and *Hell* combin'd,

*Satan* and *Sanhedrims* against him sworn,

By two whole *Worlds* vast weight not overborn:

Equal, nay still superior, still secure;

490 *Myriads* of *Fiends* assault, unmov'd endure:

Myriads of Men almost as black defie,  
 Impregnable in his own *Honesty*;  
 Nought but his Soul and *Honour* cares to save--  
 --If such as he be base--- The *World* is brave.

No, his worst *Foes* ne'er thought him *base* or mean;  
 What e'er their *Words*--- Why change they else the *Scene*?  
 Why else that he requires such *Heights* complain,  
 As weak *humanity* attempts in *vain*?  
 The *World* too good he'd make, too pure his *Law*--  
 --In *Modesty* that shameful *Plea* withdraw!

510

Yet here it sticks--- Who can such *strictness* bear?  
 We must not *steal*, nor *rail*, nor *lye*, nor *swear*.

A *spotless* Breast he loves, his *Laws* require  
 To tame the *Rage* of *Anger* and *Desire*:  
 Manly and just they ask, and give no less,  
 Than *height* of *Virtue*, and of *Happiness*;  
 They're *possible*, *convenient*, *easie*, *free*,  
 Nat'ral as undissembled *Piety*:

What *Nature* or true *Reason* can't receive,  
 He neither bids us *practise*, nor *believe*:

520

If sunk below our proper *Selves* in *Vice*,  
 Or *Folly* we, he comes, as great as *Wise*,  
 To raise us to the state of *Paradise*.

Who e'er did the three *Principles* deny, \*  
*Gentile* or *Jew*, nor other *Mystery*

Unknown to us, the whole of his contains,  
 The rest the *vain* device of fabling *Brains*.

But above all the *Slanders* which rebound,  
 And like their *Curses*, those which cast 'em wound;  
 None so *ill-said*, tho' deadly, as that he  
 Is to all *Government* an *Enemy*.

530

Can *Orders* self *Confusion* e'er approve?

( As justly may the *Hawk* implead the *Dove*,)

War suit the Prince of *Peace*, or *Hate* with *Heav'n-born* Love.

If he one *Lord* proclaims, one *Faith* requires,

The same our *Church* believes, the same desires;

Yet *rational* and *free* he leaves us still,

No *Force* upon the *Intellect* or *Will*:

The still small *Voice* of *Reason* warns from *Sin*

Lost *Man* without, his gentle *Spirit* within.

540

His

- His *Follow'rs* bids with *tendernefs* reprove ;  
 No Argument ſo *ſtrong*, ſo ſoft as *Love*.  
 Ev'n the poor *Publican* he'll not diſdain ;  
 None that *repents* reſuſe to entertain :  
 Yet *bates* a *Hypocrite*, all Hearts he knows,  
 The ſecret *Villain* ſeldom fails t' *expoſe* :  
 With theſe he can *almost be angry* ; Theſe  
 He oft declares *Heav'n's righteous Plagues* ſhall ſeize :  
 Our guilty *Land*, if in their *Crimes* reſolv'd,  
 550 Avert it *Heav'n* ! in the ſame *Fate* involv'd.  
 Why will you not the *Surgeons Hand* endure,  
 To launce the *Wound* which yet admits a *Cure* ?  
 Will the *All-high* from *Duſt* a *Check* receive,  
 Nor *thunder*, till the *Creature* gives him leave ?  
 Can he *blaſpheme* himſelf, or is h' affraid  
 Of *Laws* which his poor *crawling Worms* have made ?  
 Hear my *Confefſion* then, 'tis plain and free,  
 Once more the *Word* is *God*, and *Jeſus He* :  
 In mortal *Form*, *Fleſh* clouds th' *Eternal Sun*,  
 560 Like humane *Soul and Body*, two in one.  
 Hence, tho' the *Pontiff* urges, 'tis *Decreed*,  
 That for our *Sins*, this *ſpotleſs Lamb* ſhou'd bleed ;  
 This can, to ill nor force us, nor *excuse* ;  
*Fig-leaves* like theſe ev'n *Adam* wou'd not uſe : \*  
 To us *unknown* the ſecret *Laws* of *Fate*,  
 Move us they may, but not *neceſſitate*.  
*Reason* with *Truth* reveal'd our ſteps muſt guide,  
 Elſe you defend the *blackeſt Paricide* ;  
 Elſe *Heav'n's* the *Principal*, more deep by far,  
 570 But *Accessaries* we in *Murders* are.  
 Since then 'tis plain, that this *juſt Man* is free  
 From all thoſe *Ills* that *Spite* or *Calumny*  
 Conjoin'd wou'd *blaſt* him with, nay ſince far more  
 He's the *Meffiah* promis'd long before ;  
 The *Lord*, the *God* whom *Iſrael* ought t' adore :  
 O rather *kifs* the *Son*, juſt *Presents* ſend,  
 Avert the *threaten'd Wrath*, what's paſt amend,  
 And he'll forgive, engag'd your *mighty Friend*.  
 Undaunted, *Joſeph* thus -- The *Senate* gaz'd,  
 580 All, mute, moſt pleas'd ; ſome *angry*, all amaz'd :

Plalm 2.

So, when rough *Boreas* ! thy black *Squadrons* sweep,  
 The aged *Bosom* of th' *Atlantick Deep* ;  
 Convolv'd, the foaming angry *Surges* rise,  
 The loud *Gigantick Waves* invade the *Skies* :  
 But when blest *Zephyr* from his *spicy Vales*,  
 Rides gently out with soft *Elysian Gales* ;  
 The *Billows* hush'd, lie panting on the *shore*,  
 Appeas'd, the *factions Floods* forget to roar,  
 And smiling, wonder why they rag'd before.

Dazled with *Truth*, so here their *Passions* yield,  
 And *Reason* had almost regain'd the *Field* ;  
 All but fierce *Caiaphas*, who frowning by,  
 Wou'd nothing grant, yet nothing cou'd deny :  
*Asham'd*, not griev'd, he in the *Cause* engag'd ;  
*Silenc'd*, confounded, baffled, more enrag'd :  
 Yet soon his *stedfast Brow* and *Voice* regains,  
 Argues, reproves, denounces and complains ;  
*Unknowing* to repent, all limits he  
 Transgresses, both of *Truth* and *Decency*.

Now *Right*, now *Wrong*, th' unsteady *Senate* sway'd,  
 Their *Conscience* now, their *Int'rest* now obey'd :  
 Still who speaks *lasts* speaks *best*, or the *Debate*,  
 At least by *Numbers* manag'd, not by *Weight* ;  
 Equally *furious* in their *Love* or *Hate*.

While here contending *Minds* and *Int'rests* fright,  
 Under the shelter of the *silent Night*,  
 Our Lord, who knew the *Pow'r* and *Rage* of *Hell*,  
 Takes his *last Supper* and his *last Farewel* ;  
 Did his *weak Friends*, and the false *Traitor* know,  
 Yet, mild, *submits*, since *Heav'n* wou'd have it so.

First on the *Lamb*, as *Use* requires, they fed,  
 As their *Forefathers*, when from *Egypt* led,  
 The *Cup* of *Blessing* then, and *hallow'd Bread*,  
 In his blest *Hands* our *Saviour* deigns to take,  
 To his *Disciples* Gives, and thus he spake.

“ Take, Eat ! this is my *Body*, soon design'd,  
 A painful *Sacrifice* for lost *Mankind* !  
 This my *Memorial* when from *Earth* I'm gone.  
 The *hallow'd Goblet* next, and thus goes on ;  
 This is my *Blood*, for *Man's Redemption* shed,

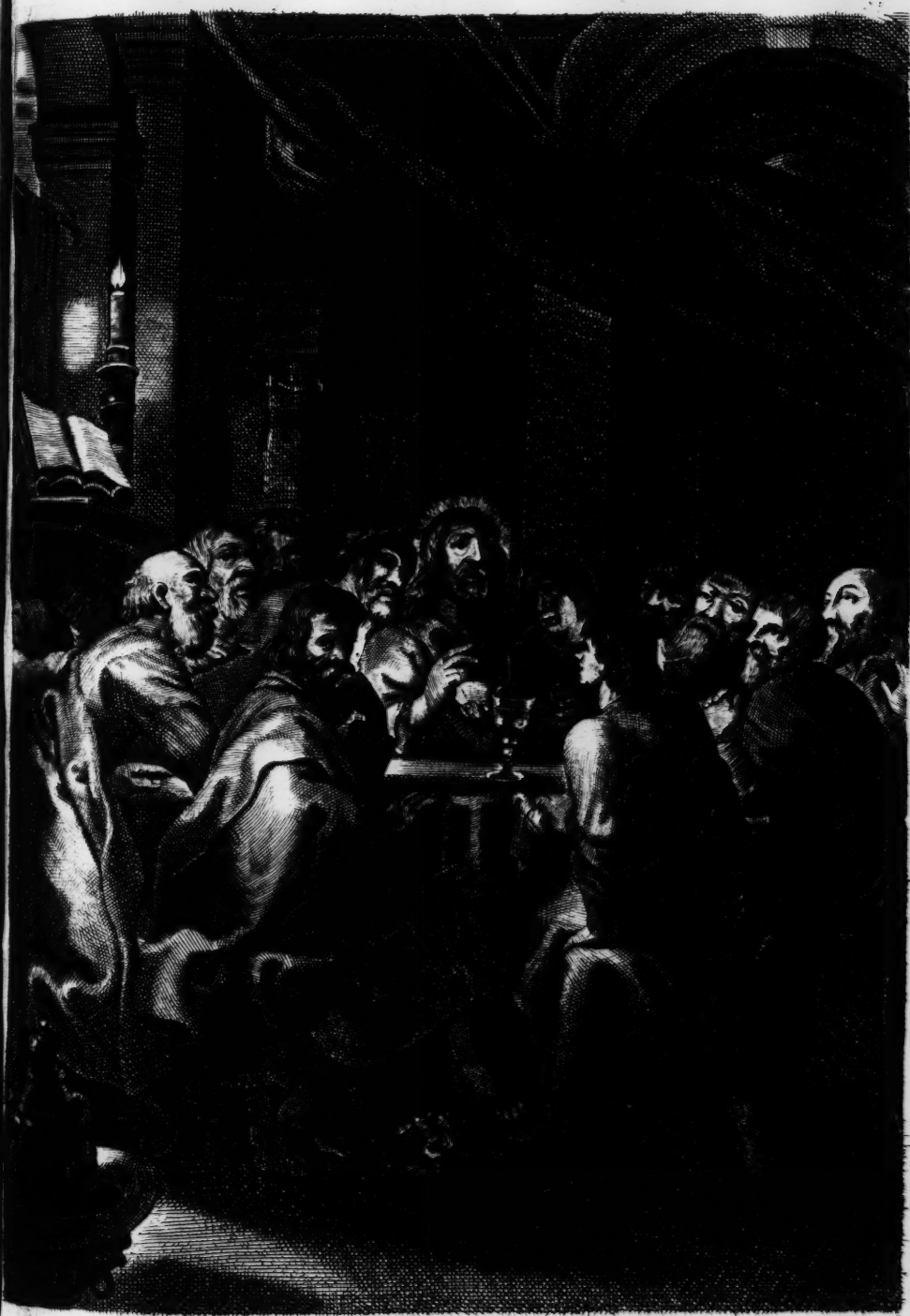
Drink

390

600

610

620



Book: 8: pag: 276.

Mat 26  
Mar 14  
Luc 22

*The Lord's Supper. instituted.*

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Drink *all* of this, as *all* receiv'd the *Bread* !  
 I go, the *Traitor* and my *Fate* I know,  
 But *woe* to that *lost Wretch* by whom I go !  
 He's *lurking* here, his *Hand* is on the *Board*,  
 He *eats* my *Bread*, and yet *betrays* his *Lord* !

Each, *jealous* for himself with *honest* care,  
 Trembling enquires if he the *Traitor* were ?  
*Isca*riot with the rest, *guilt* in his *Eyes*

And *double-faultring Tongue*-- Our *Lord* replies,  
 630 Thy self thou know'st, and canst too well *divine* ;  
 To these my *Friends* the *Sop* shall be the *Sign*.  
 He, that receiv'd, departs, and leaves the rest : }  
 Whole *Satan* in his *avaritious Breast* : }

Himself to th' wav'ring *Sanhedrim* address.  
 This fair occasion soon decides the *strife*,  
 The *Traitor* bargains for his *Masters Life*.  
 The few good *Men*, who fearless did remain,  
 Against the *Stream* a while, stood firm in *vain*, }  
 And when no more they cou'd their ground maintain, }

640 *Protesting*, left the *House* ; the *Wretch* demands  
 A *Band* of *Men*, and safely to their *Hands*  
 He'd him deliver, he his *Haunts* did know,  
 And cou'd to th' very place directly go :  
 He thirty *Pieces* only asks, *Content*  
 To serve 'em for the small *Acknowledgment*.  
 Ravish'd with *wicked Joy* they all provide,  
 Eager to follow their *accursed Guide* :  
 Mean while our *Lord*, well knowing *Grief* and *Fear*  
 Opprest his *Friends*, his fatal *Hour* so near ;

650 Thus, *Sad* himself, to them did *Comfort* give :  
 " Let not your *Hearts* be troubled, but *believe* !

I go, so wills high *Heav'n*, but do not fear,  
 I'll *Love* and *Guard* you *there* as well as *here* !  
 I go before, nor can I, if I stay,  
 To those *bright Mountains*, mark the *shining Way* ;  
 Tho' *absent*, still I'll love you, still as *dear*,  
 If *faithful* still, as when I taught you *here*.  
 I the blest'd *Paraclete* will shortly send,  
 The *wisest Advocate*, the *gentlest Friend* ;

660 Him nought but *Sin* can from the *Breast* remove,

I never

John 14.1,  
&c.

O never, never grieve the *spotless Dove* ! to his dear  
 If he your *Friend*, you may with *smiles* despise  
 The weak *Efforts* of your worst *Enemies* :  
 The *World* will hate you, (me it did, wou'd you  
 Escape ?) the kindest thing the *World* can do !  
 Lives *ruffling* *Storms* the greatest *Friends* will be,  
 If home they drive you to your *Selves* and *Me*.  
 Firm to my *Cause*, and each to other stand !  
 A *Band* of *Friends*, a glorious deathless *Band* !  
 --Yet soon, unguarded left, you'd *Men* be shown,  
 To me far better than your *Selves* you're known :  
 Too weak your boasted *Faith* and *Courage* all,  
 You'd by th' *unequal Tempter* baffled fall :  
 Forsake my *Cause*, unguarded leave my *Side*,  
 Your *Master* and your *Faith* at once deny'd.  
 --When *Cephas* thus abrupt--- Lord, I can die  
 For thy dear *Name*, but not thy *Name* deny :  
 As much the rest, with virtuous *Grief* and *Pain*,  
 They, so abject a baseness, all disdain.  
 When *Jesus* thus-- Agen, your *hearts* I know,  
 And whether are deceiv'd, th' *Event* will show :  
 For You who such a *Champion* now appear,  
 And more than all the rest remov'd from *fear* ;  
 Thrice, e'er this mournful *Morn* its beams display,  
 E'er thrice the watchful *Fowl* has warn'd the *Day* ;  
 So weak when left to your own *strength* you are,  
 My *Name*, my very *Knowledge* you'll forswear.  
 But tho' th' *infernal Foe* so fierce assail,  
 And hopes on all my *House* he shall prevail,  
 I've pray'd-- Your *Faith* may shake, but shall not fail.  
 O righteous *Father* hear ! thy *Will* I've shown  
 To those thou gav'st me --- O preserve thy own !  
 The *World* I leave to thy wise *Will* resign'd,  
 But these, a part of me, still leave behind.  
 O Guard 'em there, all intimately one,  
 Like thee, O righteous *Father*, and the *Son* !  
 Let thy bright *Image* ever on them shine,  
 Full fill'd with *Grace*, and *Love*, and *Joy* divine !  
 'Till the vain dazled *World* confounded see,  
 That these from me came forth, as I from thee !

Matth. 26.  
34

690

690

690

700

The

The genuine Glories of fair *Virtue* own,  
*Ay- Beaming-bright* from thy illustrious *Throne* :  
 When *Life's* dull Scene is past, and wretched *Days*,  
 Thither, O thither thy true *Servants* raise !  
 A double *Heav'n* to them, to see and share,  
 Their happy *Friends* immortal *Glories* there !  
 Thro' me to them shall all thy *Goodness* shine,  
 Theirs all the *Glory*, all the *Love* that's mine ;  
 What I with thee enjoy'd *Eternal Ages* past,  
 710 The same which shall to long *Eternal Ages* last.

He said, then o'er deep *Kidron's Brook* and *Plain*,  
 To sweet *Gethsemane* he leads again,  
 With *Cephas* and the *Zebedean Pair*--  
 He seeks 'ith' *Shades* a close *retirement* there.  
 The rest without, nor e'en to these he talks,  
 But silent all, deep-meditating walks ;  
 As gentle *Philomel* sits musing long,  
 Before she ease her *Sorrows* with a *Song* :  
 At length, thus with a *Sigh* that rends his *Breast*,  
 720 ---O my distracted *Heart* with *Grief* oppress ;  
 Heavy as *Deaths* *Dead-weight*, with loads of *Care*,  
 Too heavy for *Humanity* to bear.  
 Why shou'd you any further with me go ?  
 Why shou'd my *Friends* share my contagious *Woe* ?  
 Wait here awhile, altho' in vain you wait,  
 For who can be too vigilant for *Fate* ?

He says, and thrusts into the deepest *Shade*,  
 Where on the *Ground* he fell and prostrate pray'd :  
 Never such *Griefs*, as thou for *Us* didst prove !  
 730 Never such *Woes*, O agonizing *Love* !  
 Amazing *Sorrows*, which we can't conceive,  
 But think the *God* eclips'd, the *Man* did leave :  
 O *Father*, O, if possible it be,  
 Unbounded *Might* ! what is not so to thee ?  
 The *Saviour* cries, as on his *Face* he lay ;  
 O take this *Cup*, this bitter *Cup* away !  
 The *Wrath* divine unmixt this *Cup* contains,  
 And with *infernal* *Poison* burns my *Veins*.  
 'Tis not, alas, a single *Death* I dread ;  
 740 How calmly cou'd I lean my weary *Head*

On the cold *Earth*, and common *Mothers* breast?  
 How gladly *sleep* away to *endless Rest*?  
 'Tis not a *publick Death* -- Ev'n that I'd scorn,  
 Tho' that of *Slaves*, on the curst *Gibbet* born;  
 Shameful and *infamous*, I'd ne'r complain,  
 Nor fear the *Pomp* of *Death*, beyond the *Pain*.  
 My frowning *Fathers Wrath*-- There, there's the *Curse*;  
 Than *Pain*, than *Shame*, than *Death*, than *Hell*, 'tis worse.

O can I, must I be from him remov'd,  
 Whom I've from long *eternal Ages* lov'd?  
 Never *offended*, never saw his *Brow*  
 With *Frowns* disguis'd, nor *Clouds* obscur'd till *now*.  
 What has thy fond *prevarication* cost,  
 Weak *Man*, to gain the *Eden* thou hast lost?  
 Yet if no other *Way* *Heav'n's Wrath* t' atone,  
 The *Victim* I the *Sacrifice* alone,  
 T' appease my *injur'd Father*, Lord I yield!  
 Nor longer shall refuse the *dreadful Field*:  
 For this, by thee to the lost *World* I'm sent,  
 I can't my *Love* t' unhappy *Man* repent:  
 Ah, Lov'd he thee as well, *Ungrate!* to cure  
 His *Wounds*, more *Deaths*, more *Passions* I'd endure.

750

760

What mortal *Pains* did then the *Saviour* feel?  
 As *Hearts* when trembling on the pointed *Steel*:  
 What deep *convulsive Agonies* he found,  
 Which every part of *Soul* and *Body* Wound?  
 The comely *Order*, they of both displace;  
 Large *Clods* of *Sweat* and *Blood* roll mingled down his *Face*.  
 As much as *Man* cou'd do, as much and more,  
 Already he, without a *murder* bore;  
 Had but all *Earth* and *Hell* their *Forces* join'd,  
 Not *Heav'n* too in th' *Triple League* combin'd,  
 Ev'n in this mortal *elemented State*,  
 His *Virtues* had been equal to their *weight*:  
 But 'twas *Heav'n* crush'd him; *Heav'n*, severe, yet just,  
 Which bruise'd his *Adamantine Soul* to *Dust*.  
 It long'd to sally from its dark *abode*,  
 Press'd with our *Sins*, a vast, an odious *Load*.  
 He can no more, but in th' *unequal Strife*,  
 Had, with his very *Being*, lost his *Life*;

770

780  
If

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Book: 8: pag: 281.

Mat: 6  
Mar: 14  
Luc: 2

*The Angel in the Garden.*

If longer h' had maintain'd the Field alone:  
 Th' *Eternal Father* heard, he heard him groan  
 And shake *whole Natures Frame* —  
 To his *Relief* a mighty *Angel* sent,  
 On the great *Embassie* he wond'ring went;  
 Did *Flow'rs* of *Eden* to our Lord convey,  
 And kneel'd to him, as he to *Heav'n* did pray,  
 And wip'd the big-round Drops of *sanguine Sweat* away.  
 --Enough, the *Saviour* Cries, thy *Service* spare,

780 I'm not all lost, my *Father* yet takes care  
 Of his weak *mortal Son* --- All, all agen,  
 And more, if possible, I'd bear for *Men*;  
 For *Men*, he struggling prays, nor prays in vain,  
 Tho' strength renew'd, but more renews his *Pain*.

Here, here let *boasting Greece* her *Heroes* bring,  
 How far excell'd by *Salem's peaceful King*?  
 Ev'n him who over *Oeta-Hill* did rove,  
 His *Veins* all fir'd, the fabled *Son of Jove*;  
*Alcides* self unequal Match for *Pain*:

790 He rav'd at *Fate*, and strugled with his *Chain*.  
 --*Saviour* forgive! 'Tis almost *Blasphemy*,  
 To name at once their *spurious Gods* and *Thee*.  
 Thou only like thy self-- What *Demon* dare,  
 What wretched *Man* with thee, true *Son of God* compare?  
 O, of *Celestial Stem*! O hear our *Pray'r*!  
 Thro' all the *World* let *Vice* and *Discord* cease,  
 And blest with lasting *Virtue*, lasting *Peace*!

Mean while the three *sad Friends* with *sleep* oppress'd,  
 Which seiz'd their *Eyes*, as *Sorrow* seiz'd their *Breast*;  
 800 On the soft natural *grassie Couch* reclin'd,  
 Stole *Ease* at once for *Body* and for *Mind*:  
 To whom our Lord, return'd--- Is't thus you prove  
 Your boasted *Courage*, and your boasted *Love*?  
 Is't thus for all my *Care* you me reward?  
 And can't you, one *short Hour* your Master guard?  
 But if already you my *Name* disown,  
 Yet watch, if not for my sake, for your own!  
 O watch and pray! never such cause for fear,  
 The *Hour's* at Hand, th' invading *Tempter's* near:

Thence back our Lord did to the Shades repair ;  
 The self-same *fervor* and the self-same *Pray'r*,  
 The *Posture* too the same, *repeating* there.

820

*Twice* did repeat, as oft his *Friends* he found,  
 In *Sleep* alike, and stubborn *Sorrows* drown'd;  
 At last returning -- Now *sleep on*, he cries,  
 And if you can, *indulge* your *drowsie Eyes* !  
 I *sleep no more*, till the great *Ransom's* paid ;  
 The *Hour* is come -- The Son of *Man's* betray'd :  
 -- Yet I'll not leave you thus -- My *Care* you'll see  
 Employ'd for you, altho' not *yours* for me.  
 Once more *arise*, and wisely learn to *fear*,  
 Fate hastens on amain, the *Traytor's* here.

830

This scarcely said, the rest, who'd frightened seen  
 Th' approaching *Lights* and *Guards*, came trembling in ;  
 Yet not so *swift*, but the mad *Crowd* appear,  
 As soon as they, or mingled in their *Rear* :  
 Fearless our Lord, *himself* doth *interpose*,  
 Between his tim'rous *Friends* and spiteful *Foes*,  
 Now only *Man* t' encounter, well he knew :

He knew and learn'd the worst that *Man* cou'd do.  
*Undaunted* asks, they more than he affraid,  
 Whom *there* it was they *sought* -- What *there* they *made* ;  
*Jesus*, they cry'd -- If that your *bus'ness* be,  
 No farther seek, he answers, *I am He*.

840

O what a *Guard* is *Virtue* ! by the sound  
 Of those *Majestic Words*, struck back, they fell to th' *Ground*.  
 Yet stubborn role, agen they *forward* go,  
*Obdurate*, *stun'd*, not *soften'd* by the *Blow*.

Agen our Saviour asks, and they the same  
*Bold Words* repeat, agen he owns his *Name*.

850

If me you only seek, let *these* depart,  
 Mildly he adds ; his *Friends* still near his *Heart*.

This fervent *Cephas*, more impatient saw,  
 And his broad *Sword* did from his *Scabbard* draw ;  
 Amongst the foremost flew, who e'er he found,  
 Not *sparcs*, but deals swift doubled *Strokes* around :  
 The scatt'ring *Crowd* avoids, nor cares t' engage  
 His *forward Zeal*, thus arm'd with *desp'rate Rage*.  
*Malchus* alone stood firm ; a *Servant* he

Of



Mat: 26  
Mar: 14

Book: 8: pag: 282.

Christ betrayed by Judas & apprehended

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- 860 Of some Remark, 'ith' Pontiff's Family,  
 Against his *warmth* oppos'd his single Might.  
 --Nor *Cephas* this, who dar'd whole Armies fight;  
 But when before almost h' had look'd him dead,  
 One furious Blow he makes full at his Head,  
 Nor scap'd his Ear; tho' bending he gave way,  
 But bleeding on the Ground, *dismember'd* lay.  
 --Thus far, our Saviour cries, *Endure!* to show,  
 What if I pleas'd my faithful Friends cou'd do!  
*Cephas!* return thy Sword! stay thy fierce Hand,  
 870 Cou'd I not Legions of bright Spirits command  
 To my Relief? They Know, they Love me still--  
 --But 'tis not my Almighty Father's Will:  
 He said, and did the wounded Ear restore,  
 A golden Circle, where the Scar before.

Till now, not dar'd the Trait'rous Wretch appear,  
 But shelter'd in the Crowd his Guilt and Fear;  
 Thus mild our Saviour seen, as Villains use,  
 His Goodness he takes courage thence t' abuse.

- In Friendship's Vizard hides his odious Guile,  
 880 And base, accosts him with a Kiss and Smile:  
 This only did the patient Jesus say,  
 -- Ah! miscalld Friend! Is't thus you me betray?  
 That mark once giv'n, by the false Wretch assign'd,  
 That they in Night's dark Shades our Lord might find,  
 From all the rest the Crowd him seize and bind;  
 And hurry thence, his scatt'ring Household fly  
 As heartless Sheep, the Wolf or Robbers nigh,  
 Their faithful Guide, or absent thence, or slain;  
 Ev'n *Cephas* flies, now all his Boast's in vain:

- 890 In vain at his own Fear and Baseness grieves,  
 He flies, but scarce himself his Flight believes.

So when two Kings for Empire or for Right,  
 In glitt'ring Arms meet on the Mounds to fight?  
 If one by his chief Minister betray'd,  
 And seiz'd by th' adverse part, his Host affraid,  
 Fly scatt'ring o'er the Plains themselves to hide,  
 The Base and Brave alike born by th' impetuous Tide:  
 If with the rest some Kinsman to the Throne,  
 In Battles and in Triumphs hoary grown,

Is hurry'd thence, he from the *Rabble* free,  
 Stands *firm*, near some strong *Pass*, or *Defile* :  
 Looks on his *Sword* and *Blushes* -- Musing stands,  
 Looks on his *Ensigns*, and victorious *Hands* ;  
*Rallies* and *Fights*, till all his *Guards* are gone,  
 " He *Raves* as he goes *back*, and *shakes* as he goes *on*.

900

The while our *Saviour* to the *Hall* they bear,  
 With *Scoffs* abuse, with *Blows* torment him there :  
 Of the dull *Rabbles Wit* the patient *Theme*,  
 They spit with Mouths *impure*, and then *Blasphe*me ;  
 Such *Guards* the *King* of *Earth* and *Heav'n* attend,

910

None of his *Follo'ers* there besides his *Friend* ;  
 He, tho' at first he *fled* among the *rest*,  
 Yet, soon return'd, his *Master*, bold confess'd,  
 And pleads him *innocent*. -- With much of *Fear*,  
 Comes *Cephas* after, slowly' approaching near  
 The *Palace-Gate* ; and when he there was seen  
 By the *Great Friend*, his *Int'rest* gets him in :  
 Trembling, he follows his *courageous Guide*,  
 With *care* from every *Eye* his face to hide ;  
 To all reveal'd by that *suspicious Care* ;  
 The *Porter* asks, if he too was not *there* ?  
 Unless he strangely is mistaken, he

920

A *glimpse* of him did in the *Garden* see.  
 --The *tim'rous Saint* replies, and strait withdrew,  
 Him till this *Hour* I never *saw* nor *knew* ;  
 --But still where e'er he goes his *Fears* pursue :  
*Charg'd* with the *same* agen, the *same* replies,  
 And all as *fir*mly as before *denies* :

Nor long before a *Third* did him accule,  
 His *Idiom* diff'rent from the other *Jews* :

930

*Rustic* and *gross*, betray'd his *Country*, He  
 Was doubtless bred in *factious Galilee* :

When press'd thus home and full, he *Curs'd*, he *Swore*,  
 Sure then, he thought they'd ne'er *suspect* him more.

So *God* to me, he cries, as this is true,

As him before I never *saw* or *knew*.

Scarce from his *perjur'd Lips* the *Words* were born,  
 E'er thrice the watchful *Fowl* proclaim'd the *Morn* :

The *Saviour* turn'd, the *tim'rous Saint* stood by,

And

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Book: 8: pag: 285.

Mat: 26  
Mar: 14  
Lc: 18

*Christ brought before Caiaphas.*

940 And on him fix'd his mild, but piercing Eye.  
He did no more, nor Cephas more did need;  
Soon did his honest Heart begin to bleed;  
Within their Banks his Sorrows cou'd not keep,  
But sought a close Retirement where to weep;  
There did, with Seas of Tears, his Fall deplore,  
And wash'd his Breast e'en whiter than before.

And now the guiltless Criminal is brought,  
Bound, to th' unjust Tribunal; long they fought  
To murder him upon some fair pretence,

950 But cou'd not find one Thorough-Evidence:  
All Arts they use; now this, now that they try,  
Now Charge with Treason, then with Blasphemy:  
Yet nothing prove; too little, or too much  
Still Sworn, nothing that yet his Life cou'd touch:  
Enrag'd, the wicked Caiaphas arose,  
His Thirst of Blood, each Word each Action shows;  
Blood in each Line of his distorted Face,  
Murd'rous his Looks, revengeful, mean and base:  
How long must we on this Impostor wait,

960 Foaming, he cries? -- Confess, and meet thy Fate!  
What Blasphemies? what Treasons? quickly show,  
In vain thou wou'dst deny what all Men know,  
What we can prove -- Then better own it all,  
-- There may be Mercy -- Where your last Cabal?  
When you're to pull the Roman Ensigns down,  
And when the Temple seize, and fire the Town?

Mildly our Saviour, no resentments shown  
At such loud Falshoods -- Well may I disown  
Such Calumnies as not your selves believe--

970 But since unlikely 'tis you shou'd receive  
Ev'n Truth it self from me; I but desire  
From those that heard me, fairly you'd enquire:  
Secret Cabals I never lov'd nor sought,  
No dang'rous private Doctrines ever taught:  
My Words the Synagogues and Temple know,  
From thence my Blasphemy and Treason show!

He said, when one o'th' Zealots factious Race, \*  
With a rude Halbert strikes his heav'nly Face:  
Is that an Answer? adds, for you to give

His

His Holiness ? Why shou'd such Wretches live ? 980  
 Our Lord -- Still Patient, and unconquer'd still,  
 Declare 't, if ought I've said that's false or ill !  
 If well, why have I such hard measure found  
 In open Court ? Why am I struck when bound ?  
 Agen, the Pontiff rose -- One way did rest,  
 To force the fatal Secret from his Breast :  
 If thou the Sacred promis'd Seed, he said,  
 From Ages, doom'd to crush the Serpent's Head ;  
 The destin'd Prince for Israel's mighty Throne,  
 Why dost thou longer thy high Birth disown ? 990  
 By our conceal'd unutterable Name,  
 With whom thou dost ambitious Kinred claim,  
 I adjure thee speak -- Then the Dispute is done :  
 We'll own thee all -- Art thou th' Almighty Son,  
 The Christ of God ? Our Saviour -- Tho' I take  
 Your whole Design ; and know what use you'll make  
 Of my Confession : yet I'll not deny  
 My self, nor my great Kinred in the Sky :  
 -- Whom now you see, and a weak Mortal scorn,  
 The Son of Man, to your Tribunal born ; 1000  
 When High-enthron'd in boundless Light and Bliss.  
 As he at yours you shall appear at His.  
 With a curs'd Joy -- 'Tis past, the Pontiff cry'd ;  
 He's ours -- Now Fathers ! are you satisfy'd ?  
 -- That all his doating Followers were but near,  
 His own'd, his publick Blasphemies to hear !  
 The Fact is plain, if Sence it self be true :  
 Speak Fathers ! and I'm sure you'll Justice do.  
 -- Their black united Suffrage rends the Skies ;  
 Yes -- The Blasphemer dies : he dies, he dies ! 1010  
 The Court adjourn'd, to Pilate's Palace went,  
 Mix'd with the Crowd, t' accuse the Innocent :  
 Dust on their Heads they fling, and Dust i'th' Air,  
 And thence with many a Curse our patient Saviour bear.

The End of the Eighth Book.

# NOTES

ON

## The LIFE of CHRIST

### BOOK VIII.

2. **A**ND from High-Towers the sacred Trumpet blows.] *Josephus* says, The Priests were us'd to give warning by the Sound of a Trumpet, from the Towers of the Temple, against any approaching Festival.

9. From those fair Fields, with Rivers circled wide.] *Mesopotamia*.

12. The Realms of Monobaze and Helen fair.] *Monobazus* was the Son of *Izates*, the famous Profelyte of whom *Josephus* gives such large Encomiums. *Helena* was Queen of the same Country, who was a great Benefactor to *Jerusalem*, and, after her Death, had a stately Tomb, near the City, erected to her Memory.

21. Strong Sephoris.] See *Josephus's* Description of that Town and its Siege.

24. At proud Herodian Feasts.] A stately Palace built by *Herod the Great*, near *Jordan*, and called by his own Name; as another he had in *Jerusalem*.

43. What *Moses* or the Elders did enjoin.] The Cup of Benediction, and the Bread, were added to the Passover by the Successors of *Moses*; or rather, being at first only civil, and necessary to a Meal, were, in process of time, reckoned sacred, because so nearly joined with what was so.

65. The servile Gods.] 'Tis *Cowley's* Thought, who calls the *Demon* so, because obedient to the Charms of Magicians.

67. Athens, which did from Egypt first convey, &c.] *Herodotus* says, the Greeks had all their Gods from *Egypt*, and the *Athenians* were the chief Traders in those Commodities. Some of these, its not improbable, might be at the Feast, since many came much farther to it.

112. No Merits, no Reward.] I take the Word *Merit* here, in the old Orthodox Sence, not implying either Condignity, or a proper Congruity, except when restrained to our Saviour, who had both; but only for such Qualifications as will be accepted of God, for the sake of his Son, wrought in Believers by his Blessed Spirit.

131. A Miracle he works to chain their Sense.] He had done so before, and its probable might now repeat it.

152. His Foes scarce more than he himself secure.] 'Tis said, the Pharisees feared the People; and were not for seizing our Saviour on the Feast day, lest there should be an Uproar among the People. But their own natural Levity soon made them alter their Opinions.

170. From every Squadron.] If there's a Hierarchy in Heaven, there is, in all likelihood, a sort of Polity too in Hell, where we read of the Prince of the Devils, &c.

203. Each conceal, — Lest some kind Angel.] An Angel being but a finite Creature

Creature, cannot have infinite Knowledge, whence it seems possible, that the wicked Spirits may conceal their ill Designs from them.

246. *Nor trembled, ev'n at mighty Pompey's Name.* ] Who, in his time, came to Jerusalem. See the Story in *Joseph. Antiq.*

247. *Scarce half his Power.* ] Old Hircanus, and the rest, had the Sacred and Civil Power, united, being both High-Priests and Kings.

251. *If ought by Herbs and powerful Names b' has done.* ] The Rabbies talk much of the Power of Charms, and profess the Knowledge of 'em. They pretend they deduce from Solomon. *Josephus* tells a very grave Story, as if he believed it, of one who did strange things with an Herb, casting out Devils, and bringing Persons to Life again when they lay senseless. The Jews have a foolish Tale, that our Saviour wrought all his Wonders (against the Reality of which, it seems, they have nothing to say,) by Virtue of the Tetragrammaton, sowed up in his Thigh.

294. *On their Impostor the whole World believe.* ] According to that Saying of theirs, *The whole World is gone after him.*

300. *By a vile Earth born Race.* ] The Rabbies call the sort of Vulgar, *Terra Filii*, Sons of the Earth.

324. *Rulers and Warriors.* ] So says *Matchiavel*; who understood the Christian Religion so ill, that he says, it makes Men mean-spirited, and is an Enemy to Magnanimity and Glory.

333. *Clogg'd with unnatural Laws and Mystery.* ] I've endeavour'd to make Caiaphas as good a Spokesman for the Atheists and Deists as I possibly could; tho I hope *Josephus* fully answers every part of his Argument.

339. *Nor more the Heathen or Samaria dares.* ] The Samaritans did commonly put Affronts on the Jewish Temple; once particularly, *Josephus* says, they came in the Night-time and scattered Bones about it, which occasioned a great Tumult.

418. *When the Oraculous Ephod us'd to shine.* ] Some think the way whereby the Ephod deliver'd Oracles, was the shining of certain Stones, in the Breast-plate, above the rest; which the Jews own'd was ceas'd during the Second Temple. Therefore I say, *us'd to shine.*

431. *Twice spoke in Thunder.* ] Once at Jordan, and once at the Feast; indeed there was a third Attestation in the same manner, at Mount Tabor, at the Transfiguration; but this *Josephus* could not be suppos'd to know, because the three Disciples only were Witnesses of it, and forbidden to disclose it before the Resurrection.

478. *All Time, and Place, and Ages him confess.* ] *Vid. infra.*

479. *All wait him now.* ] I have shewn formerly, from the Heathen Writers, that some extraordinary Person was, at this time, expected by the whole World. I shall here insert a Passage out of *Plato*; which methinks, without the help of Fancy, looks very much that way: 'tis in his Dialogues, the Words are these, ἀναγνώστω, &c. "It is necessary that we expect till it may be learn'd how we ought to behave our selves towards God and man. Says the other, τίς ὁ ταύτῃς λόγος, &c. "But who is this Teacher? for I would most willingly acknowledge the Man. Answ. "This is he who takes care of thee: But it seems to me, as *Homer* makes *Minerva* take away the Cloud from the Eyes of *Diomedes*, ὅπως εὖ γινώσκῃς ἡνέκε δίδω ἡδὲ καὶ ἀνδράς, that he might be able to distinguish between a God and a man, so ought the Darkness to be first remov'd from thy Mind, &c.

524. *Who e'er did the three Principles deny.* ] I think 'tis demonstrable, that all Sects of Philosophers did own the three Principles, and consequently had some Notion of the Trinity, tho few of 'em wholly Orthodox. The Pythagoreans own, the first, second, and third ONE, the third partaking of the first and second. The same I could prove of others, out of *Plutarch*, nay *Julian* himself; but I remit the Reader to *Lib. vi.* Nor is there, that I know, any thing besides the Doctrine of the Trinity (on which the Incarnation depends) that's properly mysterious, I mean, not clear and fathomable by our Reason, when once revealed.

564. *Fig-Leaves like these ev'n Adam would not use.* ] He never pleaded Necessity for his Sin.

621. *Drink all of this, as all receiv'd the Bread.* ] This Passage confounds both  
Papists

*Papists* and *Deists*. The express Words of Institution are, *Drink ye all of this*; whereas the *Papists* deny the *Cup* to their *Laity*, or unconsecrated: and let any one, if they can, assign any tolerable Reason why this *All* should be added here, after the *Wine*, rather than the *Bread*; unless it be, that our Saviour *fore-saw* what would come to pass in *After-Ages*, and that such who pretended to be his Followers would give it only to *some*, not to *all*. And for the same cause, I suppose, is it also said in the Preface to the *Ten Commands*, *God spake all these Words*; because the Divine Spirit foreknew there would arise such Persons in *After-ages* as would be for taking *some* of those Words away; and a great part too, in the second Command. Whence the *Divine Authority* of the *Scriptures* seems fairly deducible, because neither of these vastly distant Events could possibly be foreseen by any *Humane Wisdom*.

977. *He said, when one o'th' Zealots factions Crew, — With a rude Halbert.* ] I make him of the *Zealots*, because 'twas so like 'em. The Word we render *Palm of the Hand*, bears another sence, a *Reed* or *Rod*, or some such thing; which I don't much alter by clapping an *Head* upon't, and changing it into an *Halbert*, a proper Weapon for one who guards Malefactors.

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P p

THE

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# THE ARGUMENT OF THE Ninth B O O K.

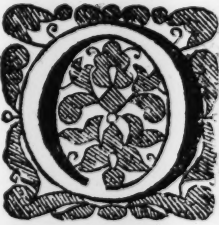
**T**HIS Book begins with a Complaint that Vertue is generally miserable in this World. Which is silenc'd by the Instance of our Saviour's Sufferings, who perfect Purity and Innocence. Who is accused before Pilate by the High-Priest and Elders; but nothing being proved against him, the Governour would have acquitted him. The Rabble, excited by the Priests, are eager for his Death. Pilate, hoping to divert 'em, hearing he was a Galilean, sends him to Herod; who, on his Silence, despises, derides, and returns him to the Governour. Whose Wife, having had a terrible Vision relating to him, sends to her Husband, by no means to concern himself in his Death. On which he laboured to deliver him, offering the Jews to give them his Life, as was usual at the Passover; but they refused it, and ask Barabbas, a Robber and Murderer; Till, by their repeated Tumults and Insinuations, that unless Pilate would grant their Desire, he must be disloyal to Cæsar. They at last prevail, and our Lord is scourged and condemned. He's mock'd by the Souldiers, crowned with Thorns, and, bearing his Cross, dragg'd to Execution. His Advice to the Matrons of Jerusalem, in his Passage through the dolorous Way: Where he faints under his Cross, and Simon coming by is compelled to assist him. Arrived at Calvary, he's crucified between two Malefactors. The Blessed Virgin, hearing the Rumour of her Son's being taken by the Rabble, follows him to Calvary; and finding him there, falls dead at the Sight. Is recovered by the Souldiers. Her Lamentation for the Death of her Son. Who being moved with her Sorrow, speaks to her from the Cross; and commends her to the Care of his Friend, Sr. John, who stood by him, and would never forsake him. The Discourse of the two Thieves with our Saviour. The Prodiges at Jerusalem. Our Saviour's Exclamation on the Cross, under the Sense of God's Anger for the Sins of the World. The Angels in Heaven enraged to see their Master thus used, one of them gives the Signal of War, Michael appears at their Head, and they are all ready to descend to his Rescue and destroy the World. The Father represses their Anger; letting 'em see the Book of the Eternal Decrees; and that 'twas necessary our Lord should die for the Sins of Man. At which being appeas'd, they return to their usual Posts and Employments. Our Saviour's last Agonies, his Thirst, receiving the Vinegar, and yielding up the Ghost.

THE

THE  
LIFE  
OF  
CHRIST:  
AN  
Heroic Poem.

BOOK IX.

The PASSION.

\*  Why was *Virtue* made to be *distrest*,  
Like *Noah's Dove* no place of *Ease* and *Rest*  
In this *tumultuous World* she ever found;  
By *Fortunes giddy Wheel* still dragg'd a-  
round:  
If not too, *Crush'd* on the *relentless*  
Ground.

Her best-lov'd *Children* mean and *humble* go,  
*Friendless* and *Poor*, contemptible and *low*;  
Expos'd to *pinching Want*, and *sharper Shame*;  
"O what is *Virtue* but an *empty Name*? \*

10 Presumptuous *Thoughts* no more! no more pretend!

P p 2

*BlaspHEME*

BlaspHEME not what you cannot comprehend !  
 What please high *Heav'n* till this dull *Life* be past :  
 Be this enough, 'twill not for ever last :  
*Short Joys*, who wou'd not gladly lose to find  
 A long long *Train* of happy *Years* behind ?

Yet murmurs *Flesh* and *Blood*, still discontented,  
 And asks, if only made to be tormented ?

If all this beauteous earthly *Paradise*,  
 Was only form'd as the reward of *Vice* :  
 If *Honour* on the virtuous wou'd not wear  
 As decently and well, and fit as fair ;  
 As on the vicious *Brow* --- Be this confess !  
 Nor is fair *Virtue* always here oppress :

20

*Eclipses* only make her shine more bright,  
 She lovelier looks in mingled *Shades* and *Light*.  
 Shou'd all this fail, there needs but one reply,  
 Ah ! murm'ring *Soul* ! and did not *Jesus* die ?

*Jesus*, in whom were admirably join'd,  
 The purest *Virtues*, and the noblest *Mind* ;  
 The greatest *Merits*, and the greatest *Pain*,  
 The tend'rest *Love* treated with worst *Disdain* :

30

Tho' all his *Life* one act of *Mercy* were,  
 Tho' all *Mankind* did so profusely share  
 The *Makers's* Bounty, and the *Saviour's* Care.

Unequall'd *Merit*, *Virtue* too sublime  
 And spotless *Innocence*, was all his *Crime* ;  
 That *Fame*, which wheresoe'er he went pursu'd,  
 To every *Desart Plain* or lonely *Wood* ;  
 Nor suffer'd him to be obscurely *Good* :

40

How oft the ravish'd *Crowd* with *Wonders* fed,  
 And feasted high on more than *Angels* bread ;  
 Had him degraded to an earthly *Crown*,  
 Whom all the bright *Etherial Kingdoms* own ;  
 Had he not us'd as oft one *Wonder* more,  
 To scape their *Kindness*, as their *Rage* before ;  
 And veil'd the *Clouds* too thick for piercing *Day*,  
 Glided unseen in secret *Shades* away :

Not so when the sad fatal *Hour* was come,  
 And *Heav'n* resolv'd to call its *Lieger* home :

John 6.15.

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Book 9. pag: 293.

Mat: 27  
Mar: 15

Christ before Pilate.

50 See where th' Almighty Judg of *Angels* stands  
Like a vile *Criminal* ! dishonest *Bands*,  
At once *restrain* and load his guiltless *Hands*.  
Born with the giddy *Crowds* tumultuous *Tide*,  
The very same who late *Hosanna's* cry'd ;  
Hark how their thick *hoarse* *Voices* rend the *Sky*,  
No *Word*, no *Sound* is heard, but *Crucifie* !  
*Sickness* it self forgets 'tis *weak* and *slow*,  
Ev'n *Children* which but newly learn'd to go ;  
Nay the *soft* *Sex* i'th' common *Cause* engage,  
60 Wild *Youth*, and manly *Strength*, and hoary *Age* :  
The same their *Malice*, and the same their *Cries*,  
The same wild *Fury* in their *Voice* and *Eyes* :  
Mild *Pity's* banish'd, *Mischief* fills its place,  
And *mur'drous* *Forms* in each *distorted* *Face* :  
Wide foaming *Rage*, black *Malice*, *Hatred* fell,  
And grinning *Envy*, best-lov'd Child of *Hell* ;  
Like furious *Beasts*, themselves and *Earth* they *tear*,  
And scatter *Dust*, loud *bell'wing* round the *Air*.

Luk. 23.18.

Acts 23.23.

The real *Fiends*, in mortal *Figures* drest,  
70 Which in amidst the *crowding* *Rabble* prest ;  
So *like*, you cou'd not *know* 'em from the *rest* ;  
Found no *Employment* there, the *Work* was done,  
No need of *Vipers* now to urge 'em on ;  
The *Priests* their place supply'd, the *foremost* they  
The great *immaculate* *Paschal-Lamb* to slay :  
Scarce had the *Sun* glanc'd on our *upper* *Skies*,  
E'er the wild *Rout*, so early *Spite* can rise,  
Were ready to behold the *Sacrifice* :

To *Pilate's* Gate, the guiltless *Victim* led,  
80 That *wrested* *Law* might strike him doubly dead :  
There with new *Shouts* the vast *Pretorium* shake,  
Which soon the frighted *Governor* awake ;  
He calls his *Guards*, and a *Centurion* sent,  
Who scarce cou'd learn what the rude *Tumult* meant :  
Amidst a num'rous *Crowd* with *Staves*, and *Swords*,  
And *Fury* arm'd, he heard no other words  
But *Justice*, *Justice* ! Let th' *Impostor* die !  
*Justice* ! *Rebellion* ! *Treason* ! *Blasphemy* !  
The *Judge* descends, the loud-mouth'd *Serjeants* call

Th'

Th' as loud *Accusers* to the *Judgment Hall*;  
 They dare not move a *Step*, *religious Fear*  
 John 18.28. Had chain'd 'em there -- The *Passover* was near.  
 Wretches, who strain at *Gnats*, at *Murders* smile:  
 And will not *guiltless Blood* far more defile!  
 Proud *Hypocrites*! thus fix'd at *Pilate's Gate*,  
 You still preserve your ancient *Pomp and State*;  
 Not you on him, but he on you must *Wait*.  
 He did, he saw with *Wonder* and *Surprize*,  
 The *guiltless Hero* doom'd a *Sacrifice*;  
 Grief, that cou'd never look with *better Grace*,  
 Mild *Majesty* enthron'd in his *sad Face*.  
 ---The *Roman* trembled, tho' unus'd to *Fear*,  
 His *Heart* presag'd something *Divine* was near.  
 Unmov'd, his *awful Prisoner* cou'd not see,  
 But look'd far more a *Criminal* than He:  
 Nor did of his *Accusers* *Pride* complain,  
 Since him he now *alone* might *entertain*.  
 But while without the *furious Rabble* stays,  
 With their loud *Curses*; him to th' *Hall* conveys,  
 And asks, more like *Petition* than *Command*,  
 If he the *King* of *Jury's* fertile *Land*?  
 The *promis'd Prince*, by each *Prophetic Sage*  
 Doom'd to restore the *blissful Golden Age*?  
 For we, he adds, have heard, tho' far remov'd,  
 His *future Fame*, have heard, admir'd and lov'd;  
 Of whose high *Deeds* *Cumæan Grotto's* ring, \*  
 And our great *Maro's Muse* divinely Sing.

To whom he thus --- Nor need the *Romans* fear,  
 John 8.30. Nor *Jews* suspect, my *Kingdom* is not here:  
 All earthly, worldly *Glories* I disdain,  
 And only over *Hearts* desire to *Reign*;  
 Truth there to plant, and *Error* to remove;  
 For this I leave my *Father's Throne* above  
 For an *ungrateful World* --- This only I  
 Propos'd when born, for this content to die.

Still more surpriz'd, the *Roman* to the *Gate*  
 Returns, where still the numerous *Rabble* wait;  
 Thirsty of *Blood*, for *Blood* they raving call, \*  
 And press both the great *Vulgar*, and the *Small*.

Unmov'd

Unmov'd and firm, the Governor remain'd,  
And asks for what so loudly they complain'd?  
What Crime so high, the Prisoner cou'd atone,  
By such a Death his mighty Guilt atone;  
Since all his Answers yet, discover'd none!  
Nor must the guiltless be by Noise oppress'd,  
Let one accuse, Be silent all the rest!

He said, when strait appears from forth the Croud,  
Vain Caiaphas still Cruel, Haughty, Proud;  
140 Supplying want of Reason, Truth and Sense,  
With a firm Brow and pompous Eloquence;  
And thus began --- We highly are content  
To plead our Cause, illustrious President,  
At your Tribunal; since we cannot fear,  
To find that Justice which is always here!  
Nor cou'd small Crimes so great a Concourse draw  
Against this Wretch, who wou'd our sacred Law  
Subvert, our glorious Temple overturn,  
20 And in unballow'd Fire, our Altars burn.

150 Since then the gen'rous Romans ne'er refuse  
To let their Friends, or happy Conquests use  
Their own Religious Rites; and since the Jews \*  
Unanimous and loud for Justice cry,  
And all demand that this Blasphemer die,  
As by our Law he ought, we can't suspect,  
Great Pontius shou'd our joint-desires neglect:  
Let then th' Impostor die, whose curs'd Design  
Is by the World to be esteem'd Divine:  
Let the Impostor die, we ask it all,  
160 Nor can our Altars stand, unless he fall.

He said, th' applauding People gave consent,  
And with loud Shouts the wide Pretorium rent:  
Still Pilat's firm: he knew 'twas envious Rage  
Did them, against the innocent engage;  
For now not first had he remark'd his Law  
And spotless Life, nor ought offensive saw;  
Ought that the Roman Jealousie cou'd move,  
His Life was Goodness, and his Law was Love.  
Patient and Meek, th' expecting Victim lies,  
170 As th' inn'cent Lamb prepar'd for Sacrifice;  
His Voice not heard, no loud Complaints or Cries,

Isai. 53. 7.  
Matth. 26.  
63.

No

No murm'ring Words, or sounds of Discontent ;  
 Gen. 22. 2. As guiltless *Yaac* to the *Altar* went :  
 Nor was the more by this their *Fire* allay'd,  
 His silent *Meekness* did their *Rage* upbraid ;  
 With their hoarse *Voices* still they rend the *Sky*,  
 Let the curs'd *Galilean Rebel* die :  
 Thro' all the *Land* he wild *Sedition* sows,  
 Whose fatal *Crop* so plentifully grows  
 In his own native *distant Fields*. Is he,  
 Then, *Pilate* strait replies, of *Galilee* --  
 Gladly the *Hint* he takes --- Your *Paschal Feast*,  
 He adds, has hither brought a *Royal Guest*.  
*Herod* himself, we must not interfere,  
 To him my *Guards* the *Criminal* shall bear ;  
 You *Fathers*, follow and accuse him there !  
 Away they murm'ring melt, can hardly stay  
 For *Forms* of *Law*, but curse this dull delay :  
 Him bound, proud *Herod* glad receives, for he  
 Well hop'd to feast his *Curiosity* ;  
 Some mighty *Work*, or glorious *Sign* to see,  
 By the great *Prophet* wrought ; and asks in vain  
 His *Birth*, his *Life*, his *Mission* and his *Reign* ;  
 How his *Authority* from *Heav'n* he prov'd ?  
 What *Crimes* the *Citizens* against him mov'd ?  
 He silent stood : Not so the follo'ing *Crowd*,  
 Who still pursue with *Clamours* fierce and loud ;  
*Rebellion* and *Apostacy* his *Charge*,  
 His *Guilt* confess'd, too open and too large  
 For *Proof* or *Plea* --- Still calm his *Looks* and *Mind*,  
 To his *Almighty Father's Will* resign'd :  
 His *Eyes* still fix'd on a far brighter *Throne*,  
 And in *Heav'n's Court* he pleads his *Cause* alone :  
 Is this the *Man*, the *Tyrant* cries with *Scorn*,  
 This *He*, our *Families* proud *Rival* born ? \*  
 How likely he to overturn a *State* ?  
 Below our *Vengeance*, and below our *Hate* !  
 Send *Heav'n* no greater *Foe* ! *Guards* ! quickly bring  
 Our *Royal Robes* t' adorn this mighty *King* :  
 His wish'd *Commands* they readily obey'd,  
 And him with speed in *Royal Robes* array'd ;

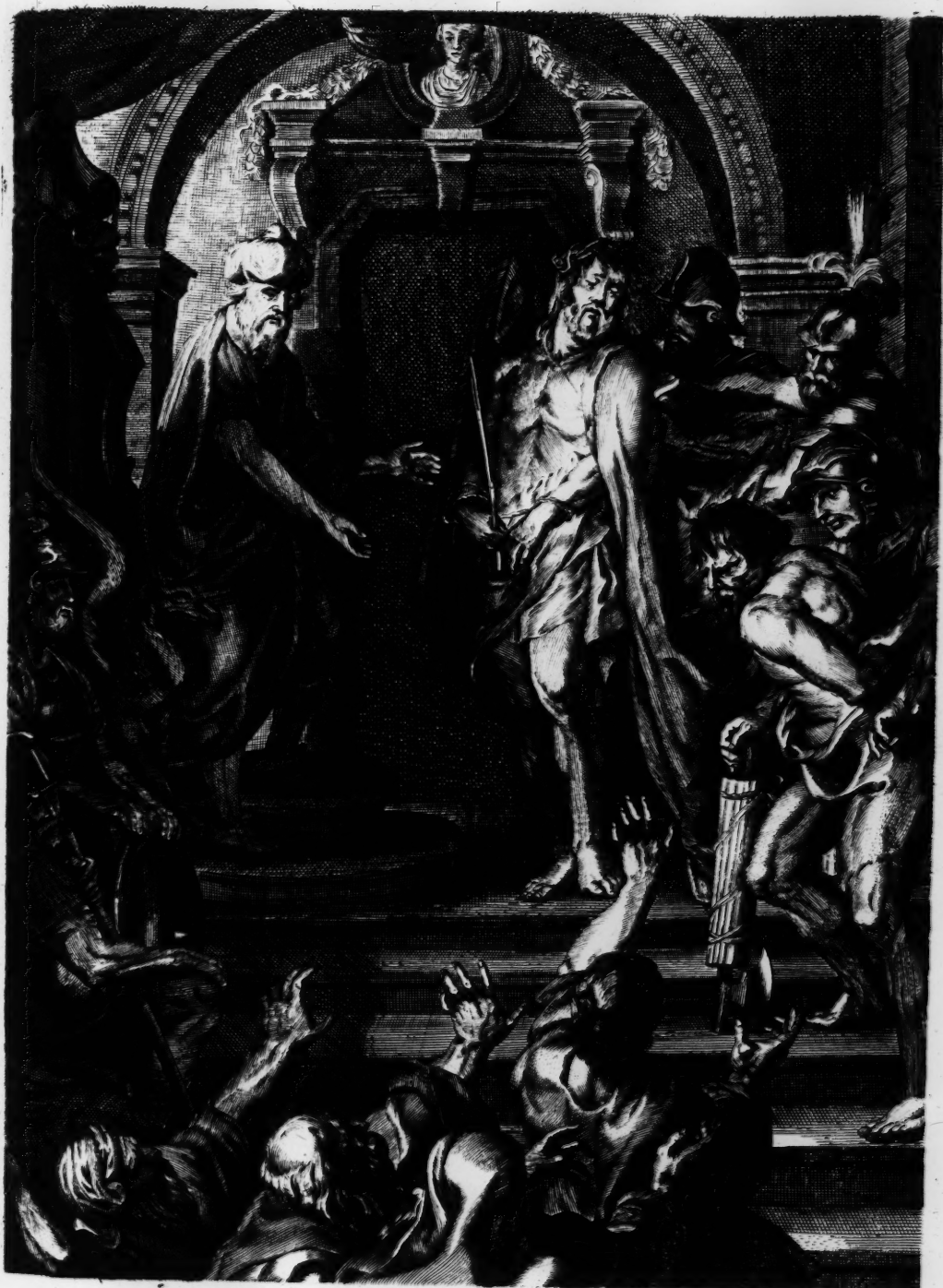
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Salute



Book 9. pag: 296.

Luc: 23  
Jo: 18

*Christ insulted by Herod.*

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Salute with *mock Devoir* and bended *Knee*,  
 And back to *Pilate* guard his *Majesty*:  
 The *Roman* found his *Stratagem* in vain;  
 Th' *unwieldy rolling Stone* recurs again:  
 The *People* throng the *Gates*, and threatening ask,  
 That he'd once more resume th' *ungrateful Task*:  
 All *Arts* he tries, *persuasion*, *flatt'ry*, *fear*;  
 Now *this*, now *that*, now *kind*, and then *severe*:

- 220 One *Method* more remain'd —  
 'Twas *usual* with the *Roman Clemency*,  
 At this *Great Day* one *Criminal* to free,  
 And grace their *Festal Joys* — It chanc'd that then,  
 A *Wretch*, alike by *God* abhorr'd and *Men*;  
 A *sturdy Rebel* he, of noted *Fame*,  
 With *Murder* mark'd, *Barabbas* was his name;  
 By *Justice* seiz'd, did in close *duration* wait,  
 Trembling his well-deserv'd *approaching Fate*:  
 Him *Pilate* offers to the *angry Jews*,  
 230 *Jesus* and him, and asks 'em which they'd *chuse*?  
 Since one whose *Crimes* admitted no *Defence*,  
 Was the best *Foil* for *spotless Innocence*:  
 One *peaceable* and *just*, and *mild* and *good*,  
 T' other with *Faction* branded, dipp'd in *Blood*.  
 Pity and *Justice* here almost prevail,  
 The *Elders* found their *Arts* began to fail;  
 New *Crimes*, new *Fears* among the *Vulgar* threw,  
 And ever *subtly* mingle *False* with *True*.  
 Ask 'em if those who wickedly contrive  
 240 Their *Temple* to *destroy*, they'd save *alive*?  
 If 'twere not height of *madness* to prefer,  
 A black *Blasphemer* to a *Murderer*?  
 By these inspir'd and *Hell*, they louder cry,  
 No — Let *Barabbas* live, and *Jesus* die!  
 The *Governor* agen, his *Anger* mov'd  
 At their *wild Rage* — What *Crimes* had yet been prov'd,  
 What *Cause* of *Death* demands? While thus they strive,  
 They to *destroy*, he to *preserve* alive,  
 His *Lady* of an *ancient House* and *Name*,  
 250 Unblemish'd *Vertue*, and unspotted *Fame*, \*

Mark 15. 7.

- To him, with hast on the *Tribunal*, sent  
 If not too late, the *Murther* to prevent,  
 Of one he knew so *just* and *innocent* :  
 Matt.27.19. For in a dreadful *Visions mystick Scene*,  
 (Avert th' *Ill-omens*, Heav'n! what e'er they mean)  
 She saw the *Angry Skies* begin to *lowr* ;  
 She saw the *Clouds* break in a fatal *Show'r*  
 Of *Fire* and *Blood*, which in whole *Rivers* pour  
 Upon a proud devoted *City* nigh;  
 And heard a *Voice*, a dreadful *Voice* on high!  
 "Remove from this curst *Place*, which to the *Sword* is given,  
 "They *Blood* for *Blood* shall pay, their *Fate* 's enroll'd in  
 This trembling *Pontius* heard, and labours more, [Heav'n:  
 Tho' still in vain, t' acquit him, than before  
 The *Tide* rolls high, and beats th' opposing *shore*.  
 Proud *Annas* leads 'em on, who *Moses's* Chair  
 Late fill'd, and did the *sacred Ephod* wear;  
 Who furious thus began ———  
 —Shall a weak *Womans* dreaming *Fears* prevail;  
 Her *Sentence* stand, and *Law* and *Justice* fail?  
 Is't thus the *Romans* rule, or can he be  
 Their *Friend*, who saves their greatest *Enemy*?  
 Who spares the *Wretch* whom we to *Justice* bring,  
 Whom *factious* *Crowds* lo oft have *Hail'd*, their *King*?  
 For this was *Cesars* *Prefect* hither sent;  
 Did he for this obtain the *Government*?  
 His *Rebels* thus to *rescue*, yet pretend,  
 T' adorn his *Province*, and be *Cesars* *Friend*?  
 Well, let false *Traytors* whom they please enthrone,  
 All other *Kings*, but *Cesar*, we disown!  
 Shock'd by this last *Attack*, tho' firm before,  
 The wav'ring *Roman* now cou'd bear no more:  
 He, prest, gave way to the impetuous *Flood*,  
 A *Traytors* name walk'd off with guiltless *Blood*.  
 Thus when fair *Jordan* do's his *Banks* o'er flow,  
 Whether his double *Spring* o'ercharg'd with *Snow*,\*  
 From Neighb'ring *Lebanon*, or *Lakes* below,  
 In *Subterranean Vaults*; thus strives a while  
 The painful *Husbandman* with fruitless *Toil*:

260

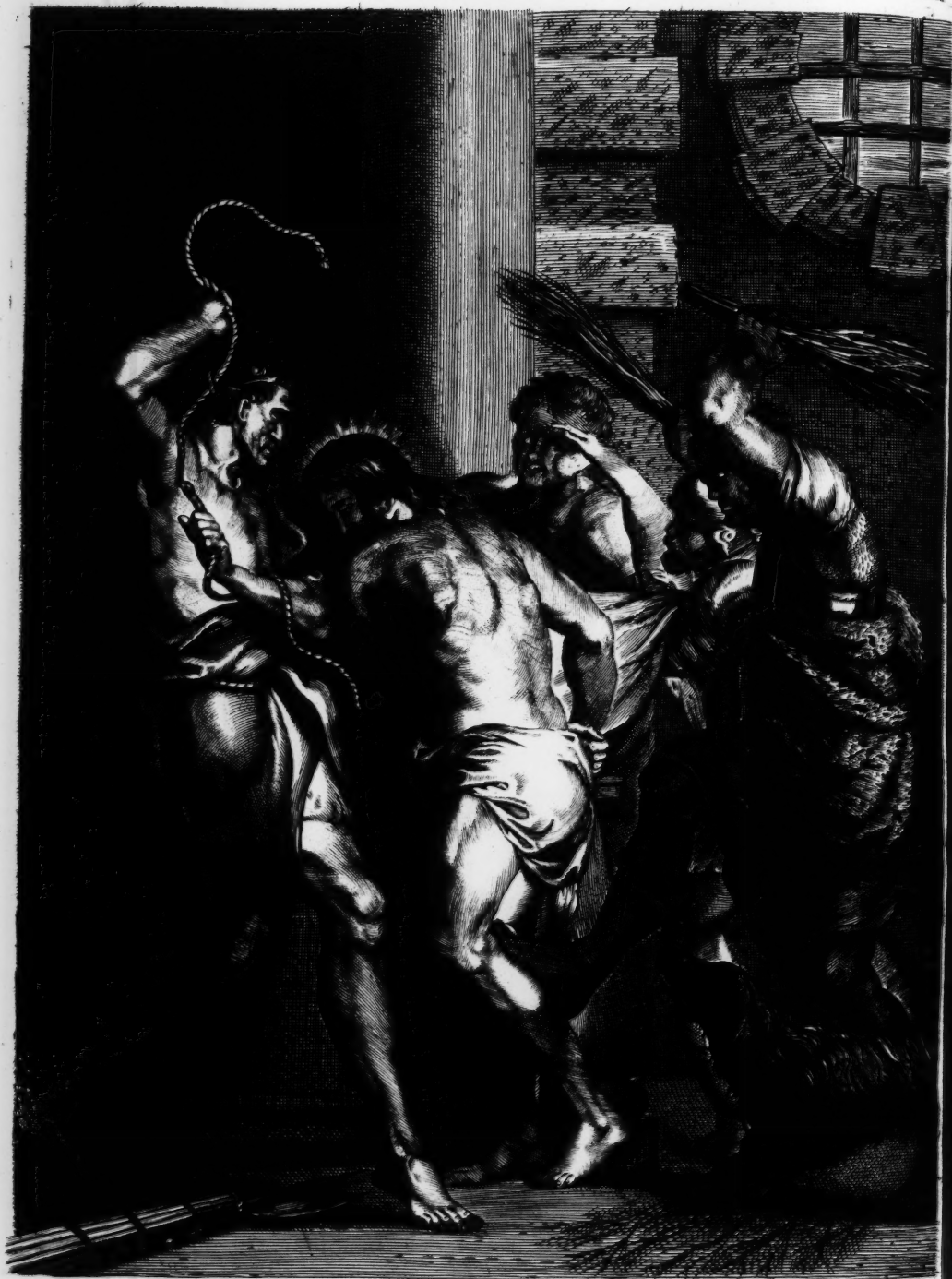
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Do's

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*Book 9. pag : 299.*

*The Scourging.*

*Mat: 27  
Mar: 15  
Luc: 22  
Jo: 19*

290 Do's, to his *Fury Banks* and *Dams* oppose;  
The *angry Stream*, thus *check'd* still *wilder* grows;  
And over all at last *resistless* flows:  
Whilst he, for *Life*, to some near *Hillock* flies,  
And back to th' *River* sadly turns his *Eyes*;  
Sees all his *Stock* destroy'd in one *short Day*,  
Sees all his *envy'd Riches* wash'd away;  
And *Beasts* and *Men* and floating *stacks* of *Corn*,  
And *House* and *Homestead*, down the *Current* headlong born.

Thus *Pilate* yields, nor longer cou'd engage

300 The *stubborn Crowd*, yet thus his *fruitless Rage*  
He vents — You've *Conquer'd* — I no more deny  
Your wicked *Wish* — The *Innocent* must die —  
But know a *speedy Vengeance* will pursue,  
And may it *light*, light heavy all on you!  
For thus I *wash my Hands* of the *foul Guilt*;  
Bear you his *Blood*, by you unjustly *spilt*:

Matt. 27. 24,  
25.

*Agreed*, they answer all, we're all content:

To bear the *Blood*, the *Guilt*, the *Punishment*;

We and our *Children* both. — *Wretches*, you shall,

310 When your proud *Tow'rs* and boasted *Temple* fall  
Beneath its *Weight*, when *Nemesis* divine,  
Still sure tho' *slow*, shall perfect *Heav'n's* design.  
On you, and all your curs'd *devoted Line*:  
*Blood* thro' your *Gates*, *Blood* thro' your *Streets* shall flow,  
Faster then *Kidron* in the *Vale* below;  
*Destruction* cross the *Stream*, triumphant stride,  
And *Death* sit crown'd upon the *Crimson Tide*.

Nor *Wretches*! can your deepest *Suff'rings* pay,  
For half the *horrid Crimes* of this *black Day*:

320 Whither, O whither, *Traitors* will you bring  
Your own *Liege Lord*, your *Saviour* and your *King*?  
How many *Wounds*, how many *Deaths* provide?  
See where his *innocent Hands* are rudely ty'd  
By the rough *Soldiers*! Where, at what they do,  
The very *Marble* weeps far more than you?  
What *Furrows* on his *Shoulders* deeply plough'd?  
What *drops*, what *rivulets*, what *streams* of *Blood*?  
How thro' the *Hall* repeated *strokes* resound,  
Kind *Stripes*, for us they *Cure*, tho' him they *Wound*;

His *Blood* a strange *Balsamic Pow'r* has shown,  
 It heals our fest'ring *Wounds*, but not his own;  
 Whilst with profoundest *Patience* all he bears,  
 And melts, or tires his *Executioners*.  
 O injur'd *Heir of Heav'n!* O Master spare  
 Thy self, for 'tis too much for *God* to bear!  
 Had we not better suffer *endless Pain*,  
 Than thou all this? O break th' *inglorious Chain!*  
 Like *Samson* snap those *Cords* thy *Arms* disgrace,  
 And scatter *Vengeance* thro' the faithless *Race*;  
 Keen *Rays of Light'ning-Glories* round thy *Head*,  
 And arm'd with *Thunder*, strike, or frown 'em dead!  
 — Ah no! Too well he knew the *Price* he gave;  
 Not thee their *Death*, but thine the *World* must save!  
 And cou'd our *Grief* so far thy *Pity* move?  
 How great thy *Pity*, and how large thy *Love!*  
 Thy stronger *Mercy*, struggling *Justice* chains,  
*Pity* thy *Pow'r*, and *Love* thy *Vengeance* reins:  
 All this thou'st done to gain thy *Rebels Grace*,  
 Yet much much more 's behind of thy *sad Race*: [ and tore  
*Scourg'd*, mock'd, and crown'd with *Thorns*, which pierc'd }  
 His *sacred Head*, his *Body* all o'er *Gore*;  
 In *Purple Robes*, tho' dress'd in that before,  
 Adorn'd, a *Reed* they for a *Scepter* bring,  
 Then publicly expose and *Hail* him *King*.  
 Longer the furious *Rabble* wou'd not stay,  
 But their mock-Sovereign drag to *Death* away:  
 Soon they the fatal *Instrument* prepare,  
 Which on his *Wounded Back* compell'd to bear,  
 He *sinks* and *faints* beneath th' *unequal Load*;  
 Tho' he *Gods* only *Son*, himself a *God*.  
 Th' *accurs'd Cross* for us he not refus'd,  
 A *Death*, for *Slaves* and *Villains* only us'd: \*  
 He *sinks* and *faints*, as him they thus convey,  
 To greater *Pains*, thro' the long *dol'rous way*:  
 Wash'd with his *Tears* and *Blood* —

Thither by chance the *Perjur'd Judas* stray'd,  
 The *Wretch* who basely had his *Lord* betray'd;  
 By *Chance*, or rather by those *Furies* sent,  
 Which first *Mankind* delude, and then torment:

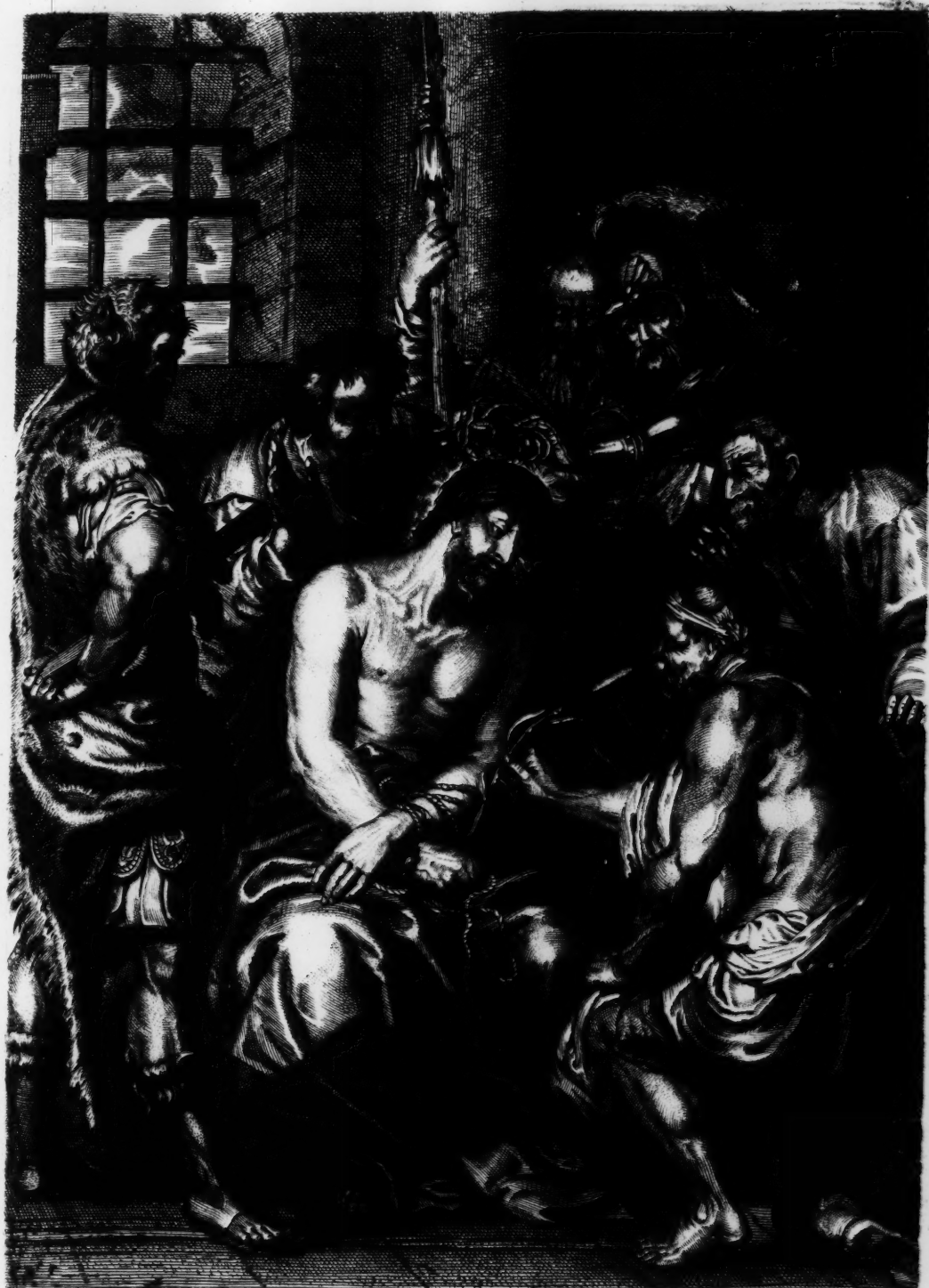
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Book 9: pag: 300.

*Given to Thomas Y. J. ...*

Mat 27  
Mar 15  
19: 18

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Book 9. pag: 300.

Christ bearing his Cross.

Mat: 27.  
Mar: 15  
Luc: 23  
Jo: 10

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370 He *saw* the Peoples *Madness*, heard their *Cry*,  
 He saw his *Master* bound, and doom'd to *Die* :  
 How *wild* the *Thoughts* his guilty *Soul* pursue?  
 How gladly wou'd he, what was done, *undo*?  
 Now all too late — What *pain* *Reflection* brings?  
 What *Wounds*, what *Deaths*, what *Vultures*, *Racks* and *Stings*?  
 Hurry'd by these he to the *Elders* goes,  
 And at their *Feet* the fatal *Price* he throws;  
 The *Price* of *Blood* — Here, take he *wildly* said,  
 Take that, for which my *Saviour* I *betray'd*;

Matt. 27. 3.

380 (Ah! mine no more) The *Innocent* and *Good*!  
 For which my *guilty Soul*, his guiltless *Blood*,  
 His *Blood*, worth infinitely more than *Gold*,  
 The *Merchants* you; was basely *bought* and *sold*.  
 With *Smiles* this *Answer* only him th' afford,  
 — A worthy *Servant*, fit for such a *Lord*!  
 Whom, if he thinks he wrongfully *betray'd*,  
 Look he to that, his *Price* was *justly* paid.  
 — Away the *Wretched* blindly rushes, where,  
 He's *goaded* on by *Conscience* and *Despair*:

390 To *Heav'n* he cannot look, his *Guilt* and *Sin*  
 Had clouded that, and he's all *Hell* within :  
 His furious *Eyes*, he *gastly* rolls around,  
 And when by *chance* the *cheerful Sun* he found,  
*Guilting* the neighb'ring *Hills*, the *cheerful Sun*,  
 Which *blushing* on him rose, he thus begun :

“ *Perish* for ever, O thou *hated Light*,  
 “ And *sink*, like me, in long *eternal Night* !  
 “ Why dost thou yet thy *beauteous Beams* afford  
 “ To that *curst Place*? There, there my *injur'd Lord*

400 “ I lately *Sold*, and now lament in vain ;  
 “ My *God*, my *Conscience* sold for *sordid Gain* :  
 “ That *Conscience*, *Fame*, and *God* I did esteem ;  
 “ 'Twas there my self I *Damn'd*, and *Murth'ring* him :  
 “ O *whither* shall a *Miserable* run ?  
 “ In *Hell* I'd gladly *plunge*, new *Hells* to shun ;  
 “ To shun my *self*, my *Plague*, my *Hell*, shall I,  
 “ To my *betray'd*, my *injur'd Master* fly,  
 “ Fall at his *Feet*, and *for*, and with *him* die?  
 “ Perhaps I him to *Pity* may encline ;

“ He

" He must be touch'd with *Miseries* like mine; 410  
 " O he's all *Goodness*; go without delay,  
 " He never yet a *Suppliant* turn'd away;  
 " Nor will he *Thee*—No *faithless Traitor*, no!  
 " 'Tis now too late, thou canst not, must not go:  
 " No, I his *cruel Mercy* cannot bear,  
 " His *hottest Vengeance* wou'd be less severe:  
 " I feel, I feel I cannot, must not live,  
 " Nor cou'd forgiven be, tho' he'd forgive.  
 " Shall I then to far *distant Regions* go, }  
 " Endeav'ring to *divert* or *cure* my *Woe*; 420  
 " Thro' burning *Seas* of *Sand*, or *Hills* of *Snow*? }  
 " Visit the *Southern*, or the *frozen Pole*,  
 " Where *Winds* can carry, or where *Waves* can roll; \*  
 " Where the *Ten Tribes*, vast *Seas* and *Desarts* crost; \*  
 " In *Climes* unknown, and *Heathen Lands* are lost?  
 " Bear me with *speed*, some courteous *Whirl-wind* bear, }  
 " If far away, I know nor care not *where*; }  
 " Ah! all in vain! my *Guilt* will haunt me there;  
 " The *Image* of my *Crimes* will still pursue,  
 " My *Whips*, my *Racks*, my *Plague*, my *Hell* renew; 430  
 " Like *Cain*, a mark for every *Murd'rer* made;  
 " And more than all my *injur'd Master's Shade*:  
 " That only, that beyond my *self* I fear;  
 " Guard me ye *Fiends*? For 'tis already here,  
 " *Bloody*, yet *pale*, his loud-tongu'd *Wounds* gape wide;  
 " O *Earth*! within thy *hollow Caverns* hide,  
 " Within thy deepest *Cell*, thy darkest *Room*,  
 " A *Wretch*, that envy's happier *Dathan's doom*.  
 " Wider, ye gentle *Furies*! wider tear  
 " This *burning Breast*! Let not your *Vipers* spare }  
 " A *tortur'd Heart*; tho' *Thousands* gnawing there, } 440  
 " I yet want more—( In vain the *Wretched* call  
 " On *Heav'n* or *Hell*!) they full and *glutted* crawl; }  
 " Yet still I live—Here take! O take me all!  
 " Take me at once! But why this *dull delay*?  
 " What *Hope* or *Fear* yet makes me *lingring stay*?  
 " Die *Traitor*! Die! Be that *resolv'd*—But *how*?  
 —No sooner said, when an *unlucky Bough*,

Thrust

Gen. 4. 13,  
14.

Numb. 16.  
32, 33.

Thrust from a blasted *Elder's Trunk* he spy'd, \*  
 450 On which with *speed* the *fatal Knot* he ty'd;  
 Then clamb'ring to the *Top*, despairing cry'd  
 " *Die Traytor, Die ! the worst* we then shall know;  
 " *Thus, thus let's leap into the Shades below — \**  
 — Then *springs away*, In *Death* his *Ey-balls* roll,  
 And *laughing Fiends* wait round to *snatch his Soul*.

The while, the *wicked Rout* his *steps* pursue,  
 And what his *Treason* left *undon*, they *doe*.  
 The *Lord of Life* to *cruel Death* convey,  
 Sunk with his *weight*, and *fainting* in the *way*.

460 As *chanc'd* a *Traveller* from *Cyrene* came,  
*Friendless*, *obscure* and *mean*, *Simon* his name;  
 Him they with *cruel Mercy*, *force* to bear,  
 Of the *inglorious Load* an *equal share*;  
 " *Each faithful Christians Lot*, as well as his,  
 " *Thro' Grief to Joy, thro' Pain to endless Bliss*:  
*Bearing his Cross* they their *lov'd Lord* attend;  
 Whom now arriv'd near his *sad Journy's end*;  
 Cover'd with *Blood*, fair *Salem's Matrons* see,  
 As climbing to the *top of Calvary*:

Matt. 27 32

Luke 23. 28.

470 His *Soul* with *Grief*, with *stripes* his *Body* rent;  
 They *see* and *figh*, and his *hard Fate* lament:  
 To him not *unregarded*, nor *unknown*,  
 Who *carries* all our *Sorrows* as his *own*:  
*Keep, Matrons, your mistaken Tears* he cries,  
 For your own *Sorrows* keep those *flowing Eyes*:  
 Weep for your selves, and *Children* yet more *dear*!  
 For see the *Day*, the *dreadful Day* is *near*;  
 By *Heav'n's just Wrath* on your *sad Nation* brought,  
 When *barren Wombs* a *Blessing* shall be *thought*:

480 When *tender Nature* shall *aside* be *thrown*;  
 Your *Infants Lives* *destroy'd* to *save* your *own*:  
 When thro' your *Gates* fierce *hostile Troops* shall *pour*,  
 And what you *leave*, the *hungry Sword* devour.

Vid. Lib. 7.

He said, and now with *Sweat*, and *Blood*, and *Pain*,  
 The *top of fatal Golgotha* they *gain*:  
 A *lothsom Scene* of *Murther* and *Despair*,  
 Fit for the *Tragedies* were *acting* there:  
 With *Sculls*, and *Bones*, and *putrid Limbs* o'erspred,  
 And all the *gastly Ruins* of the *Dead*:

Here

Here disembowel'd Bodies all around,  
 With nauseous Gore had drench'd the thirsty Ground;  
 There half-torn Carcasses unbury'd lay,  
 To each ill-omen'd Bird a Feast by Day,  
 By Night, to greedy howling Wolves, a Prey.  
 Of his sad Load our Lord disburthen'd there,  
 As late, he That, Him now the Cross must bear;  
 His humble Robes from his fresh Wounds they tear,  
 And broach 'em all anew — His greatest Pride,  
 His careful Mothers Gift they can't divide,

John 19.24.  
 Psal. 22.18.

But did by Lot, whose it shou'd be, decide:  
 Which part, their Fury wou'd no longer stay,  
 But the pure Victim on the Altar lay:  
 His spotless Hands they on the Wood distend,  
 And with huge Spikes unmercifully rend;  
 His Hands and Feet, with many a sounding stroke,  
 Nail'd to th' accursed Tree, deform'd and broke:  
 So wide the Wounds their tend' rest Muscles tore,  
 All over one, there was no room for more.  
 By these alone aloft i'th' Air he 's staid,\*  
 On these the weight of all his Body laid;  
 Thro' these he must be Dying half a Day,  
 And bleed, by slow degrees, his spotless Soul away.

Him thus transfix'd at length they raise on high,  
 And with insulting Voices rend the Sky:

Him Priests and People with lewd Scoffs assail,

Matt. 27.42. And loud Salute — Great King of Jury Hail!

(For on the Cross, this Title o'er his Head,\*

Matt. 27.37. So Pilate pleas'd, in various Tongues was read:)

"Hail, wond'rous King! Will't thou not leave thy Throne? 520

"Descend from thence, thou shalt not reign alone;

"To all that's past, add but this Wonder more!

"Now save your self, who others sav'd before!

"So thee our King we gladly will receive

"So thee the promis'd Prophet yet believe.

All this, and more our Saviour mildly bears,

And prays for Mercy on his Murderers.

More must thou feel, O boundless suffering Love!

From the rude Crowd below, and those above;

Those Thieves, each mounted on his cursed Tree,

490

500

510

530

And

530 And *groaning* there --- O how *unlike* to Thee ?  
 Yet *one* some *Tracks* of *Modesty* retains, \*  
 Some *Sign* of *Goodness* in his *Face* remains,  
 His *Crimes* repents, and *grieves* amidst his *Pains*.  
 By th' other drawn to *Vice*, and newly made,  
 A *short-liv'd Partner* in the *curst Trade* ;  
 A *Thief* of *noted Fame*, a *Villain* he  
 Of ancient *House*, of *Standing* and *Degree* :  
 For many a *Year* did *Robb'ry* profess,  
 Deep read in all the *Arts* of *Wickedness* :

540 Stood on his *Honour*, and his well-born *Race*,  
 Nor by *Repentance* wou'd his *Name* disgrace,  
 Stern *gloomy Guilt* hung *low'ring* on his *Face* :  
 Amidst his *Torments* curs'd both *God* and *Man* ;  
 And *grinning*, to our *Saviour* thus began !

" Hear'st thou their *Tamts*, and canst thou all endure ?

" We *tortur'd* here, and they beneath *secure* ?

" Thy boasted *Pow'r* now, if thou canst *display*,

" And from these *Pains* thy *self* and us *convey* !

" Or that thou'rt *Christ* thy *Flatt'ers* vainly say ;

550 " Some *Slave* like us, or vile *Impostor* rather,

" Nor the *Messiah* thou, nor *God* thy *Father*.

To whom the other, from the *distant side*,

With *Shame* and decent *Blushes* thus *reply'd* :

" Why nam'st thou *God*, whom yet thou dost not *fear*,

" Whose *slow-pac'd Vengeance* overtakes thee here !

Here for our *Crimes* we justly *bleed*, but *He*

*Guiltless* and *pure*, as *foul* and *guilty We*.

Then turning to our *Lord* his fainting *Head*,

With pen'tent *Tears* accosting, thus he said :

560 " O thou who even on the *Cross* dost *Reign* !

" I ask not *rescue* from my *Shame* and *Pain*,

" Justly endur'd -- All my *Petition* is,

" When thou enthron'd above in *boundless Bliss*,

" Remember me, and my *unworthy Pray'r* !

" My *guilty Soul* wide wand'ring in the *Air*,

" To *Abraham's Bosom* let the *Angels* bear.

To whom with *Love* and *Pity* in his *Eyes*,

Amidst his *Pains*, our *Lord* thus mild *replies*. --

" Yes, my *true Confessor* ! thou needst not *fear* !

R r

" I'll

" I'll own thee there, since thou hast own'd me *here* ; 570

" This happy *Day* thy *Soul* shall mount the *Skies*,

" And with me ever reign in *Paradise*.

The while, as charic'd, *malicious Fame* convey'd, }  
 The cruel *Tidings* to the *sacred Maid* ; }  
 That by false *Judas*, to the *Priests* betray'd, }  
 Her lov'd *mirac'lous Son* was doom'd to *die*,  
 And by the *Soldiers* dragg'd to *Calvary* :  
 You *tender Mothers* who her *Story* read,  
 Guess you, guess what she *thought*, and what she *did* !  
 Tho' she to the *Almighty Will* resign'd, 580  
 Scarce more than her, the most obedient *Mind*  
 That waits above, yet *Nature* wou'd complain ;  
 How *strong* the *Struggle*, how *intense* the *Pain* ?  
 By this, from *Street* to *Street*, she 's hurry'd on,  
 Once more t' embrace her *lost lamented Son* :  
 Thus *Philomel* repeats her *mournful Song*,  
 When *robb'd*, at once, of all her *tender Young* ;  
 Does near the *Place*, where first she *lost 'em*, wait,  
 And *flutt'ring* round the *Tree* lament their *Fate*,  
 Or tho' of their *Recovery* she despair,  
 With loud *Complaints* pursues the *Ravisher*. 590  
 Thus the *blest'd Maid* on *Love's* swift *Wings* did fly,  
 On *Loves* and *Fears*, to *fatal Calvary* ;  
 Ah! but too *soon arriv'd*, the *Guards* in vain  
 Wou'd *thrust* her off, she *presses* in again :  
 Thro' *Glaives* and *Swords*, and *glitt'ring Halberts* prest,  
 And *Groves* of *Deaths* all pointed at her *Breast* ;  
 So deep the *Wounds* imprinted there before,  
 Arm'd with *Despair*, she now cou'd fear no more :  
 Past the *arm'd Crowd*, and near the *fatal Tree* 600  
 Arriv'd, with a loud *Shriek* she cry'd,--- 'Tis *He* ;  
 Then dropt to *Earth*, nor cou'd she longer bear,  
 Ah! happy had she still continu'd there :  
 With *cruel Pity* her the *Guards* revive,  
 She *Wakes* and *Sighs* to find her *self* alive :  
 Strait to th' *accursed Wood* does *wildly* run,  
 On whose tall *Top* she saw her *bleeding Son* ;  
 Then *groveling* on the *Ground* its *Root* embrace,  
 And *press* it close to her *disorder'd Face* ;

- 610 His *precious Blood* mix with her *precious Tears* ;  
*His Blood*, which rather you'd believe were *hers* , }  
 So mortal *pale* her lovely *Face* appears :  
*Warm trickling* from her *Heart* as well as *his*,  
 Which more than he himself she seem'd to *miss* :  
 Ev'n on the *Cross* her *Grief* her *Son* did move,  
 Nor cou'd he there *unlearn* his *filial Love* ;  
 His heavy *Eyes*, with *Pain*, and dying *Head*,  
 Once more he *slowly rais'd*, and thus he said.  
 --- No more ! let each *tumult'ous Thought* be still,  
 620 *Resign* me all to my great *Father's Will* ;  
 As I my *self* ! He'll still of *you* take care ;  
 Behold *your Son*--- His faithful *Friend* was there ,  
 Lamenting near *his Cross* ; of all the rest, }  
 Who late so much of *Zeal* and *Love* profess  
 He only came --- To whom he thus *address'd*.  
 " As e'er thou of my *Bosom* didst partake,  
 " Nor ev'n in this *sad Hour* thy *Friend* forsake ;  
 " E'er I to *Heav'n* my parting *Breath* resign,  
 " Behold thy *Mother* ! think her always *thine* !  
 630 " Of our true *Friendship* this dear *Pledge* receive ;  
 " The last that *thou* canst take or I can give.  
 She heard, and still the more *resents* her *Loss* ;  
 Agen she *kneels*, agen *embrac'd* the *Cross* :  
 Stunn'd with her *Grief* awhile she can't lament,  
 Till *Heav'n* at last in *Pity* gave it vent ;  
 When thus she *mourns* --- " Is this the *Kingdom* given ?  
 Is this the *Throne* for the great *Heir* of *Heav'n* ?  
 Thus, *Prince* ! do thee thy *Subjects* entertain ?  
 And thus is the *Messiah* doom'd to *Reign* ?  
 640 For this did *God's* bright *Messenger* descend,  
 For this the *hymning* heav'nly *Host* attend ,  
 And hail thy *Birth* with *Miracles* ? O why  
 Was this *vain Pomp* for one who thus must die ?  
 Die like the worst of *Men*, of *Deaths* the worst,  
 For *Slaves* alone *design'd*, abhorr'd, *accurs'd* ?  
 With *Joy*, my *Son* ! I cou'd thy *Herse* attend,  
 Hadst thou in *Battle* made a *glorious End* ;  
 At least the *Honour* had the *Grief* allay'd,  
 And o'er thy *Tomb* glad *Israel's Praises* pay'd

John 19.26.

27.

Luke 1.

Had made thee *live agen*; hadst thou but broke,  
 Like *Sampson*, with thy *Death*, the *Heathen Yoke*.  
 Too well, alas! too late the *Truth* I see  
 Of aged *Simeon's mystic Prophecie*;  
 Now thro' my *wounded Soul* the *Sword* does glide,  
 And pierce the *Mother thro' the Sons dear Side*.  
 Why is my *Grief* so *weak*, or why so *strong*?  
 Why must I still a *hated Life* prolong?  
 The *Strokes of Sorrow* are like *Lightning* found,  
 To *blast the Soul*, but not the *Body wound*.  
 O take a *Life* your *cruel Pity* gave,  
*Barbarians take*, unless my *Son's* you'd save!  
 Or e'er his last swift *Sand of Life* is run,  
 O join m' at least in *Death* to my *lov'd Son*!  
 Might I once more *embrace* him, I'd not care,  
 Tho' on *another Cross* you rais'd me there.

650

660

Thus the *Great Mother* mourn'd, the *Hills* around,  
 And *hollow Vales* and distant *Plains* resound  
 Her *loud Complaints*, the neighb'ring *Brooks* combin'd,  
 And in the melancholy *Chorus* join'd;  
 Nay the *mad Crowd* themselves, tho' now too late,  
 Help her to *mourn her lamentable Fate*:  
*Eccho'd the Rocks*, the *senceless Marbles* moan'd,  
 And more, the very *Guards* around her *groan'd*;  
 They *groan'd* and *wept*, but *rav'd* and *blush'd* wichal,  
 And rather thought they *Blood* than *Tears* let fall.

670

Luke 23.  
44

Mean while *prodigious Darknefs* clouds the *Day*,  
 And frighted *Nature* mourns as much as *they*:  
 The *conscious Sun* no longer now cou'd bear,  
 Shuts his *bright Eye*, and leaves the *widow'd Air*;  
*Unnat'ral Clouds* obscure his *radiant Face*,  
 When near the midst of his *diurnal Race*:  
 Th' amaz'd *Astrologer* looks on in vain, \*  
 Nor can the *Sight* by all his *Art* explain:  
 He saw the *sickly Moon*, where wide away,  
 Sh' attempted to supply the *Place of Day*!  
 He saw th' *Eternal Chain* of *Causes* broke,  
 And thus to the amaz'd *Spectators* spoke.

680

-- No more this *Knot* I'll struggle to untie;  
 "Nature it *self*, or *Nature's God* must die.

From

- 690 From baleful Caves remov'd from Joy to Light,  
 Out-fallies Primitive-Substantial Night;  
 As black as that which once on Egypt fell,  
 As full of all th' Inhabitants of Hell:  
 Thin glaring Ghosts glide by, loose Forms appear,  
 Shrill Shrieks, deep Groans, and mournful Sounds they hear.  
 Bellows the troubled Earth, in whose dark Womb  
 Pent Whirlwinds fight, and from each silent Tomb  
 Disturb'd in haſt the duſty Tenants riſe,  
 Still all is dark, in vain they ſeek the Skies,  
 700 Unleſs when they with twiſted Lightnings glow,  
 Ecchoing in Thunder to the Groans below:  
 The World no more expects its wonted Light,  
 " And guilty Nations fear Eternal Night.  
 But moſt, Judea's curſ'd devoted Land,  
 Who now too late their Error underſtand:  
 They knew to them theſe Prodigies were ſent,  
 They knew what all theſe dire Convulſions meant:  
 And now as loud to Heav'n for Mercy cry,  
 As late they did to Pilate, Crucifie.  
 710 Matrons and Maids in ſolemn Order go,  
 And trembling Youth, themſelves they proſtrate throw  
 Before the Temple-Gates, high Heav'n r'atone,  
 T' avert their Countries ruin and their own;  
 In vain, for Heav'n it ſelf was angry grown:  
 The Altar ſhakes, the Aſhes ſcatter'd lay,  
 The Victim from the Temple breaks away,  
 Or drops before the Stroke and bell'wing dies;  
 In lowring Curls the Incenſe from the Skies,  
 Rejected there, beats back to Earth again,  
 720 As Clouds of Smoak beneath deſcending Rain.  
 Deep hollow Groans from the Foundations came,  
 From the high Roof ſhot ſtreaks of angry Flame:  
 The ſolid Pillars trembled, and inclin'd \*  
 Their lofty Heads as Cedars in the Wind:  
 Twice ſhook the rumbling Earth, and Thunders broke  
 From the vaſt Gulf, and the third diſmal Shock,  
 With trebled Rage rent e'en the ſolid Rock,  
 Down to the trembling Center rent the Veil,  
 Discovering wide the ſacred Oracle;

Vid. Wiſdom  
 of Solomon.

The

The *Holy* of *Holies*, naked all it lies,  
 Expos'd *profane* and *bare* to *vulgar Eyes*;  
 The *Golden Lamps* around *extinguish'd* quite,  
 Or only yield a faint *unnat'ral Light*;  
 More dreadful by successive *Lightnings* made;  
 The *Priests* run *frighted thro' the ghastly Shade*.

730

The while, the *Lamb of God* *expiring* see,  
 Upon the *Top of trembling Calvary*:  
 A heavier *weight* than *Death* his *Soul* opprest,  
 And worse than *mortal Pangs* his *tortur'd Breast*;  
 No more the *beauteous Rays of Love* *Divine*,  
 No more his *Fathers Glories* on him *shine* :  
 All *dark and horrid* like the *Earth* below,  
 Where *Day* forsook its *Task* and *back* did go ;  
 Then rais'd his *Eyes*, swimming in *Death* and *Night*,  
 As *dying Tapers* e'er they lose their *Light* ;  
 He look'd for his *accustom'd winged Train* ;  
 He look'd, alas ! for *them* and *Heav'n* in vain ;  
 No wonder *Heav'n* cou'd now no more be seen,  
 The *Crimes of Earth* were plac'd too *thick* between :

740

But finding there no *Passage* with his *Eyes*,  
 To reach it with his *fainting Voice* he tries,  
 And asks, as if himself he had *mistaken*,  
**My God, my God ! why hast thou me forsaken ?**

750

*High Heav'n*, this heard, it heard the *God* complain,  
 Th' *Eternal Father* heard, and all his *Train* ;  
 The *Father* heard, unmov'd, his *suff'ring Son*,  
 By whose *Eternal Councils* all was done.

So did not all the *glitt'ring Host* above,  
 Ay happy there ! for there they *sing* and *Love* ;  
 They stop their *Songs*, their *heav'nly Harps* thrown by,  
 Or tun'd to some new *louder Harmony* :

760

At length each from his *radiant Throne* arose,  
 Their *heav'nly Warmth* to *ruddy Vengeance* glows ;  
 Like those fair *Strangers* Lot conducted in,  
 Who punish'd guilty *Sodom's brutish Sin* :  
 Amidst the rest a *Fire-wing'd Seraph* saw,  
 Of those at *trembling Sinai* gave the *Law* : \*  
 He blew the *Trumpet* there--  
 Each stubborn *Rebel* did his *Guilt* confess ;

It

- 770 It shook the *Mount*, and shook the *Wilderness*;  
Nor had he yet forgot the *Sound*, but flies  
Thro' *Worlds unknown* and *undiscover'd Skies*;  
Where er'st the *Signal* was to *Battle* given,  
The highest *Tow'r* on all the *Crystal Walls* of *Heav'n*:  
There with his utmost might he blew a *Blast*,  
Which thro' *interminable Spaces* past;  
Which *Chaos* mov'd, its frightened *Surges* fell,  
*Trembled* the *gastly Sanhedrim* of *Hell*;  
Whilst *Heav'n's* wing'd *Watchers* at the *Signal* run,  
780 And almost leave their *dread Commands* undone: \* }  
(*Uriel* before had left the *sickly Sun*.) \* }  
Each wand'ring *Orb* stands still, or wildly rolls,  
Forgetting both their *Angles* and their *Poles*:  
So vast the *Wreck* of *Heav'n*, the *Storm* so high,  
As *Chaos* had broke in upon the *Sky*; }  
The *Spheres* untun'd forgot their *Harmony*. }  
*Arm! Arm!* thro' every bright *Battalion* went;  
The *Adamantine Gates* o'th' *Firmament*  
Wide open thrown, with a *stupendous Crack*  
790 More loud than *Thunder*, more the *Poles* they shake,  
The *Pomp* of *War* discov'ring deep and wide,  
Each *Angel* close t' his *Brother Angel's* side;  
*Turms*, *Cohorts*, *Legions*, glitt'ring dreadful bright,  
*Arm'd* Cap-a-pe in more than *Lambent-Light*.  
Great *Michael* then himself was on the *Guard*,  
The *Mount* of *God* his own peculiar *Ward*;  
Where no *Disturbance*, *Noise*, *Complaint* or *Cry*;  
But *Peace* and *Joy* roll on *Eternally*:  
None since the *Angels* fell; but when from far,  
800 He heard the harsh, unwonted *Noise* of *War*,  
His *Sword* h' unlheaths, by some wise *Angel* made,  
Of a portentous *Comet's* flaming *Blade*;  
*Condens'd* his noble *Form* to *Bulk* and *Sight*; \* }  
Is all himself, and gathers in his *Might*; }  
*Indues* his dreadful *Arms* and *Helmet* bright: }  
Th' *Old Dragon's* spoils the *Crest*, in *Battle* bold }  
*Conquer'd* and *strip'd*, how dreadful to behold! }  
The *Claws* all-horrid with *Ethereal Gold*. }  
Thus deck'd, among the foremost *Ranks* he flew,

Who

Who easily their glorious *Leader* knew ;  
As on a *Cloud*, with *Thunder* charg'd, he rode  
Above 'em all, and only not a *God*.

810

Thus, might we *Mortal* match with things *Divine* ;  
Thus look'd our *Godlike Heroe* at the *Boyne* :  
The same fair *Ardor* for the glorious *Prize*,  
The same just *Anger* lightning in his *Eyes* :  
Thus he appear'd, thus those who round him rode,  
They all like *Heroes* fought, he like a *GOD*.

When thus prepar'd, they only wait the *Word*  
To sally forth, and aid their injur'd *Lord* :

820

Th' accursed *City* into *Atoms* tear,  
Nay scatter *Globe* and all in boundless *Fields* of *Air*.

This saw th' *All-seeing*, did their *Hast* resent,  
And with an awful *Nod* shook the wide *Firmament* ;  
One motion of his *Will* their *Rage* repress :  
He look'd calm *Peace* into each warlike *Breast* :  
Unveil'd the *Rolls* of *Fate*, and let 'em see,  
The great, unknown, tremendous *Mystery* :  
Unknown, (or *Anger* them so much did blind,  
'Twas now forgot by every warlike *Mind* )  
That 'twas before all *Worlds* resolv'd, on high,  
The mighty *Maker* of the *World* must die :  
I'th *Council* of the *Great Three-One* decreed,

830

A sinless *God* for sinful *Man* must bleed ;  
His injur'd *Fathers Wrath* Atone and bear,  
To keep injurious *Rebels* from despair ;  
Compleat the *Numbers* of the heav'nly *Host*,  
And fill those *Seats* th' *Apostate Angels* lost.

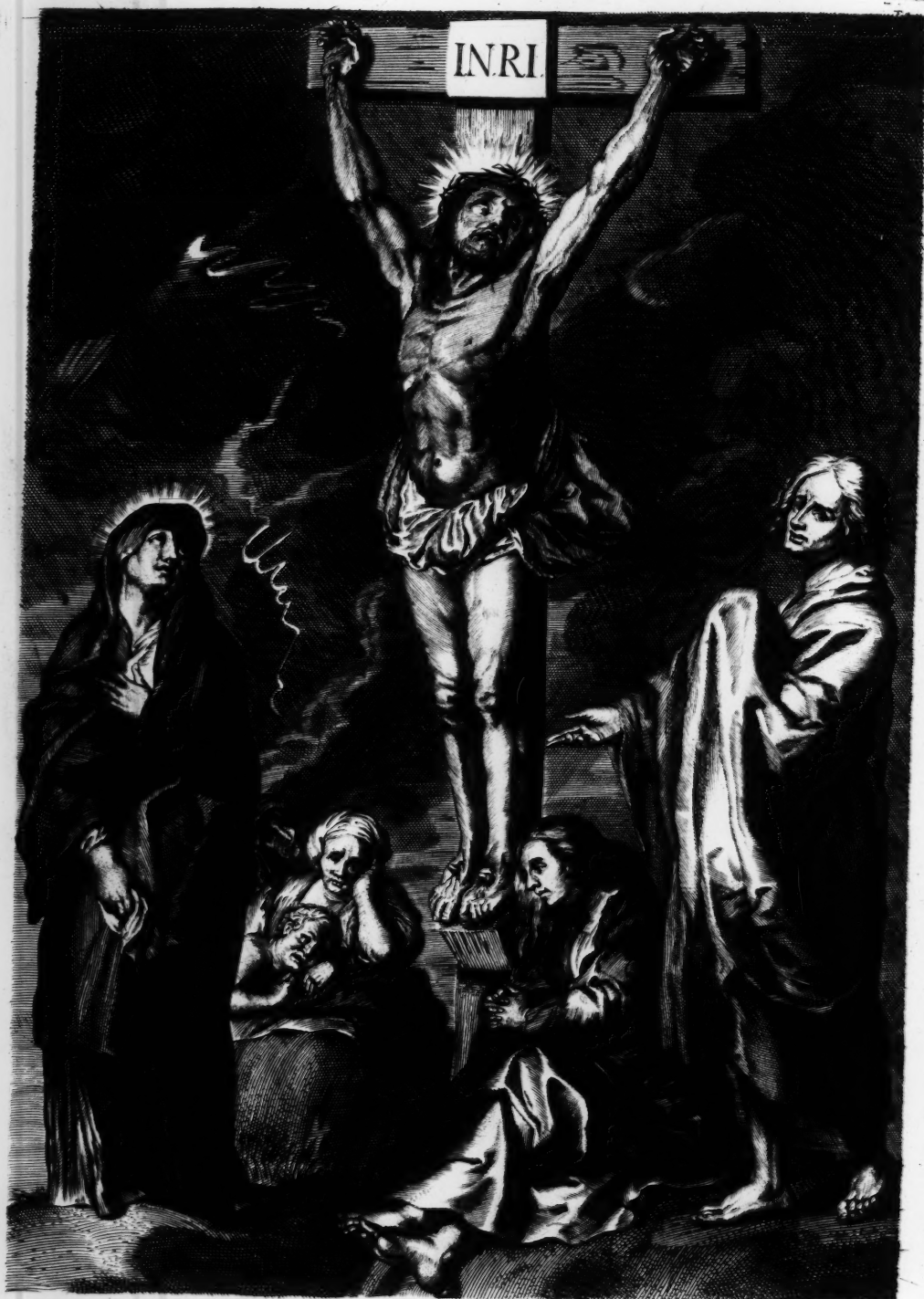
Silence profound awhile all *Heav'n* posselt,  
Their *Wonder* was too big to be express :  
Their *Arms* all dropt, their *Harps* agen they try,  
New *Songs* are heard, and wonted *Harmony*.

840

Sweet *Muse* return, and hover on the *Wing*  
Around thy bleeding *Love*, thy wounded *King* !  
Go weep, as *Magdalen* before he dy'd,  
Never such *Cause*, thy *Love* is crucify'd ;  
Bath his wide *Wounds*, as that repenting *Fair*  
His *Sacred Feet*, and dry them with thy *Hair* :  
For all the *Follies* of thy youthful *Days*,

Mispent

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Book 9. pag : 313

Mat: 27  
Mar: 15  
Lc: 19

The Crucifixion.

- 850 Mispent in mortal Beauties idle Praise,  
 Robbing thy Saviour of his just esteem;  
 For all thy broken Vows to Heaven and Him;  
 For all thy Sloth, thy Vanity and Pride:  
 See what they cost, thy **Love is crucify'd**:  
 On the curs'd Tree he bends his Sacred Head,  
 From his pale Cheeks each lovely Rose is fled,  
 His Lips, his heav'nly Eyes already dead:  
 His swimming Eyes approaching Night did cloud,  
 And all his Face deform'd with Tears and Blood!
- 860 In num'rous little Streams which trickled down  
 From those curs'd Thorns which his blest Temples crown;  
 Thence to his mangled Hands profusely flow,  
 And join those mightier Streams that rise below;  
 Which swelling wide make drunk the thirsty ground,  
 Till all the guilty Earth is ting'd around.  
 Thus oft the wand'ring Swains by chance have spy'd,  
 By Natures Art in some tall Mountains side,  
 A ragged Rock, bedew'd with Water o'er,  
 And sweating Crystal Drops at every Pore!
- 870 Each steals into the next, and faster flow,  
 To meet large subterranean Streams below;  
 Whose Channel Pleasure both and Profit yields,  
 Scattering Eternal Verdure round the Fields.  
 Hail, all you mystic Drops of precious Gore,  
 Each of you singly worth a World and more! \*  
 Could your immortal Fountain want supplies,  
 I'd quickly make a Deluge with my Eyes.  
 And now with Sweat and Blood exhaust and dry'd,  
 And scorb'd with Pain, I thirst, he faintly cry'd:
- 880 For eager Wine the scoffing Soldiers run,  
 And offer that; he tastes, and crys --- 'Tis done.  
 'Tis done --- His spotless Soul no longer strives;  
 The God is dead, and Sinful Man revives: \*  
 He bow'd his Head, receive my Soul, he cry'd,  
 Dear Father! in thy Arms; He bow'd his Head and Dy'd.

Matth. 27.

34.

The End of the Ninth Book.

# NOTES

## ON

### The LIFE of CHRIST.

#### BOOK IX.

9. **O** *What is Virtue but an empty Name?*] I hope I need not tell the Reader that these *Lines* are only an Objection commonly brought against *Providence*, which is, I think, afterwards fully answered. As for that Exclamation, *What is Virtue &c.* 'Tis a common saying among the antient Heathens, and is ascribed to several Authors, tho I think the most fix it upon *Hercules*, as extorted from him, when Frying and Raving on Mount *Oeta*, by the extremity of his Pain; which if true, he's far from being as Heroical as he's represented, since 'tis not killing of *Bulls* and *Bears*, and *Robbers*, but inflexible *Virtue*, *Patience*, and *Magnanimity*, under the worst of *Evils*, that make a true Hero. However, as one of our own Writers pleasantly observes, 'tis most likely to be his *Expression*, because it looks so much like the Speech of a *Madman*.

117. *Of whose high Deeds Cumæan Grotto's rung.*] That there was really some bottom in those which are called the *Sibylline Oracles*, relating to our Saviour, I see no room for any modest Man to doubt; tho it seems on the other side a clear Case, that vast heaps of Dogrel Greek has been forg'd in their *Imitation*, like those bastard Medals, so common in the World. The Christians cou'd not feign that of *Tully*, which I think he applies to *K. Ptolomy*, of a King to come out of the Eastern Countries, any more, than several passages of the *Sicelides Musæ*; which seem plain Transcripts of what the Old Prophets have left recorded concerning our Saviour; which, tho it should be granted, he might apply to the Son of *Pollio*; yet there's little doubt but he had 'em from the *Sibyls*, or some Tradition then current among the Heathens; tho he too, as well as *Balaam*, might be acted beyond himself; for in my judgment, he does here *majora canere*, as he has promis'd; and *Virgil* excells even *Virgil*, nothing being comparable to it in all his Works, not excepting the Prophecy of *Marcellus*; or if there's any thing finer in his divine *Aeneids*.

130. *Both the great Vulgar and the small.*] Cowley's Thought, wherein he has much bettered that of *Horace*, *odi Profanum vulgus & arceo*.

152. *Their own Religious Rites.*] See *Josephus* against *Appion*.

206 *This be our Families proud Rival Born.*] This *Herod* was Grandson to *Herod the Great*. Vid. Lib. 2.

250. *Unblemish'd Virtue and unspotted Fame.*] *Ecclesiastical History* tells us, she was a noble Roman, her Name *Procula*; afterwards Converted to the Christian Faith, and either a *Saint* or a *Martyr*.

287. *Whether his double Spring, o'ercharg'd with Snow.*] I believe there are indeed few great Rivers but have more than one Head, tho the complement of the Country generally fixes 'em at one place. Every one has heard of two Heads assign'd to the River *Jordan*, *Jor*, and *Dan*, like our *Tame* and *Isis*; whence both their Names. It mayn't be unpleasant to give, once for all, a Description of this noble River, the chief of all *Palestine*, and its said, some of the best *Water* in the *World*. The Pilgrim gives the best account of its Rise and Progress that I've yet seen, *Lib. 2. Cap. 15. Anne heure de Cæsarea, &c.* "An hours Journey from *Cæsarea Philippi*, at the Foot of Mount *Libanus* (*Fuller* tells us, 'tis one particular Mount, more pleasant than all the rest, call'd *Paneas*,) arise two Springs of Water, one about half an hours Journey from the other. That to the East is called *Jor*, and the other more Northerly *Dan*. They soon make two small *Rivulets*, which running separate about a League and half, meet at the bottom of the fore-mentioned Town, joyning at once their Names and Waters; and from thence taking the new Name of *Jordan*. Thence running by several Villages and Countrys, and separating the Lands of *Trachonitis*, *Iturea*, and *Galilee*, it falls into a Valley, where it makes a Lake about 2 Leagues in Circuit, called *Moron* or *Mora*, (*Merom*, in *Fuller*,) by *Josephus* the *Semachonite Lake*; thence verging towards the East, enters the Sea of *Galilee*, between *Capernaum* and *Chorazin*, and passing thence, is at last engulf'd in the *Dead Sea*. He goes on, "But the *Turks* have a Tradition that *Jordan* will not mingle his blessed waters with that stinking Puddle, but at their very fall into the Lake sink down into a Subterranean Abyss, and rise agen at *Mecca*, where *Mahomet* was buried, in Honour (doubtless) of that great Prophet, where they form themselves into a Lake, whose Waters have the same Taste and Fish with *Jordan*. And this wise story the good Pilgrim thinks 'tis worth the while to confute out of the little Scripture he had, full as gravely as *Alexander Ross* does the *Alchoran* when 'twas translated into English, for fear any of his Countrymen shou'd turn *Mussulmen* upon the reading it; tho for my part, if any of my Readers are inclined to my *Turkish Story* of *Jordan*, they are very welcom, since I shan't think it worth the while to use any Argument to confute it.

330. *His Sword a strange Balsamic Power, &c.*] This is founded on that Notion, that the Blood has of it self a sort of a Balsamic Virtue in't, which will close and heal all slight Green-wounds without other Medicine, if no other accident happens.

362. *A Death for Slaves and Villains only us'd.*] *Tacitus* calls it *Servile supplicium*, a Servile sort of a Punishment, not to be inflicted on any Roman Citizen; and therefore we find in History, that *S. Paul*, who was a Roman, had the Benefit of that Liberty, and was Beheaded, while *S. Peter*, a Jew, was Crucified.

423. *Where Winds can carry, or where Waves can roll.*] I think 'tis a Verse of Mr. Waller's.

424. *Where the Ten Tribes, &c.*] There's a great Dispute whither the *Ten Tribes* were carry'd, which perhaps will never be decided; as the *Jews* say of any great difficulty, till *Elias* come. *Esdra*s says, they went over *Euphrates*, which was miraculously dry'd up for their Passage, and after a fair Walk for an year and an half, arrived at *Arfareth*, which some suppose to be *Tartary*; where also many of our Moderns think they have found 'em, there being a City named *Tabor* in that Country, as several of that Name in *Naphthali*; whence some of 'em were carried. Others tells us, that there are a sort of People among the *Tartars*, who run about the Fields, a certain day in the year, making great Lamentation, tho they themselves have forgot the reason, and repeating with violent and dismal Ejaculations these Words, *Feru! Feru! Salem! Feru! Damas!* tho they don't understand 'em; retaining still the Names of those Places, tho they have lost the History. Others think the *Americans*, or at least some part of 'em, are the Posterity of the *Ten Tribes*, which is rendered not altogether improbable, from several Jewish Customs found amongst 'em. And what if those *Tartarians*, of whom we have discours'd *Lib. 3.* conducted by Satan, from their own Country

over to *America*, should be some of those very *Jews*, whom the Enemy of Man and Ape of God, might take a *pride* in leading to his *Canaan*, almost exactly in the same manner that *Moses* led their Forefathers out of *Egypt*. *A-costa* has a strange Story that looks very much like this, from a Tradition of the *Americans*; "That their God *Vuziliputzli* commanded their Forefathers to "leave the Place where they then liv'd, promising, if they'd follow him, a "much more happy Country, by the *Destruction* of several Nations which possessed it. Accordingly they departed, carrying this their Idol with 'em in an "Ark of *Reeds*, which was supported by 4 of their Chief Priests, with whom he "Discours'd in secret, and reveal'd to them all along the different Successes "of their Journey, giving 'em Orders when to *March* and *Halt*, which "they were not to do without his Order. Whereever they came, they "Erected a *Tabernacle* for their God in the *midst* of their *Camp*, placing the "Ark upon an Altar. When they were tired with their Journey, and resolved to proceed no farther, their God destroy'd many of 'em in a dreadful "manner; continuing to Conduct 'em till he brought 'em to *Mexico*; thus he. I shall only add, that *Manasseh-Ben-Israel*, the modern *Jew*, tells us, "There "were lately found encompass'd with several high Mountains in *America*, a *White* "People, with long *Beards*, whom he'd fain have the remainders of these *Ten Tribes*, and all *Natural Jews*.

449. Thrust from a blasted Elders Trunk be spy'd.] Some say 'twas a *Wild Fig-Tree*, but it's no great matter which of the two. *Surius* says, "That the *Jews* "have now a Church-yard or Burying-place, on that very piece of Ground, about the middle whereof, Tradition tells 'em, this *Tree* formerly stood: and adds, "That the *Jews* formerly Built a House there, and all of that Nation designed to be Buried near it: As indeed they'd have reason, were that odd fancy of theirs true, that the General Judgment must be in the *Valley* of *Jebosaphat*, and that all their Bones must tumble thither through the Bowels of the Earth, if they don't provide better Carriage; for which Reason, many of the richest of them, are said to get their Dust carried to *Jerusalem*, to save the trouble of so long a Journey.

447. Die Traitor die, be that resolv'd, but how?] This Verse, and that below it, *Thus, thus lets leap*, &c. any one may see are taken from *Virgil's*, *Sed moriamur ait*; and *Sic sic juvat ire sub umbras*. Concerning the latter of which, I can't help being of a different Judgment from a Person so Great, that it wou'd be immodest for me to name him, at the same time I own I dissent from him. I say, I can't but think, that *Hemistich* as like *Virgil* as, even his famous *Tu Marcellus eris*, for it seems to me as full and handsom a Pause for a desperate Mind, which had run it self out of Breath with raving, as cou'd possibly be thought on, and that render'd more lively, strong and beautiful, by the *Ingemination*.

510. By these alone aloft it's Air be's stay'd.] I know many are of Opinion, that there was a sort of a *Suppedaneum*, a *Stay* or *Footstool* on the *Cross*, as a Rest to the Bodies of *Malefactors*; but others, and I think the most, being of another Mind, I had liberty of chusing which I pleas'd, especially the former Opinion being grounded on a false Supposition, that without some such support as this, the Body cou'd not hang in the *Air*, but wou'd tear out the Wounds by which 'twas fasten'd, and be born down by its own weight: Whereas we are assured of the contrary, both by considering the strength of the *Muscles* in those Parts, and accidental Examples of such as falling from on high, have been caught by the *Hand*, *Arm*, &c. by some *Tenter*, and remain'd a considerable time in that *Posture*; and by the manner of that horrible Punishment, at this time in use among the *Turks* and *Moors*, who throw *Condemn'd Persons* from an high *Tower* stuck full of *Hooks* and *Tenters*, which catching hold of the Body in its fall, retains it there, where the Wretches must hang till either the Wound kills 'em, or they are starved to Death. Now if the whole weight of a Man's Body (caught thus at disadvantage, and the fall besides,) can't tear itself off when thus gaunch'd in the *Air*, how much less wou'd it do so when supported behind, and fastened so

so evenly and proportionably, by the most strong and *musculous* Parts thereof?

531. *Yet one some Tracks of Modesty retains.*] Tis thought by many that this was no hardened *Villain*, but newly enter'd in his Trade. There's one passage in the History of these *Thieves*, which carries some difficulty in't: Tis laid in *S. Matthew* and *S. Mark*, that the *Thieves*, in the *Plural Number*, revil'd our Saviour. But *S. Luke* gives the History as here related; *That one did it, and the other rebuk'd him*. Some say, that both did it at first, but one Repented, which is a probable Solution; but I think there's a better, that 'tis a common *Elliptical* way of Speaking, with the *Hebrews*. Thus *Saul* to *David*, *1 Sam. 18. 21. Thou shalt this day be my Son-in-Law* in one of the two. We render it undoubtedly according to the true Sense; but 'tis in the Original, by, or in the *Two*, a plain Instance of two us'd for one; as in the present Case. So 'tis written in the Prophets, *one* of the Prophets, and 20 other Instances. The bad *Thief* then revil'd our Saviour, the good *Thief* pray'd to him, and no doubt was immediately happy with him. Tho I can't think that *Thief* was good enough to be himself pray'd to, and have a Temple Built to his Name and Honour; yet such a Temple, *Sirius* says, was Erected by the Empress *Helen* in the *Holy Land*.

518. *For on the Cross this Title.*] The piece of Wood whereon the Title was written, was one part of the *Cross*, called in *Greek* *Τίτλος*, from the *Latin* *Titulus*; as on the contrary, the writing itself containing the Persons real or supposed Crimes, the *Roman* Authors call by a *Greek* Name *Elogium*, tho as we take the Word now, it seems but an odd sort of an *Elogy*.

682. *Th' amaz'd Astrologer look'd on in Vain.*] This is a story sufficiently known, and commonly receiv'd and believ'd; and tho I've no need of its being really true, yet *Valeat quantum valere potest*.

723. *The solid Pillars trembled.*] See *Lib. 7.* at the beginning.

727. *Rent ev'n the solid Rock—Down to the trembling Center.*] Its said the *Rocks* rent in General; therefore, as it shou'd seem more than one, *Walker* says, "That of Mount *Calvary*, whereon our Lord suffered, cleft asunder some 2 or 3 Foot, at the place where his Cross was fasten'd, quite from one side of the Hill to the other, to be seen at this day, gaping about an Hands breadth, and the depth of it not to be founded. But the account the Pilgrim gives on't is very particular, and in these Words, "That what he saw of it was 6 Foot and 2 Fingers in length, and about 2 Foot in breadth; adding, that it not only reach'd down as far as the *Chappel* of *Adam*, which is in the hollow of the Rock, where he tells us, *Adam's* Scull was found; (whence the Mount called *Calvary*, if you'll believe it, tho one wou'd wonder by what *Ear-mark* they knew his Scull from another.) He goes on, "It reaches not only thither, but lower, to the *Chappel* of *Invention* of the the *Cross*, and thence, as he thinks, even down to *Hell*; its depth being unfathomable: thus he. And tho there is something of *Fable* mixt with what he, and other *Popish* Writers deliver, yet there may be something of Truth, tho the mischief is, 'tis discredited by such ill Company. And if this strange vast *Rift* in the solid *Rock*, be really true, as it appears to be by the Circumstances, methinks 'tis no contemptible corroborating Circumstance for the Truth of that part of the sacred History, and those dreadful Prodigies which the *Evangelists* mention.

767. *Of those at trembling Sinai gave the Law.*] Which was given by the Disposition of Angels. As *S. Steph. Acts 7.*

780. *And almost leave their dread Commands undone.*] *Vida*, from whom I took the Hint of this beautiful *Digression*, goes a great deal farther, and I think too far, saying of the Angels, *Opera imperfecta relinquunt*. Which I soften by the Word [*almost*].

781. *Uriel before, forsook the sickly Sun.*] I think that's his Name, whom *Milton* makes the *Angel* of the *Sun*; the Name being very proper, signifying, *The Light of God*: Which he might be, and yet that good *Fathers* Fancy very agreeable, who call'd the *Sun* *Umbra Dei*; the *Shadow of God*. I say he had before forsaken it, for an obvious (*Poetical*) Reason, because 't was *Eclips'd*.

803. *Condens'd his noble Form to bulk and sight.*] According to the *Platonists* Notion of the *Condensation* of the Angelical *Vehicle*, so as to make it visible; which seems to have been believed by most of the Fathers, who make *Angels* have a sort of *Bodies*, as indeed they must have when ever they appear, and are sensible not only to our *Sight*, but even to our grosser *Touch*; as when they laid hold on the *Hand of Lot*. Now *Lucretius's* Maxim will still hold, *Tangere enim & tangi sine corpore nulla potest res*; nothing can touch and be touch'd but *Body*: and perhaps this is the very *Essence* of *Body*, for *Tangibility* and *Impenetrability* seem to be one and the same. But after all, what can the *Deist* get by this, unless he cou'd prove, these *Angels* were all *Body*, or so much as that these *Bodies* were *Permanent*; whereas, by all we can discover of 'em from *Scripture*, they appear rather *Ascenditious* and *Airy*: and this we are sure, that the *Scripture* never calls 'em *Bodies*, tho it does *Spirits*, (which, whatever they are, can't be *Bodies*, unless black can be white;) and that, for the Comfort of every good Man, *Ministring Spirits* too, even since our Saviour sent forth to minister unto them who are heirs of *Salvation*. 1 *Heb.* 14.

855. *This Love is Crucifi'd.*] From that famous Ejaculation of the Father, *⁂Ego qui is crucifigam.*

875. *Each of you singly worth a World and more.*] The *Blood* of him who is *Infinite*, the *Blood* of *God*, as 'tis called in the *Scripture*, (which must get me off for that bold Thought a little lower, *The God is Dead.*) This *Blood*, I say, must have *infinite Merits*, and therefore extend beyond the value of any *finite Being*. The manner of whole *Death* see in the next 2 Lines.

884. *He bow'd his Head, receive my Soul he cry'd*

*Dear Father in thine Arms, be bow'd his Head and dy'd.*] *Vida* has done this incomparably well, and exprest almost as much in one Line as I have done in two; who thus at the end of his 5th Book, *Supremumque animum, ponens caput, exhalavit.*

# THE ARGUMENT OF THE Tenth BOOK.

**A**fter a Discourse of the pleasure of seeing Virtue triumphant, notwithstanding all Misfortunes, and an Invocation of the Blessed SPIRITS Assistance, for the happy Conclusion of the Work, Joseph of Arimathæa is introduced going to Pilate and boldly begging the Body of our Saviour, which being granted, he repairs to the Cross and takes it thence, after a Souldier had pierced the Side with a Spear, Blood and Water flowing out of the Wound; then bears it to his Garden, and lays it in his own Sepulchre, accompanied by the Blessed Virgin and other Friends. The Triumphs among the Devils at the Death of our Saviour: Lucifer's Speech on that occasion, ordering all the Devils to repair to Earth again, and repossess their Oracles. While he's in the height of his Exultation, our Saviour enters Hell with a Guard of Angels, and all the Devils flying at his sight, and sinking into the Lake, carries with him to Paradise some of those Persons who were lost in the Universal Deluge. The Third Day, his Soul and Body being now again united, and he rising from the Grave, Mary Magdalen, and other Women, go to the Sepulchre to Embalm him, but find him to be gone; and receive an account of his Resurrection, from a Vision of Angels, directing 'em to go and acquaint his Disciples with the News. Mary Magdalen stays and sees our Saviour himself, who orders her on the same Message; on which S. Peter and S. John run to the Sepulchre, and find the Body to be gone; but returning, can not gain relief of the rest, till our Saviour himself appears amongst them; S. Thomas being then absent, and still incredulous. Soon after, two others, to whom our Lord discovered himself at Emmaus come in, and relate the whole Story; which

which S. Thomas not yet believing, Jesus himself appears, and shewing him his Wounds, fully convinces him—Ordering all the Disciples to meet him at Tabor in Galilee, who going thither for that end, he first appears to 'em as they were Fishing on the Sea of Tiberias, where he tries S. Peter's Faith, and foretells his Martyrdom. Thence meeting many of his Followers on Mount Tabor, he orders 'em all to Jerusalem, there to take his last Farewel: Where being arriv'd, he takes them out to Bethany; and after his last Discourse and Promise to be with them to the End of the World, the Heavenly Host appear, and Sing an Anthem, being part of the 24th Psalm, while our Saviour is Ascending; who, just as he disappears from the Disciples, orders two Angels back to Mount Olivet, to comfort them with the Promise of his Return; who thereupon depart again with Joy to Jerusalem.

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THE  
LIFE  
OF  
CHRIST:  
A N  
Heroic Poem.

BOOK X.

The RESURRECTION.



How refreshing is't, how dear a Sight,  
When Virtue emerges out of Clouds and  
Night!

To see her all her groveling Foes de-  
spise,

To see the Tyrant fall and Hero rise!

True Worth survives the Grave, rude Winds the Fruit  
May blast, but 'tis immortal in the Root.

Beat on Affliction's Billows! 'Tis in vain,

The Rock will still impregnable remain;

The Storm tho' fierce, will soon or late blow o'er,

10 And we with Shouts shall reach the happy Shore,

Where our great Captain is arriv'd before.

Kind Spirit, who from the dark tumult'ous Wave  
 Didst raise a beauteous World, O hear and save!  
 Save and direct, direct our feeble Bark,  
 As once thou didst the weary wand'ring Ark!  
 Remove the Clouds, be all serene and fair  
 Like thee, O gentle Blast of Heav'nly Air!  
 Let this last Voyage no rough storms molest,  
 Then, of our dear, long-wish'd-for Port possess,  
 We'd gladly Anchor in eternal Rest.

20

And now true Night in the disorder'd Skies,  
 Prepares, at her appointed Hours, to rise;  
 But wonders that her Task's perform'd before,  
 Nay blacker Veils spread all the Æther o'er:  
 Still high in gloomy Air the Bodies stood  
 Expos'd, and Tortur'd on th' unlucky Wood;  
 Tortur'd the Two, but from his spotless Breast,  
 The Thirds bright Soul was fled to endless Rest:  
 Nor longer cou'd the generous Joseph bear,  
 To see his Friends sad mangled Reliques there;

30

Matt. 26. 56. But while far off his scatter'd Household fled,  
 Their Faith and Courage with their Master Dead:  
 With Nicodemus, his old prudent Friend,  
 Affraid no more, do's from the Hill descend,  
 Where sad Spectators near the Cross they were,

Mark 15. 43. Boldly to beg the Body, and Inter,  
 With silence, in his own new Sepulcher:

Vid. Lib. 1. There, if his just Request successful prove,  
 ad fin. To pay the last due Debt of Tears and Love:

Thus who boast highest, first the Cause forsake,  
 Thus Converts oft the best of Christians make.  
 With Pious haste they both to Pilate ran,  
 To whom, undaunted, Joseph thus began.

40

Brave Roman, whom our Nations Spite and Rage,  
 Now first did in an unjust Act engage:  
 As noble Pontius wou'd be still thought free,  
 And only Passive in their Cruelty;  
 And bear to distant Ages, distant Lands  
 His Fame, as clean and spotless as his Hands;  
 T' his humble Suppliants let be restor'd,  
 The breathless dear Remains of our lov'd Lord:

50

Nor

Nor will the *Priests* themselves, howe'er they rave,  
Urge on their *Hatred*, e'en beyond the *Grave*;  
He's cold and lifeless now, their *Fear* is o'er,  
Nor can he *them* or *Cesar* injure more:  
Grant then we for his *Body* may return,  
Due *Honours* pay, at his sad *Fun'ral* mourn,  
And sprinkle *Tears* and *Flow'rs* around his *Urn*.

The *Roman* thus—Witness each *sacred Pow'r*,

- 60 Witness the *common Jove* we all adore,  
*Father of Men and Gods*; with how much *Joy*  
I'd him *restore*, how griev'd did him *destroy*;  
*Restore* you your *whole Friend*, whom publick *Spite*  
And *Rage*, have robb'd of our *etherial Light*:  
Take what *remains*, I gladly that *restore*,  
And take my *Grief* that I can give no more.

Vid. Lib. 6.

Their wish'd *Request* obtain'd, they hast away,  
And but to give the *Donor* thanks cou'd stay:  
The *Hill* surmounted soon, *abrupt* appear'd

- 70 No more, nor more the *Guards* around they fear'd:  
*Arm'd Troops* and glitt'ring *Helmets*, dreadful bright,  
*Projecting* far away their dazling *Light*:  
"Of *Murder'd Men* the low lamenting *Voice*,  
"Mixt with the *Murderers* confused *Noise*  
They heard, yet onward went with pious *hast*,  
Thro' *Crouds unarm'd* or *arm'd* alike they past:  
Till to the fatal *Scene* of *Death* arriv'd,  
Where new *Barbarities* were still contriv'd;  
Still new *Effects* of pop'lar *Rage* they found;  
80 The mangled bleeding *Bodies* on the *Ground*:  
A single *Death's* too little, they'd invent,  
Beyond the *Cross* it self, a *Punishment*:  
The *Bodies* must expos'd no longer stay,  
T' unhallow their approaching *Paschal Day*,  
And damp their *festal Joys*; new *Arts* they try,  
And with new *Torments* make 'em more than *Dye*:  
With pond'rous *Staves* and *Sledges* crush'd their *Bones*,  
Ecchoes the *Mountain* with their *Strokes* and *Groans*.  
The half-dead *Wretches* supplicate in vain  
90 For some kind *Stab* to ease their ling'ring *Pain*:  
*Jesus* alone had his meek *Soul* resign'd,

Mark 15. 44. And spar'd their Cruelty ; his Head reclin'd,  
 On his torn Shoulders lay, enrag'd they cry'd,  
 He had deceiv'd 'em, and too mildly Dy'd :  
 Enrag'd, they such a disappointment found ;  
 They e'en the senseless Carcass gore and wound :  
 A Soldier, blind with Fury, snatch'd a Spear,  
 Which Death on its sharp Point in vain did wear,  
 And darts it at his Side, out springs a flood  
 Of purest Limpid Water, join'd with Blood ;  
 John 19 34. Join'd, not confus'd, as thro' thin Crystal shine,  
 The sparkling Drops of Gaza's noble Vine :  
 True Types of those blest Streams which ever flow  
 From Gods high Throne, t' enrich the World below ;  
 Th' inestimable Sanctions of our Bliss,

100

1 John 5. 6, Those Streams which glad the Churches Paradise ;  
 8. That sacred Laver, and that Banquet high,  
 Where those who Bath and Feast shall never Die.

While this transacting, Joseph thither came,  
 And strait ascends the Tree — (Love knows no Shame ;)  
 Himself ascends, and from th' accursed Wood  
 Takes his dead Friend, cover'd with Wounds and Blood,  
 And to his own fair Garden sadly bore,  
 Where oft his lov'd Disciples met before ;  
 Then, near the Tomb lay down their precious Load,  
 The wondrous Reliques of a suffering God.

110

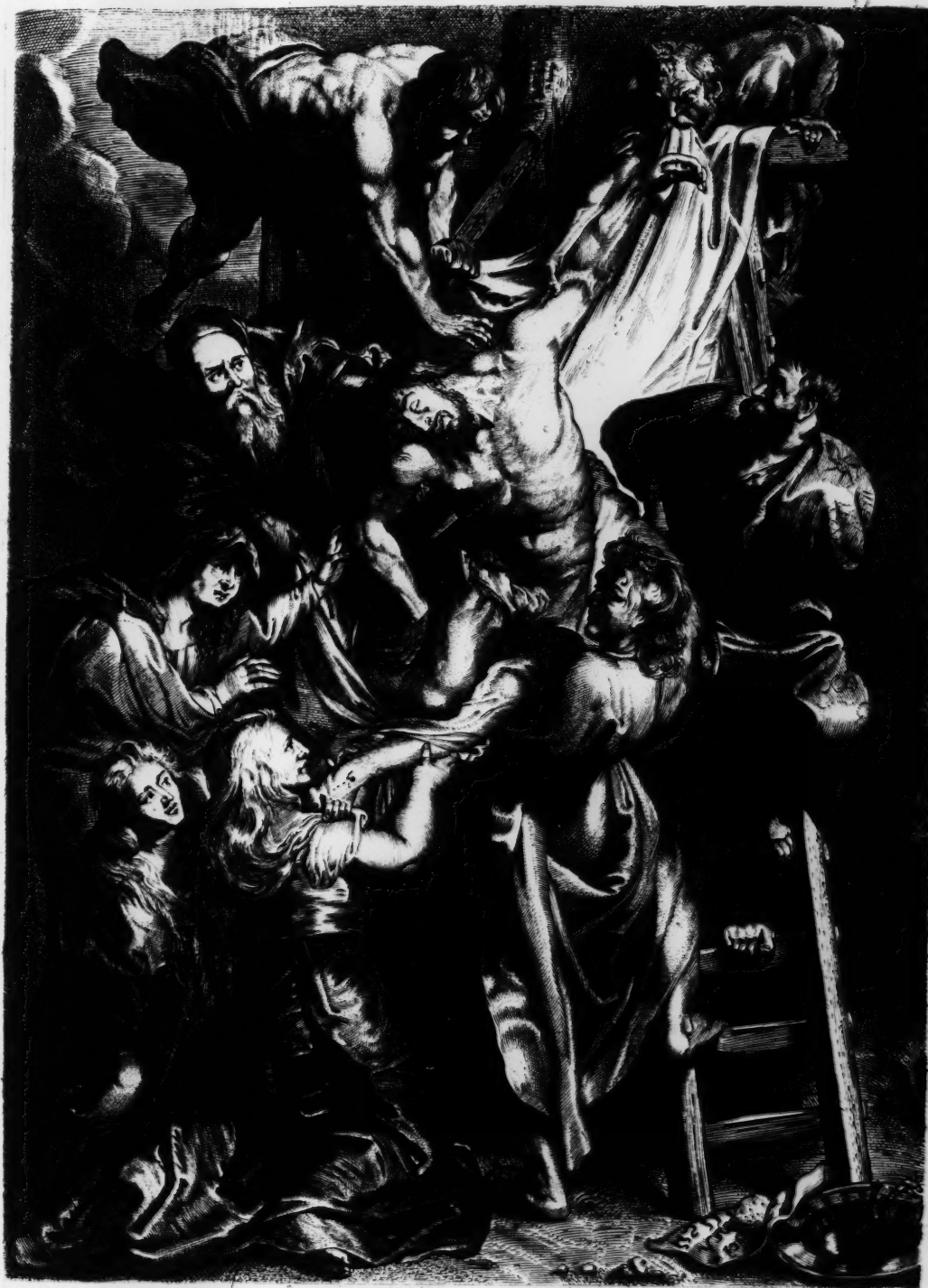
Hither, bright Heav'nly Youths, O hither bring, \*  
 The Glories of your own eternal Spring !  
 Of ev'ry Flow'r that in fair Eden grows,  
 The dying Hero's funeral Pomp compose,  
 Mix'd with Engeddi's Spice, and Sharon's Rose ; \*  
 And when you all your Sweets have round him spread,  
 Tho' ne'er till this sad Hour, a Tear you shed,  
 Weep, O Immortals ! Weep ! your Lord is Dead.

120

Or if you still refuse your courteous Aid,  
 We'll ask no more, for see the Heav'nly Maid ;  
 The Virgin-Mother can that Office do,  
 With as much Grace and Purity as you.  
 On the hard Rock behold her seated there !  
 Whilst all her sad Companions rend the Air  
 With loud Laments, the Hills repeat their Cries,

130

She



Book 10. pag: 324

*Christ Taken from y Cross*

Mat: 27  
Mar: 15  
Luc: 23  
Jo 19

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Book 10. pag: 325

Christ laid in the Sepulchre

Mat: 27  
Mar: 15  
Luc: 23  
Jo: 19

- She only *silent*, her exhausted *Eyes*,  
 Have not one precious *Drop*, one single *Tear* ;  
 Her *Grief* so decent, shou'd she but appear  
 In *Publick*, all the *World* wou'd *Mourning* wear. \* }  
*Silent*, and *still*, as deepest *Waters* flow,  
 What *Breast* but *hers* cou'd hold the mighty *Woe* ?  
 She saw his *Soul* from his pale *Body* fled,  
 She saw her *Hope*, her *Life*, her *Saviour* dead ;  
 140 Her wond'rous *Son*, no *Pangs* at his first *Breath*, \*  
 But ah! they 're more than doubl'd at his *Death* :  
 In her sad *Arms*, he all-a-Carcass lies,  
 Deaths heavy *Iron Slumber* seals his *Eyes* ;  
 His *Eyes* fast clos'd, altho' his *Wounds* gape wide,  
 Those *Wounds* which rend his *Feet*, his *Hands*, his *Side* ;  
 She *Kisses* both, while her *Companions* tear,  
 With loud *Complaints*, their *Garments* and their *Hair* ;  
 Scarce are they by the *Men* at length restrain'd,  
 Who not their own unruly *Tears* command :  
 150 To his pale *Corps* the last due *Honours* pay,  
 And in the *Marble Vault* lamenting lay ;  
 And dewy *Night* descending, leave the *Tomb*,  
 Conducting safely the great *Mourner* home.  
 Mean while the *World* a gen'ral *Grief* exprest,  
 All *Natures Family* in *Mourning* drest :  
 Silent and sad, or in soft *Sighs* complain'd,  
 Nay *Heav'n* it self scarce undisturb'd remain'd :  
 In *Hell* alone was *Joy* and curst *Delight*,  
 Our *Happiness* their *Woe*, our *Day* their *Night* :  
 160 Scarce such wild general *Revels* there were known, }  
 When their black *Prince* did the first *Man* dethrone,  
 And almost made a second *World* their own :  
 The *Pandæmonium* fills, the *Iron Gate* \*  
 Is throng'd with many a Sooty *Potentate* :  
 Blasphemous *Moloch*, *Satan*, *Belial*, *Baal*,  
 And lustful *Asmodai*, part go, part crawl  
 On long *Serpentine Folds*, as erst they fell ; \*  
 Now drest in all the ugly *Forms* of *Hell* :  
 High in the midst, dire *Lucifer* ascends  
 170 His glowing *Throne*, a frightful *Guard* of *Fiends*  
 Flock round, the boldest *Spirits* who with him fell,

And

Gen. 3.  
 Milton's  
*Paradise lost*.

And make a *Pomp* worthy the *Prince of Hell* :  
 Some *Signs* of what he was he still retain'd,  
 A few weak *Rays* of gloomy *Light* remain'd ;  
 Which a faint glimm'ring sort of *Twilight* made,  
 I th' ugly *Horror* of th' infernal *Shade* :  
 His *Pow'r* not less, tho' by high *Heav'n* confin'd,  
 And strong eternal *Chains* the *Rebel* bind ;  
 Were he let loose, and no new *Thunder* hurl'd,  
 He'd quickly into *Atoms* crush the *World* ;  
 As now he is, his haughty *Eyes* express  
 The highest *Ill*, *Majestick Wickedness* ;  
 Great without *Good*, as *Earthly Tyrants* are,  
 Who *Hells* black *Brand*, not *Heav'n's* bright *Image* wear ;  
 Most *Servile*, yet *Imperious*, *Proud*, yet *Base*,  
 A wicked *Joy* glares thro' his dusky *Face* ;  
*Transports* he do's amidst his *Torments* feel,  
 And shows some mighty *mischiefs* on the *Wheel* :  
 " Thus the *French Lucifer*, his dear *Allie*,  
 " Who still maintains his *War* against the *Sky*,  
 " Thus great appears, in *Blood* and *Murders* crown'd ;  
 " As many black *Destroyers* wait around  
 " His *Pestilential Throne*, for *Orders* wait,  
 " To scatter *Mischief* and unerring *Fate*.  
 Thus he, thus *Hells* proud *King* in *Flames* array'd,  
 Who having all his own *sad World* survey'd,  
 He thus began —

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*Dominions, Thrones and Pow'rs !*

*Possessors* once of half *Heav'n's* *Crystal Tow'rs*,  
 Which had *Fate* smil'd, long since had all been *ours* :  
 And *Fate*, not *Valour* crush'd us, for we're still  
*Unconquer'd* in our own *Almighty Will* ;  
 What since against its *Tyranny* we've done,  
 You know it, and we need not *Blush* to own ;  
 How we that sordid *Piece* of dirty *Clay*,  
 Whom our more high-born *Minds* disdain'd t' obey ;  
 For whom the *beauteous World* above was made,  
 A *Heav'n* to our uncomfortable *Shade*,  
 Have, by an easie *Stratagem*, betray'd :  
 Did our hard *Foe's* wife *Workmanship* disgrace,  
 And in one *Moment* Murder'd all their *Race* :

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Rom. 5. 14.

'Tis

- 'Tis true they *Mercy* found, tho' we had *none*,  
 Who scorn like *Man*, to kneel and lick his *Throne* ;  
 No — Since so bravely once we took the *Field*,  
 Now, for another *Heav'n* we wou'd not yield ;  
 Who, more than half his *World* e'er since possess'd,  
 He the poor *Jews*, and we had all the rest ;  
 More *Priests*, more *Oracles* ; nay even there,  
 In his lov'd *Land*, ours was the largest share ;  
 220 To us his own proud *Kings* for *Counsel* come,  
 And *Endor* speaks when sacred *Shilo's* dumb.  
 'Tis true, his dreaming *Prophets* did foretel,  
 In many a mystick *Type* and *Oracle*,  
 The ruins of the *World* agen shou'd rise,  
 Th' eternal *Word* descending from the *Sky's*  
 In mortal *Form* — Ours was too mean and base ;  
 A *Curse* on him and all that sordid *Race* !  
 To drive us from our Conquer'd *Kingdoms*, where  
 We sally out, and tast the lightsom *Air*,  
 230 From these sad *Realms* ; nay tho' we cannot fear  
 A further *Blow*, pursue and chain us here :  
 Revolving deep, I gueſt that *Age* was near ;  
 And when the late great *Hebrew Prophet* came,  
 Whose *Birth*, whole *Life*, whose *Miracles* and *Fame*  
 Have fill'd the *World*, from whom our *Legions* fled  
 At his dread *Word*, his *Word* which rais'd the *Dead* ;  
 Chas'd every stubborn *Pain*, and strong *Disease*,  
 Rebuk'd the *Winds*, and still'd the raging *Seas* ;  
 When he did thus to th' wond'ring *World* appear,  
 240 I for our *State* almost began to fear ;  
 To fear our *Empire* now was doom'd to fall ;  
 Him *Saviour*, him the *Jews Messiah* call,  
 And wou'd have crown'd their *King* — Him first I try'd,  
 You know th' *Event*, with all the *Baits* of *Pride* ;  
 All that the *Earth*, of *Wealth* or *Pleasure*, yields,  
 Rich *Afric's* Sands, or *Europe's* fertile *Fields* ;  
 Luxurious *Asia's* tempting *Charms* were shown,\*  
 And all the hidden *Sweets* of *Worlds* unknown :  
 Whatever *Nature* made of *Fair* and *Good* ;  
 250 But all in vain, *Impregnable* he stood :  
 Not so his *Friend*, whom *Fear* or *Gold* o'erpow'rs

1 Sam. 28.8.

See Lib. 3.

Judas:

At

At first *Affault* — (Th' *High Priest* before was ours) •  
 The *Wretch* who late came here, like those above;  
 We *Traytors* hate, tho' we the *Treason* love —  
 How e'er at length we 're *safe*, our *Fear* is o'er;  
 The mighty *Prince* will drive us now no more!  
 I saw the *Heir* of *Heav'n* expos'd on high,  
 The *Cross* his *Throne*, I saw th' *Immortal* Die;  
 For such his *Flatt'ers* call'd him — Now they run  
 To shelt'ring *Shades*, and flie, like us, the *Sun*; 260  
 Tho' little need — He fled himself from them  
 And angry *Heav'n* on our *Jerusalem*  
 Look'd *Frowning* down; e'en let it now *Frown* on,  
 What's past is *Fate*, the mighty *Work* is done;  
 Our *Conquerer* now may mourn his *Conquer'd* Son:  
 On all the tot'ring *World* may *Vengeance* take,  
 At which we'll *smile*, but can't what's past *unmake*;  
 That only is beyond his boasted *Pow'r*,  
 Too feeble to recall one *fleeting* *Hour*:  
*Losers* may speak — Let the *Creation* low'r; } 270  
 Let *Thunder* rend the *Poles*, the *Center* shake,  
 And sink us deeper in our *dreadful* *Lake*;  
 Yet still we'll *Revel* here; let *Envy* stay  
 Her eating *Cares*, and know no *Grief* to day!  
 E'en She shall *smile*, her greatest *Foe* is *Dead*;  
 Let *bashful* *Error* raise her *Hydra-head*,  
 She and my own dear *Discord*, lately fled }  
 From the great *Prophet's* *Words* and *Heav'nly* *Air*!  
 Let 'em with all their *snakey* *Train* prepare  
 For *Earth* agen, and our new *Conquests* tell 280  
 To every *holy* *Fane* and *Oracle*;  
 To all the *Demons* that in *Æther* rove,  
 From *Delphos* sacred *Rock* to wise *Dodona's* *Grove*. \*  
 Tell 'em — But there his *Speech* abruptly ends;  
*Confus'd*, he from his *Iron* *Throne* descends:  
 For wide away thro' his own *darksom* *Cell*,  
 He saw *strange* *Light*, he saw an *Heav'n* in *Hell*;  
 The *Walls*, the *Gates* are down, and *Death* and *Sin*, \*  
 Thro' the new *horrid* *Breach*, came *tumbling* in;  
 Their *Conqueror* after who the *Blow* had given;  
 'Twas he himself, th' *Illustrious* *Heir* of *Heav'n*, 290

Jesus

Jesus the God —

- 'Twas he--- A *Guard* of warlike *Angels* stands  
 Around with kindled *Thunders* in their *Hands*:  
 Tho' more his *Sight* the *Rebels* did surprize,  
 He wears far *fiercer Thunders* in his *Eyes*:  
 Too well his *Eyes*, too well his *Arm* they knew,  
 They oft before had *seen* and *felt* 'em too:  
 First did their *trembling King* the *Firm* forsake,  
 300 And *headlong* he *plunges* in the *broad Lake*; \*  
 Innumerable *Regions* after run,  
 New *Hells* they *seek*, the *Lamb's* fierce *Wrath* to *shun*;  
 At once they *fall*, and from the *Rivage* steep,  
 Strike thro' the *Bosom* of th' *unbounded Deep*;  
 I'th' *rolling liquid Flame* wide *Circles* make,  
 Soft *murmurs* the black *boyling Brimstone Lake*.  
 So when from the fair *Banks* of *Silver Poe*,  
 Far off, a *Flight* of *trembling Mallards* know,  
 The *Royal Eagle* their *unequal Foe*;  
 310 *Darting* like his own *Thunder* thro' the *Air*,  
 They, carri'd on the *swifter Wings* of *Fear*,  
 Strike *headlong* thro' the *Stream*, and *disappear*.  
 The *Fiends* on *Earth* too felt the *fatal Blow*,  
 And quickly *sympathize* with those *below*;  
 And, as of old from *Heav'n's high Wall* they *fall*,  
 Now *drop* from each *forsaken Oracle*;  
 Thick as *Autumnal Leaves* the *Valleys* spread,  
 E'er *shiv'ring Winter* shows its *palsy'd Head*:  
 Lamenting *Sounds* are heard, they take their *flight*,  
 320 *Wide-wandering* in their own *Eternal Night*:  
 Thus does at last the *Woman's Off-spring* tread,  
*Triumphant*, o'er the *hissing Serpent's Head*:  
 And thus *Captivity* he *Captive* led.  
 The guilty *trembling Taylors* puts to *flight*,  
 Exposing their *dark Cells* to hated *Light*; \*  
 From the old *greedy Lion* wrests his *Prey*,  
 Which long *condemn'd* in those *sad Mansions* lay;  
 And with him back *reduc'd* to *cheerful Day*.  
 How welcom their *Deliverer* appears,  
 330 To the old *Pris'ners* of *Two thousand Years*, \*  
 Who in the *Universal Deluge* fell,

Gen. 3. 15.

Thro' gaping *Earth's* wide Ruins swept to *Hell*:  
 The *Graves* first Fruits, a joyful Troop they rise,  
 Regain the now almost forgotten Skies,  
 And wait their Saviour into Paradise.

With him agen, Sweet Muse, to *Earth* return,  
 Where his sad Death his Friends, mistaken, mourn;  
 His Death who cannot die, or if before,  
 He his Clay-house forlook, can die no more:  
 His Body now Spiritual and refin'd,  
 A fit Companion for so pure a Mind;  
 Active and agile, prest and ready 't stands,  
 As swift as Thought 't obey the Soul's commands;  
 Like that it moves, and in a moment flies,  
 From East to West, from Earth to Paradise.\*  
 This knew not they, who yet lamenting were,  
 And lost in stupid Sorrow and Despair;  
 Forgot the Promise of his sure return,  
 And, without either Faith or Hope they mourn;  
 Sad was the Feast to them, no cheerful Ray  
 It wore, as sad the Night that clos'd the Day:  
 With kinder Omens the third Morn appears,  
 The happy Morning doom'd to dry their Tears.  
 "Kind Phosphor bring the Day, why this Delay,  
 "Jesus is rising -- Phosphor bring the Day!  
 Hast his dull Steeds, for if he longer stay,  
 Another Sun will rise, a Sun so bright,  
 The World no more will need his weaker Light.  
 Earlier than he fair Magdalena rose,  
 And to the Tomb with Spice and Unguents goes,  
 Him to embalm who no Corruption knew;  
 The same officious kindness thither drew  
 Her weeping Friends, who tho' their Fear was strong,  
 Their Love was more; sad Tales the Way prolong,  
 As cheerful shorten, tho' at last they come  
 To th' steep Ascent, the Garden and the Tomb,  
 Not far remov'd before, but a new Fear,  
 And crowding anxious Thoughts surpriz'd 'em here:  
 Not yet secure the doubtful Jews they heard,  
 As Guilt is still suspicious, plac'd a Guard  
 Around the Sepulchre, a Seal secur'd

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The

The pond'rous Stone their mighty Foe immur'd;  
Nor think yet safe or deep enough he lies,  
For they too heard, he the third Day wou'd rise,  
Whole pow'ful Word had others rais'd; nor yet  
Can they the wond'rous Lazarus forget,  
Or Naim's twice-born Youth. --- Their Fear not vain.

Nor longer Hades could his Soul retain:  
A Conqueror thence he rose, where late he fell,

380 And drags in Triumph after Death and Hell  
He did, he came --- All Nature must obey  
Its Sovereign Lord; he will'd the Stone away: \*

Tho' all around officious Angels stay'd,  
For Pomp, not Service there, nor needs their Aid.

Jesus is risen, Triumphal Anthems sing:  
Thus from dead Winter mounts the sprightly Spring;

Thus does the Sun from Night's black Shades return,  
And thus the single Bird wings from th' Arabian Urns \*

Jesus is risen; he'll the World restore,

390 Awake ye Dead! dull Sinners sleep no more!  
In Pleasures soft Enchantments slumb'ring deep,  
Or Sleep no more, or else for ever sleep!

But tho' himself he's gone, his tender care  
Still left two bright Attendant Angels there;

Those early pious Pilgrims to console,  
Who with mistaken Tears his Loss condole:

Their trembling Feet no sooner had they set  
Ith' Garden Walks, but they new Wonders met;

The Earth too trembled where so late he lay, Mat. 28. 1.

400 And Nature's self seem'd more affraid than they:

And lo! the beauteous bashful Clouds divide,  
And rev'rently stand off on either side;

As at th' approach of Earthly Majesty,  
A living Lane is made till all the Pomp go by:

And lo! a heavenly Youth does downward move,  
The loveliest Form in all the Realms of Love;

From the Caves mouth he rolls the mighty Stone,  
From whence before our conqu'ring Lord was gone,

He rolls it, and triumphant sits thereon:

410 The Roman Guards, nor were they us'd to fear, Mat. 28. 4.

Their Stations held, till the bright Form was near;

Matth. 28.

5, 6, 7, 8.

Mark 16, 5,

6, 7.

Luke 24, 5.

6, 7.

Fain, impious wou'd resistance make, and fain  
 They would have drawn their Swords, but strove in vain  
 Against th' unequal Foe; in vain they rear'd  
 Their useless Piles, suspended in the Air; \*  
 Their Hands, their Souls disarm'd they quickly found,  
 They fall, their Armour clanks against the Ground:  
 To the soft Sex more calmly did appear,

Dress'd in a milder and less warlike Air,

The heav'nly Youth -- You have no need to fear:

We in your Cause engage with all our Pow'rs;

I know you seek your suffering Lord and ours;

Too late; alas! You seek him here, he said,

Him who for ever lives among the Dead.

Dry your vain Tears, nor longer him deplore,

Your mighty Saviour lives to die no more!

'Tis the third Day, he promis'd then to rise,

Nor cou'd deceive -- Look in and trust your Eyes!

See where he by your selves was laid, see there

The Linnen, and the empty Sepulchre:

Be you the first Apostles, quickly go,

And to th' Eleven the happy Tidings show.

With Joy and mingled Fear they hast away;

All but fair Magdalén, resolv'd to stay,

If possible her much lov'd Lord to find,

And with his presence ease her anxious Mind;

Her Mind, which struggling Thoughts like Earthquakes move,

Tortur'd at once with Hope, and Doubt, and Love;

An Angel's witness she cou'd scarce receive,

'Twas too good News she thought, nor dar'd believe:

Musing she fix'd her Eyes upon the Ground,

Till wak'd by sudden Noise, and turning round,

She saw, or thought she saw, the Gard'ner near,

And thus abrupt with many a Sigh and Tear

Accosts him -- Sir, if you've born him hence,

John 10, 15. The poor Remains of murder'd Innocence;

My last just Tears and Sighs are yet unpaid,

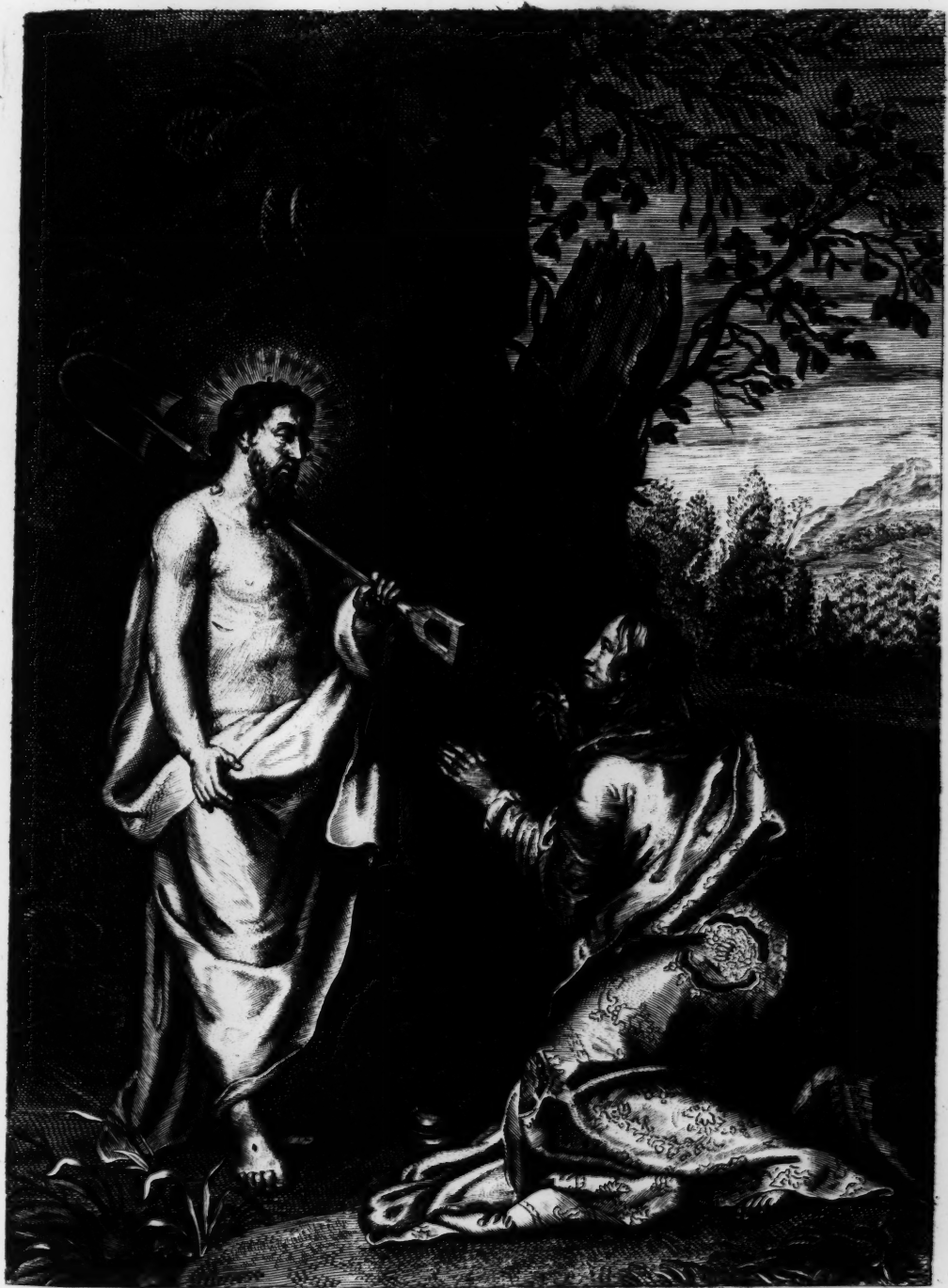
O tell, of Pity tell me where he's laid;

Where I -- The God himself no more cou'd bear,

'Twas He himself; bright shone th' enlighten'd Air

Around his Sacred Head, the God she knew,

And



Mat: 28  
Mar: 16  
Lo: 24.

Book 10. pag: 332.

After his Resurrection taken for  
the Garden by Mary Magdalene.

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Mat: 28  
Mar: 16  
Luc: 24  
Jo: 20

Book 10, page 332.

*The Resurrection.*

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- And at his *Feet* her self in *Transports* threw ;  
 The crowding *Joy's* too vast to be *express'd* :  
*Master* --- She *crys*, and spoke in *Looks* the *rest* :  
 He mild *repels* her with his *radiant Eyes*,  
 And adds-- There's yet no time for *Extasies*.  
 To his dear *Brethren*, still he held 'em *dear*,  
 Tho' poorly sunk in *Unbelief* and *Fear* ;  
 He bids her strait the happy *Tidings* bear,  
 460 Then *glides* unseen away in *trackless Air*.  
 She came and told, th' *Apostles* ne'er the more  
*Believe*, *incredulous* as she before ;  
*Day-dreams*, by sickly *female Fancies* made  
 They thought it all, or some *delusive Shade* ;  
 And yet *alarm'd* with the repeated *News*,  
 Their *Wonder* pay where they their *Faith* refuse.  
 The lov'd *Disciple* did *attention* lend,  
 The most *concern'd* as he was most his *Friend*.  
*Cephas* with him, who rais'd from his *late fall*,  
 470 In *Faith* and *Courage* now *outstrips* them all :  
 Thus *broken Bones*, by skilful *Artists* drest  
 And *set agen*, grow *stronger* than the *rest* :  
 This his *warm Zeal*, and that his *Friendship* bear  
 In a few *Moments* to the *Sepulchre* ;  
 Ent'ring *surpriz'd*, they nothing there cou'd find,  
 Nothing, besides the *Linnen* left behind ;  
 The *Spice* with which the *Jews* embalm their *dead*,  
 And *blood-stain'd Napkin* from his *Sacred Head*.  
 In decent *Folds* laid by, *asunder plac'd*,  
 480 A *work* confessing, neither *Fear* nor *Hast* :  
 They saw *believing*, now no longer *mourn*  
 His *Death*, but joyful to the *rest* return ;  
 Return with *speed*, but gain no *credit* there,  
 For all was fill'd with *Terror* and *Despair* ;  
 Black *jullen Grief* hung o'er 'em, all was *Night*,  
 Without one smiling *Gleam* of *Hope* or *Light* :  
 Their *Sun* was *set*, can they too much *deplore* ?  
 Was *set* in *Death's* dark *Shades* to *rise* no more. \*  
 The *Doors* were *shut*, lest the *malicious Jews*,  
 490 Shou'd them, as late they did their *Lord*, *accuse*  
 Of *Crimes* unknown, all *still* and *silent* were,

John 19.49.  
 25, 5.

No

No Sounds but Sighs, which gently mov'd the Air;  
 No Light, but one weak Tapers glimm'ring Ray,  
 And that too hid, lest that shou'd them betray.

When Loe! the God himself, (*mirac'ulous Sight!*)  
 The God himself, in his own Lambent light  
 Adorn'd, 'ith' midst appears, his Shape, his Dress,  
 His more than mortal Meen, the God confess;  
 Divinely did he look, divinely move,  
 His Voice divine, 'twas only Peace and Love;  
 His wond'rous Voice, which Light and Life convey'd,  
 Like that first Word by which the World he made:  
 Thorough their secret Soul 'twas swiftly sent,  
 And struck new Beams of Joy where e'er it went;  
 Then mildly chides their Unbelief and Fear,  
 Such kind Reproofs who would not gladly hear?  
 Shows 'em those glorious Wounds, the Nails and Spear  
 Had lately made, and further to compleat

Luk. 24-43.

Their Faith, of their poor Fare he deigns to eat:  
 Thus banish'd all their Sorrows, all their Tears;  
 Once more salutes with Peace, and disappears.  
 Thomas as chanc'd was absent, whether Fear,  
 Or only Bus'ness, 'twas detain'd him there;  
 How great his Loss the while, ("scarce less they lose  
 "Who kindly bid, ungratefully refuse  
 "To meet their Saviour at the Churches Feast)

In vain he is assur'd by all the rest  
 Of the glad Tidings; him they entertain,  
 With the late Visions wond'rous Scenes in vain,  
 Him doubting Ceph'as chides, and does declare,  
 With Warmth and Zeal, what all cou'd witness there:

No more, he cries, he did, he did appear,  
 I saw him, with these Eyes I saw him here,  
 Here in this Place, where if my Sense is true,  
 He as distinctly spake, as I to you:  
 We saw, we heard him all--- You must forgive,  
 If what's incredible I can't believe,  
 Says the weak Saint; but whilst he thus replies,  
 In rushes Cleophas, a glad surprize  
 Which seal'd his Lips, spoke loudly in his Eyes:  
 His Feet awhile his Breath and Voice outtran,

When

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When both recover'd were, he thus began.

He *lives*, he *lives* --- *Grief* vanish! *Cares* away!  
Our *much lov'd Master* lives--- This happy *Day*,  
We *saw* him both --- He can confirm the same!  
And his *Companion* shows who with him came;  
Who did with *Vows* the Sacred *Truths* attest:  
And thus, by all *desir'd*, relates the rest.

As rost 'twixt less'ning *Hope* and faithful *Fear*,

540 And *wearry* grown with those *sad Objects* here,  
Which but *reviv'd* our loss; we did forsake  
This guilty *Town*, and a short *Journey* make  
To neighb'ring *Emmaus* --- You know it all,  
Seated beneath an easie *Mountains* fall;  
When we almost had reach'd the *Goal* design'd,  
Scarce half our little *Journey* now behind;  
To *Ba'al-Perazim* come we thence descry,  
To th' left the *House* of aged *Zachary*,  
The *Baptists* happy *Sire*; no sooner seen,

Luke 24.13.

550 But new tormenting *Thoughts* came stealing in:  
What *attestation* this great *Prophet* gave  
Our greater *Lord* by *Jordans* Sacred *Wave*;  
How neither cou'd their *shining Virtues* save:  
Both *just* and *good*, and *Innocent* in vain;  
By *Herod* this, and that by *Pilate* slain.  
With *various Talk* we thus *beguil'd* th' *Ascent*,  
*Meas'ring* each *step* with *Tears*-- As on we went  
An *unknown Trav'ler* join'd us, whom we guest,  
Some *Profelyte* returning from the *Feast*;

560 At whose approach in vain we dry'd our *Eyes*,  
Since *faster* still new *stubborn Streams* arise;

He saw, and thus began --- If 'twere not rude,  
A *Stranger*, in your *private Thoughts* t' intrude;  
I'd ask from whence this *Tide* of *Passion* flows,  
Which does, against your *Will* it self disclose,  
Since *Sorrow* when divided, *weaker* grows?

*Stranger* indeed! my *Sighing* Friend replies,  
Who have not heard the *Cause*, from all our *Eyes*  
Was this just *Tribute* drawn --- And can it be?

570 Know you not yet our *Elders Cruelty*,  
And our great *Master's Fate*? such *Wonders* shown,

To

To what dark Corner is his Name unknown,  
In our Jerusalem? such none before  
No Man cou'd e'er perform --- We thought him more;  
Thought him the wondrous promis'd Prince foretold,  
So oft in holy Oracles of old:

The great Messiah he, the Christ of God,  
To bruise the Nations with his Iron Rod;  
And if not He, sure Israel ne'r will find,  
A Prince more just, to nobler Deeds inclin'd;  
More mild and good, and merciful and kind.  
But Ah! by our false flatt'ring hopes misled,  
Too late we're undeceiv'd, and mourn him dead.  
Judge if we've Reason! --- He'd no longer bear  
Our Blasphemies, but thus reprov'd, severe:

580

Mistaken Men! your Minds immerst in Night,\*  
Without one cheerful Beam of heavenly Light!  
And was not this by the Divine foresight  
Known, and dispos'd for many Ages since;  
Was not Messiah still a suffering Prince  
Describ'd? Did not this Truth the Prophets tell,  
In many a mystic Type and Oracle?

590

That the Eternal Father did ordain,  
His Son to suffer first, and then to Reign;  
Why else from faithful Abraham's Bosom, why  
Was his lov'd only Isaac drawn to die?  
Why was he offer'd too on Calvary? \*  
What meant the Paschal Lamb, and wherefore dies  
Th' innocent Herd, a daily Sacrifice?

Num. 21. 8.

The Brazen Serpent Moses did prepare,  
Nail'd to the Pole, and lifted high 'ith' Air;  
Which ease to every wounded Wretch did give,  
They turn their half-clos'd Eyes, and look and live.  
What that? What many a mighty Shadow more,  
What all the Wounds the Royal Prophet bore;  
What Truths dark-folded in the Psalms and Law;

600

Psal. 22. 16.

Isai. 53.

What wondrous Visions lofty Esay saw,  
Th' Evangelizing Prophet, full and clear;  
Scarce Prophecies, but Histories you hear,  
When he is read; now Jesse's noble Stem,  
And then the Prince of Peace's Diadem;

610

And

And Purple Royal Robes deciph'ring plain,  
Not bought from Tyre, but dy'd in nobler Grain,  
His own pure Blood, abus'd, contemn'd, betray'd,  
For all Mankind a sinless Victim made;  
Thus see him there triumphing ! see him come  
From Bozra's lofty Rock a bleeding Conqueror home !

Isai. 63. 1.

While thus he spake, Truth's warm and chearful Ray  
Glides thro' our ravish'd Souls, our Grief or Way

620 We now no longer mind, nor stooping Day,  
Which e'er it does to th' under-World descend,  
Conducts us to our little Journy's end :

He wou'd have further gone, we both intreat,  
He'd not disdain our humble Country Seat  
That Night to grace, and our poor Fare to eat :  
He mildly grants, we enter'd and refresh'd  
Our weary Limbs with grateful Food and Rest :  
Such Cates as our small Village did afford,  
Were spread upon the Hospitable Board ;

630 We seated too, he blest and brake the Bread,  
When lo, the envious Cloud o'th' sudden fled,  
Discov'ring well-known Glories round his Head :  
Jesus ! 'twas He--- Our lost lamented Lord :  
Thrown at his Feet, we trembled and ador'd :  
For our officious Kindness he'd not stay,  
But glides unseen in secret Shades away.

You happy Souls ! who feed on Angels Fare,  
No wonder if you meet your Master there :  
Let Prodigals and Swine on Husks be fed,

640 Jesus will still be known in breaking Bread.

But all in vain they these new Wonders tell,  
The Didymeian still's an Infidel :

Argues and asks --- Why yet he never stay'd,  
But always vanish'd like a fleeting Shade ?  
No, he's resolv'd --- Nothing shall him persuade,  
But Demonstration evident and clear :

Unless, says he, my self I saw him here ;  
Saw with these Eyes those Wounds of which he dy'd,  
And with these Hands touch'd e'en his Hand and Side ;

650 I still shall think you but your selves deceive  
Or me, and neither can nor will believe :

He said, --- They wondring, once agen behold  
 The Room all delug'd with *Ethereal Gold*:  
*Clear Waves of Glory* gild th' *illumin'd Air*,  
 A *Flood of Lambent Light*, and *Jesus* there:  
 His *Sacred Wounds* the *Source* from whence it flow'd,  
*Prodigal* now of *Light*, as once of *Blood*.  
 All kneel'd, *adoring*, --- *Thomas* only stands,

John. 20. 27 Till forth he gently reach'd his wounded Hands;  
 And shows the Nails rude Prints, which yet abide  
 In glorious Scars; shows him his mangled Side:  
 Lets him e'en all his own bold wish receive,  
 And mildly asks him, if he'll yet believe?  
 Low at his Feet himself he throws t' adore--

660

My Lord! My God! nor had he room for more,  
 He ravish'd, crys, -- him gently *Jesus* rais'd,  
 And blest, tho' more their nobler Faith he prais'd.  
 Who to the Churches witness credit give,  
 Without their Sences grosser Aid believe,  
 Nor shall that want: he bids 'em all repair  
 With speed to *Galilee*, and meet him there.

670

Matth. 28. 7. On *Tabor's holy Mount*, where once before, \*  
 The blest above did their blest Lord adore:  
 Gives him his *Sacred Word* agen t' appear,  
 Strengthen their Faith, and show new Wonders here.

In Peace and Joy they from the Feast return  
 To meet their Lord, whom now no more they mourn,  
 Nor idly wait, no more by Wonders fed;  
 With honest Pain they earn their welcom Bread. \*

680

As chanc'd upon a dark and silent Night,  
 Good Peter his Companions did invite  
 The heedless Fish in Flaxen-Toils to take,  
 Royal *Tiberias*! on thy neigbb'ring Lake:

John 21. 3. They go, to fruitless Pain themselves expose,  
 Till the next melancholy Morn arose;  
 Whose Light did on the sounding Shore disclose  
 A Person of a Stature, Face and Dress

}

Unknown-- He hales, and asks 'em what success  
 The Night had brought? They Sighing, None reply'd;  
 Be ruled by me then, Mates, for once, he cry'd,  
 And try the Right, for that's the luckier Side!

690

Where,

- Where, if I not *mistake*, a *Shoal* remain,  
 Which soon will *richly recompence* your Pain :  
 His kind *Advice* they follow *strait*, and caught,  
 As once before, a *vast*, a *wond'rous Draught*;  
 Not their united *Strength* cou'd lift it o'er,  
 Compell'd to *drag* their num'rous *Prey* ashore ;  
 When now their *Net* with much ado, they'd *tow'd*,  
 Their little *Bark* half *sunk* beneath the *Load*,  
 700 Nearer the *Land* ; the lov'd *Disciple* cries  
 'Tis *He*, 'tis *He* --- So *sharp* are *Friendships Eyes* :  
 'Tis our lov'd *Lord* -- Th' *Alarm* good *Peter* takes,  
 And *cross* the *Waves* a *wond'rous Voyage* makes ;  
 The *liquid Marble* *solid Footsteps* gave,  
 He *runs*, nor *dips* his *Feet* beneath the *Wave*. \*  
 He first arrives upon the *Oozy shore*,  
 And *humbly* does his *well-known Lord* adore :  
 He *first*, the other *Ten* not far behind,  
 Who ready on the *Sand* a *Banquet* find ;  
 710 By some *officious Angel* there 'twas laid,  
 To show their *Master* did not need their *Aid* ;  
 Stretch'd on the *Beach* they here themselves *refresh*,  
 With *Joy* they *eat*, and the kind *Giver* blefs.  
 And now when their *mirac'lous Feast* was o'er,  
 Refresh'd by *that*, but by their *Master* more,  
 They *gaz'd*, for *Fear* their *Eyes* shou'd them *deceive*,  
 And *Joy* wou'd hardly let 'em yet *believe*.  
 Chiefly good *Cephas*, who so oft *deny'd*  
 That *Lord*, for whom we wou'd have oftner *dy'd* :  
 720 Whose *honest Zeal* so far his *Faith* outran ;  
 To whom, *severely mild*, the *God* began ;  
 The *God* yet *veil'd* 'ith' *humble Form* of *Man* :  
 Thou whose *warm Zeal* cou'd *Death's* worst *shape* out-  
 And without *sinking* tread the *slipp'ry Wave* ; ( brave,  
 Say as thou wou'd'st thy *Heart* to *Heav'n* approve,  
 If more than *these* thou dost thy *Master* love ?  
 To whom he thus ---  
 Nor dare I, who so little *Love* have shown,  
 Or *question theirs*, or once *commend* my own ;  
 830 But how I *love*, let me no *Witness* be,  
 For *Lord* ! thou know'st, and I *appeal* to *Thee* !

John 21.15.

Then *Feed my Lambs !* our Saviour strait reply'd,  
 In Pastures green by some still Water's side :  
 The self-same Question was repeated o'er,  
 And had the self-same Answer as before ;  
 Nor must these two without a Third suffice,  
 For thrice he must be try'd, who thrice denies :  
 Who tortur'd with ingenuous Grief and Pain  
 Thus to be question'd, thus returns again.

O why, thou who so well dost all things know,  
 Must I a Task so cruel undergo ?

740

How much I love, let me no Witness be,  
 For, Lord, thou know'st, and I appeal to Thee !  
 Then feed my Lambs ! our Saviour strait reply'd,  
 In Pastures green, by some still Water's side :  
 Now, while thou may'st, defend the sacred Fold,  
 For Time apace rolls on, and thou grow'st old :

Some Lustres since thy Youth was firm and strong,  
 And thou thy self all Vigorous and Young ;

750

Then free as Air, thy self alone could'st bind,  
 And Men as soon might track the wand'ring Wind :  
 But when old Age with palsy'd steps draws near,  
 And warns thee thou must stay no longer here ;  
 Then the rude Soldier shall with churlish Bands,  
 Secure thy wither'd Arms and trembling Hands,  
 And thee unto that fatal Place convey,  
 Whence struggling Nature fain wou'd shrink away :  
 I warn thee well, nor unprovided be,  
 But when I call, prepare to follow me !

He said, nor longer on the Shore wou'd stay,  
 But to fair Tabor's Mountain leads the way : \*

760

There to a num'rous Troop of Friends appears,  
 Confirms their Faith, and dissipates their Fears :  
 Instructs in his bless'd Law each wav'ring Mind,  
 And warns of all the Dangers yet behind ;  
 Assures of constant Aid against their Foes,  
 Assures once more, e'er he t' his Father goes,  
 He'll visit them ; e'er him high Heav'n receive,  
 Till the last Day, then take his final Leave.

With Peace dismiss, their steps they backward bend,  
 And at fair Solyma their Lord attend ;

770

For

For his approach their pious Minds prepare,  
With ardent Wishes, holy Hymns and Prayer:  
While this blest Work the Infant Church employs,  
He comes, and with him all his Train of Joys;  
Then, with his little Troop of happy Friends,  
Forfakes the Town, the neighb'ring Hill ascends,  
The lovely Bethany! for ever leaves  
Thee, sweet Gethsemane! from both receives

780 Still new supplies to fill his humble Train;  
Till from the Top they saw the distant Plain,  
O'er whose smooth Bosom murmur'ing Kidron ran;  
When thus the **Saviour** of the world began.

My Father calls, and I must shortly go;—  
Farewel, you dear Companions of my Woe!  
Me Heav'n must till the last Great Day receive,  
Peace is the Legacy I with you leave:  
-- Be that the Mark of mine! by that alone  
My little Flock shall from the World be known:

790 Galleys as Doves, but wise as Serpents too;  
As my great Father me, so send I you:  
All Pow'r in Heav'n and Earth his Word secures  
To his lov'd suffer'ing Son--- The same be yours: \*  
To Censure those who my soft Yoke refuse,  
And both in Earth and Heav'n to bind and loose!  
Go then to what e'er distant Corners hurl'd,  
Go in my Name and Proselyte the World! \*  
Mine and my Father's Name, for we are One,  
And that blest Spirit's from him and from the Son

800 Eternally proceeding; boldly go,  
As far as Land is fix'd, or Waters flow;  
Till utmost East your Lord their Saviour style,  
Till utmost West, "e'en Albion's stubborn Isle; \*  
Where still new Worlds shall wait you yet conceal'd,  
In Times revolving Race to be reveal'd:  
Those who your Words believe, and mine obey,  
Let Sacred Water wash their Sins away;  
Those happy Souls who thus for Heav'n prepare,  
Shall, when I come Triumphant, enter there;

810 While those who Mercy scorn, ah hapless Race!  
For whom I dy'd in vain, and purchas'd Grace

Matth. 1.  
18.

Mark 16.  
15.

See Lib. 7.

Matth. 28.  
19.

From

From my forgiving Father; those must go,  
 The choice their own, to endless Worlds of VVoe:  
 Nor will I you without Credentials send,  
 Angels shall guard, and Miracles attend;  
 Which shall the stubborn VVorld so far surprize,  
 They must believe, if they'll believe their Eyes:  
 For when the blessed Paraclete shall fall, \*  
 And with high Pow'r from Heav'n inspire you all;  
 (Nor, if at fam'd Jerusalem you stay  
 And wait his Pleasure, will he long delay:)  
 What Signs, what mighty VVonders shall you do?  
 How much shall you your selves be chang'd from you?  
 All Tongues, and more than all, at Babel known, \*  
 Shall then be yours, familiar as your own:  
 You shall the Thoughts of many Hearts reveal?  
 Your Touch, your Word, your very Shade shall heal?  
 Those Fiends late driv'n from some false Oracle,  
 Yet here, shall envy those who lower fell,  
 And from your Words seek shelter e'en in Hell.  
 Nor only They themselves shall conquer'd find,  
 But every Ill with which they plague Mankind:  
 Th' auxiliary Mischiefs they employ,  
 To make e'en Nature Nature's self destroy:  
 Blue Poisons harmless thro' your Veins shall flow,  
 Vipers and Asps innoxious VVorms shall grow;  
 In Teeth or Sting, no dreadful Venom found,  
 E'en he whose Eyes shoot Death so proudly crown'd; \*  
 Tam'd by your Touch, disarm'd, shall brush the Ground,  
 Nor of your Safety when I'm gone, despair,  
 I'll still be with you, for I'm every where:  
 Be with you to protect, sustain, defend,  
 Till this frail VVorld, but not my kindness end;  
 Till each reviving Dust forsakes its Urn,  
 And in the Clouds you see your Lord return.

820

830

840

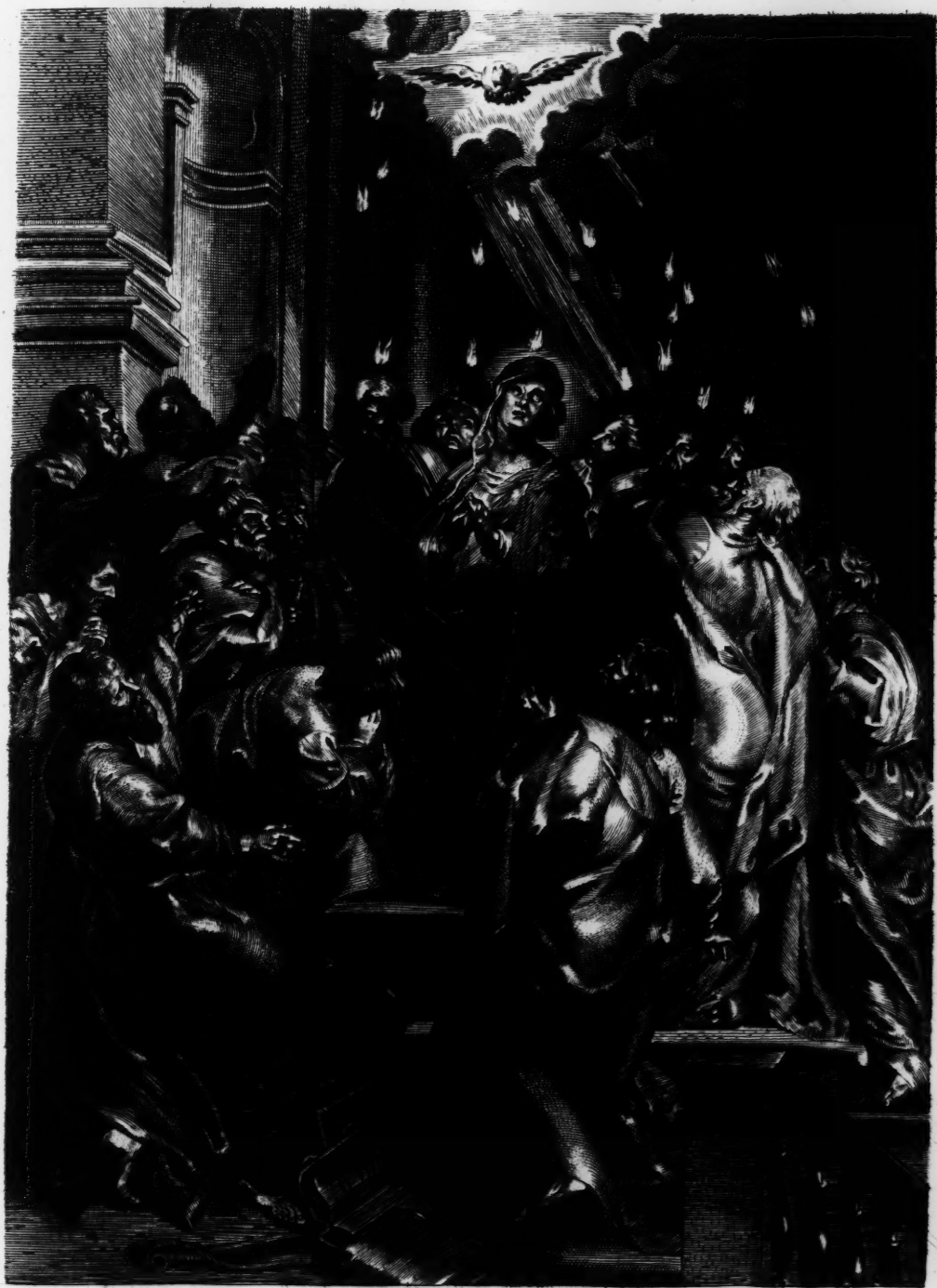
He said, when lo! a trembling Purple Light,  
 The Olive-bearing Mountains proudest height  
 Began to gild, and as it farther spread,  
 Each lofty Cedar bends his leafy Head;  
 Each humble Palm below too seem'd to fear,  
 And all confess'd something Divine was near:

450

Soft

Acts 3. 4.  
 9, 10, &c.

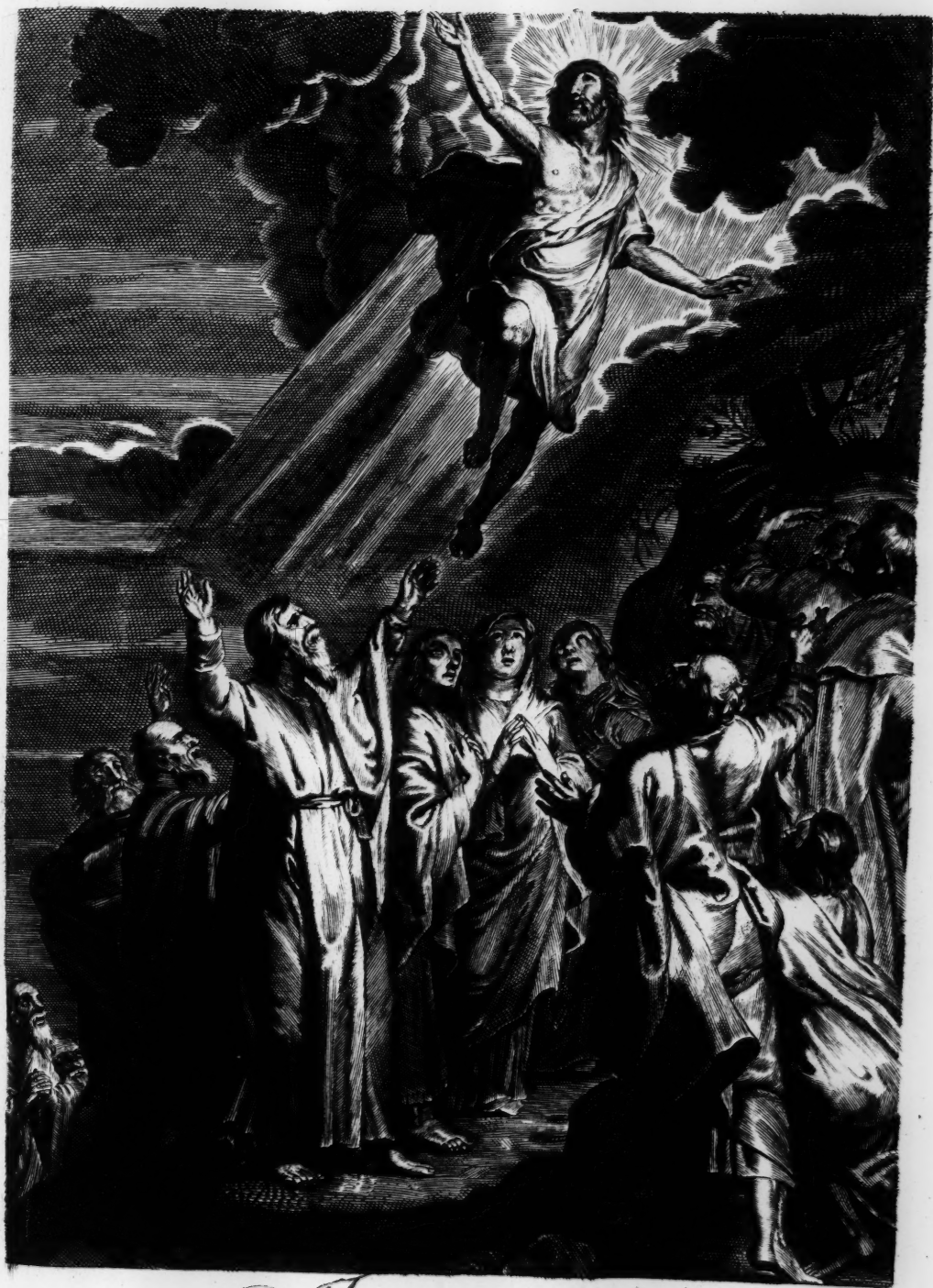
Mark 16.  
 18.  
 Acts 5. 15.



Book 10 pag:342.

The Holy Ghost descending on y<sup>e</sup> Disciples  
at the Day of Pentecost. —

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Book 10. pag: 343

# *The Ascension.*

Mar 16  
Luc: 24.

See how the Conqueror mounts aloft.  
And to his Father flies —  
With Signs of Honour in his Death  
And Triumph in his Eyes.

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Soft Music's heard from a far distant Cloud  
 Descending slow, still more distinct and loud,  
 As by Degrees it still approach'd more nigh;  
 Then warlike Trumpets eccho round the Sky,  
 Triumphal Notes and Sounds of Victory;  
 Mixt with the melting Harp, and these among  
 Was plainly heard some Noble Festal Song:  
 Alternatively thus they sung and play'd,  
 860 The Words a King, the Tune an Angel made.

The Angels below.

**P**Repare! Prepare you glitt'ring Orbs above!  
 At decent distance roll away!  
 Let onely purest Ether stay!  
 Let envious Clouds remove!  
 All the bright Guards his Way prepare!  
 Sweep with your Purple Wings the Air!  
 The King of Glory's entring there!

Psalms 24. 7,  
 8, 10.  
 Lift up your  
 Heads, O ye  
 Gates, and  
 be ye lift up,  
 ye Everlast-  
 ing Doors,  
 and the King  
 of Glory shall  
 come in.

The Angels above.

870 **S**AY you! for surely you must know,  
 Say you who keep perpetual Guard below,  
 What God, what Hero is't you bring;  
 What wond'rous King?

Who is this  
 King of  
 Glory?

The Angels below.

**T**IS He who lately Triumph'd o'er the Grave;  
 Who drags the King of Pride along,  
 With ease the stronger binds the Strong,  
 And Death and Hell his Slave!  
 Whom all the heav'nly Warriors sing,  
 Their Trophies to his Footstool bring;  
 The Conq'ring God, the wond'rous King!

It is the  
 Lord, strong  
 and mighty,  
 even the  
 Lord migh-  
 ty in Battle.

The Lord of  
 Hosts, he is  
 the King of  
 Glory.

While thus they Hymning wait, he mounts alone, \*  
 880 Nor needs their Pow'r, he's greater of his own;  
 All impious Doubts for ever to prevent,

Ascending

*Ascending slow, and stopping as he went ;*  
*Till, when he our dull Earth's attraction leaves,*  
*Him there, for State, a radiant Cloud receives :*  
*Swifter than Thought did his bright Chariot move,*  
*And bore him to th' expecting Crowd above :*  
*Innumerable Hosts their Leader wait,*  
*Drawn out before Heav'n's Adamantine Gate ;*  
*From East to West their glitt'ring Squadrons shine,*  
*And cross the Gulph compos'd a glorious Line :*  
*He comes --- At his approach a Shout is giv'n,*  
*A Shout which shook th' Eternal Walls of Heav'n :*  
*Not all the Pomp of this Triumphal Show,*  
*How much, much more than we poor Mortals know,*  
*Made him forget those Friends he left below ;*  
*With Joy and Wonder rapt he left 'em there,*  
*They kneel, and after gaze in trackless Air :*  
*But e'er the Everlasting Gates divide,*  
*And Him from them, not them from Him deny'd ;*  
*In Glory plac'd by his great Father's Side,*  
*One Look he gave, which wonted Love exprest,*  
*And sends two Angels down to tell the rest :*  
*Tell 'em their Lord who did to Heav'n ascend,*  
*Commands they should their fruitless gazing end ;*  
*Nor gaze in vain, nor Him as vainly mourn,*  
*Whom in the Clouds they'd see agen return*  
*To judge the trembling World, nor judge alone,*  
*They all th' Assessors on his mighty Throne :*  
*When the last Fire to Atoms shou'd disperse,*  
*This beauteous Poem of the Universe ;*  
*Which heav'nly Art far lovelier will restore, \**  
*When Death and Time it self shall be no more.*

890

900

910

Acts 1. 11.

T H E E N D.

# NOTES

ON

## The LIFE of CHRIST

### BOOK X.

133. *How'd she but appear—In Public, all the World wou'd Mourning wear.]*  
 Something like that Thought of Mr. Cowley's:

*Ab charming Maid! let not ill Fortune see  
 The Livery that thy Sorrow wears,  
 Or know the Beauty of thy tears,  
 Last she shou'd come and Dress herself as thee.*

139. *No Pangs at his mirac'lous Birth.]* So 'twas generally conceiv'd and believ'd, by most of the *Antients*, which is enough to vindicate the Propriety of the Expression.

163. *The Pandæmonium fills.]* Every one that has read *Milton* may remember 'tis his *Word*.

167. *In long Serpentine Folds.]* See *Milton's* admirable Description of the *Devils* turning into *Serpents*, in his *Paradise Lost*: This, and much that follows, supposing his *Notions* there.

247. *Luxurious Asia's tempting Charms have shown.]* The Liberty of *Concubinage*; the Pleasantry, and Riches, and Manners of those Countrys, sufficiently warrant the Epithet I here give the *Asiatics*.

283. *From Delphos's sacred Rock to Wise Dodona's Grove.]* *Delphos*, says the Scholiast upon *Homer*, was first called the *Parnassian Grove*, then *Pythos*, afterwards *Delphis*. *Strabo* says, the City was called *Delphos*, the Temple *Pytho*, and the Priest *Pythia*; tho *Ptolomy* and *Erasmus*, make *Pythia* and *Delphos* two Cities distinct from each other: *Dionysius* seems to make *Delphos* the proper Name of the Serpent *Pythos*, whom *Apollo* kill'd in the neighbouring Country. V. 442. *ἡ Δελφὸν*—*Δελφῶν*, &c. Where is the *Spire*, or *Train* of the Dragon *Delphis*? *Homer* calls this City *Πυθῶνα πέτρην*, *Stony* or *Rocky Pytho*; and accordingly, 'tis here stil'd *Delphos sacred Rock*. For *Dodona's Grove*, as famous for *Oracles* of Old, as a *Book* since writ by that Name, has been thought for *Prophecies*, it was so called from the Country wherein it was seated. Its Name, learned Men generally agree, to be derived from *Dodanim*, the Fourth Son of *Javan*; (whence the *Idæans*;) as he of *Japhet*, the Greek *Ἰάπερος*. Here was the City of *Dodone*, and the Temple of *Jupiter Dodonæus*, plac'd, its probable, in that famous Grove of the same Name; tho some lessen this Grove into a *single Oak*: So the Poet, *ἐν δρυὶς ὑψηλοῦσι δίδος*, &c. to require an answer from the *Oak* of *Jupiter*. In this

*Tree*, or *Trees*, where it seems hung a parcel of *Brazen Vessels*, or sort of *Bells*, which made a noise when mov'd by the *Wind*; and perhaps this was all the *Vocality* of that famous *Oracle*; tho we are not to question, but the *Attendants* on the *Temple*, very well understood that *Language*.

300. *And headlong he plunges in the broad Lake.*] I know not whether I had need inform my Reader, that I chuse to make the *Cadency* of this Verse thus abrupt, to express my *Sence* the more lively; as I've done *Lib* 3. in that, *On Snyges tumultuous agen we rise*. In imitation of many such in *Virgil*; and that of *Cowley* among others, in which he himself instances;

*Down a steep Precipice, deep, adown he casts 'em all.*

330. *To the old Pris'ners of 2000 Years—Who in the Universal Deluge fell, &c.*] This is according to the *Notion* of many of the *Antients*, that the dark Place in *1 S. Peter* 3. 20. *Concerning the Spirits in Prison who were disobedient in the days of Noah, &c.* relates to those who were lost in the *Universal Deluge*; and that some of these our Saviour brought back with him, after an *actual Descent* into *Hell*; having there spoiled *Principalities and Powers*. Many of our own *Divines* have been thus far of this *Opinion*, that they thought *Christ* did *actually Descend* into *Hell*, tho now I think most are of another mind, and believe, with great probability, that only a *Descent* into the *Grave*, or the *State of the Dead*, which the famous controverted *Hades* signifies, was thereby intended. However since our Church leaves this *undecided* in her *Article de Descensu*, I am, I think, at liberty to take that *Sence* which I look on as most *Poetical*. But however, 'tis easie to shew, that even that *Notion* of those, *Lost in the Deluge, &c.* is far enough from *Popery*. The *Papists* place all good Men here before our Saviour's Death, which afterwards they changed into a *Purgatory*. I only place bad Men there formerly. They require a *Divine Faith*; whereas I'll be content with a *Poetical*. Nor can I think I am any more oblig'd to make good the *actual Reality and Truth* of that *Notion*, than for what follows in the next Verse; *Thro' gaping Earths wide Ruins sweep'd to Hell*. Which alludes to the *Hypothesis* asserted in *Mr. Burnet's ingenious Theory*.

382. *He will'd the Stone away.*] I'm sure, the *Papists* can never prove he came through it, tho he might remove it for a moment, and let it return to its place, as soon as he had quitted the *Sepulchre*. He raised himself; *Surrexit, non suscitatus est*, as one of the *Fathers*; and this by his own power. *Destroy this Temple*, says he, *and I will raise it again*: Therefore he must be *God*, or else, as one of the greatest Men in the World observes, "He had not been so much as a modest Man; because he would have arrogated to himself what did not really belong to him: or had express'd himself in such a manner, as he knew would be, and was, taken in such a Sence by those who heard him, as that they must conclude him *God*. As for the *Angels* rolling away the *Stone*, 'twas for the sake of the *Women*, not for him, who cou'd not want *Power* to remove that, when he had before, by his own Power, been raised from the *Dead*.

388. *And thus the single Bird wings from th' Arabian Urn.*] This is *Vida's* Simile of the *Phoenix*, which he thus prosecutes very beautifully in his sixth Book.

*Talis ubi turpe irrepsit senium, unicus ales  
Congessitq; sibi ramis felicibus altum  
Summo in colle regum, posuitque in morte senectam;  
Continuò novus exoritur, nitidusq; juvenat  
Effulget cristis, & versicoloribus alis:  
Innumerae circum Volucres mirantur euntem;  
Ille suos adit Aethiopas, Indosq; revisit.*

415. *Their useless Piles suspended in the Air.*] Piles were a sort of heavy Darts, or Javelins, us'd by the *Romans*.

417. *They*

417. *They fall, their Armour clanks against the Ground.*] I think 'tis Cowley's Verse, in the *Fall of Nabash* when kill'd by *Jonathan*.

488. *Was set in Deaths dark shades to rise no more.*] So it seems they all thought, for 'twas a long time ere they believ'd the *Resurrection*, tho they had repeated and credible *Testimonies* of it from Eye-witnesses; much less can we suppose they did so when it depended on *Faith* only.

586. *Mistaken Men, your minds immerst in Night.*] O Fools and slow of Heart, &c. Our Saviour calls 'em.

597. *Why was he offer'd too, near Calvary.*] Old Tradition says, as has been already observ'd, that *Adam's Scull* or *Head*, was found about this *Mountain*, whence some derive its *Hebrew Name Golgotha*; and in *Latin Calvary*: Nay *Surius* is so certain of it, that he gives it as at least highly probable, that our *Saviours Blood*, when upon the *Cross*, descending by the *Cleft* which the *Earthquake* caus'd, did run down and wash this very *Scull of Adam*, as it lay below, near the bottom of the *Mountain*. A little more probable it is, that it derives its Name from its *shape*, being a round bare *Rock*, at distance appearing like a *Scull*; or at least, from the many unburied *Sculls* and *Bones*, there found; this being the place of Publick Execution. Now 'tis certain, *Isaac* was Offered near *Calvary*, for that it self is one of the *Mountains* in the Land of *Moriab*; and 'twas upon one of these where he was Offered: and perhaps our Saviour was promised of Old, to come, or appear, in that very place. For whereas we render the *Jehova Fireb*, in *Gen. 22. 14.* *In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.* It will bear another Sense; *In the mount shall the Lord be seen.* This Mount, either *Mount Moriah* itself, on which, part of the *City* and *Temple* was Built, (*Vid. Joseph.*) and where our Lord, the true *Jehova*, so frequently appeared; or perhaps on *Mount Calvary* itself, where this great *Antitype* of *Isaac* was offered.

679. *With honest Pains they earn their welcom Bread.*] The Apostles were not yet sent abroad to Convert the World, as they were after the *Descent* of the Holy Ghost; and so kept to their old *Employs*: But when they left those, to undertake more eminently the *Cure of Souls*, heavy enough of it self without any additional weight, then we don't find *S. Peter* a *Fishing* any more, unless, as our Saviour said, to catch men: And *S. Paul* tells the *Corinthians*, *That the Lord himself had ordained, that those who preach'd the Gospel, should live of the Gospel.* By which Lord, I suppose, is meant our Saviour, in those Words of his, *The workman is worthy of his hire.*

705. *He runs, nor dips his Feet beneath the Wave.*] The meaning of this place I think is not clear in History, whether *S. Peter* walk'd upon the *Waves*, as once before, or only waded to Land; the former Sense was more noble, for that reason I chose it. As for his walking without dipping his Feet, I'm sater in my History than *Virgil* in his *Hyperbole*, that I mean of *Camilla*.

*Illa vel intactæ segetis, &c.*

*Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentis*

*Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret aquore Plantas.*

761. *But to fair Tabor's Mountain leads the way.*] *Vid. S. Matt. 28. 16.* where 'tis said, *The Apostles went to a mountain which he had appointed*; and this probably was either *Tabor*, or that of the *Beatitudes*, because somewhere in *Galilee*, and near the *Lake*.

793. *The same be yours.*] So says our Saviour; *All power is given to me in Heaven and Earth.* And again, *As the Father hath sent me, so send I you.* Not the same Power in Degree, but the same sort of *Spiritual Power*, that of binding and loosing; *Whatsoever ye shall bind on Earth, shall be bound in Heaven, &c.* That is, God himself ratifies those *Censures* and *Absolutions*, which his Church rightfully disposes; this Power not being given so much as to the *Seventy*, much less to all Christians, but to the *Eleven* only. 28 *S. Matt. 16.* *The Eleven Disciples went away into Galilee, and Jesus spake unto them saying, All power is given me, &c.*

797. *Go in my Name, and profelyte the World.* ] I think the Word *profelyte* comes nearer the *μαθηταῖς* in the Original, than that by which we translate it. Now the Custom of making *Profelytes* among the Jews, all know, was to admit whole Families together, not make the *Father* an *Israelite*, and leave the *Child* an *Heathen*.

803. *Ev'n Albion's stubborn Isle.* ] Mr Cowley's Thought and Words, at the End of *David's Vision*.

818. *For when the Holy Paraclete shall fall.* ] The sence of the Word *Παρακλησις*, is disputed among the Learned. Some think it means an *Advocate*, others a *Comforter*, &c. And it may very well mean both: However what e'er is intended by it, the Word I use will reach it.

824. *All Tongues, and more than all at Babel known.* ] The Philologists have with good success, prov'd the gradual *Degeneracy* of one *Language* into another, from the *Phenician*, down to *Latin*, *Greek*, and all, or most of the present *European Languages*.

838. *E'en he whose Eyes shot Death, so proudly Crown'd.* ] The *Basilisk*, which, as some of the Naturalists, moves erect, and has something not unlike a *Crown* on its Head; which I take from that of *St. Mark* 16. 18. *ὀφὶς ἀσθὴν*. You shall take up, touch, or handle *Serpents*; as was actually perform'd in the Case of *St. Paul* at *Malta*, *Acts* 28. 5.

879. *While thus they Hymning wait, he mounts alone.* ] The Readers must not expect I shou'd take any more Notice of our Saviours *Footsteps*, which the Papists say he left in the *solid Rock* at his *Ascension*, than they find in the *Evangelists* themselves; in none of whom the least *Track* of 'em is to be discovered: But those who have put out another Edition of the *Gospel*, with many *Additions*, and as they think, *Amendments*, will tell you, "That there's a Chappel built over the "very place of the *Ascension*, whose top is open to Heaven, since, as much as they "build at *Days* is thrown down at *Nights*, on purpose that all the pious *Pilgrims* "who see this opening may think of our Lords *Ascent*: And that within the Gate "of this Church, on the right hand, where our Saviours sacred *Footsteps* are to be seen "imprinted in the living *Rock*, as 't had been in *soft Wax*: That one of these "Footsteps the *Turks* had taken up, and carried away to their chief *Mosque*, "where 'tis to this day at the foot of their *Mufty's Chair*, honoured with their "Lamps, sprinkled every day with *sweet Waters*, and adorn'd with pretty *Flowers*. Thus *Surinus* as he pretends from unfailing *Catholick Tradition*; of all which the Reader is at liberty to believe if he pleases as little as I do.

911. *Which Heav'nly Art far lovelier will restore.* ] Whether or no this ἀποκατάστασις, *redintegration* or *renovation* of the *World*, shall be really performed in that sense wherein I suppose it, as I've said in other Cases, does not much affect me in relation to my *Poem*, since 'tis at least *probable*: For all know that *this*, and the *Doctrines* depending upon it, had the consent of most of the ancient *Fathers*; and I believe 'twill be difficult to find any who oppos'd it before *Dionysius*, who was not of the best *Antiquity*; this being the Judgment not only of old *Papias*, who might be as *Wise* as he was *Good* for all *Eusebius*, but indeed of *Irenaeus*, *Justin Martyr*, *Tertullian*, and I believe all others for the two or three first Centuries: Nay it appears from *S. Jerom* himself, that 'twas in his time generally and almost universally receiv'd, because he acknowledges he should bring a great *Clamor* on himself by speaking against it. That there may be such a *renovation*, is also the avow'd Judgment of two very ingenious Men at present in our Church; One the famous *Theorist*, the other *Mr. Norris*, on the Sermon upon the *Mount*, and that *Beatitude*, "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the Earth: Which he takes, as *Mr. Walker* also does, "for that new *Heaven*, and new *Earth*, spoke of in 21<sup>st</sup>. of "the *Apocal*. Now this they do, and *Prins* in *Prose*, as the Learned *Mr. Mede* has done at large before 'em; much more then may I in *Verse* assume the same liberty. Nor can I pass the ἀποκατάστασις παντὸς the *Restitution* of all things, mention'd "by *St. Peter*, *Acts* 3. 21. Which, says he, God has promised by all his holy *Prophets* since the *World* began; which seems not to refer to the *Times* of *Christianity* only

only, in the state wherein it now is, since this *Restitution* or *Renovation* is not to be "until Jesus Christ was sent again from Heaven, who before had been preach'd unto 'em. When the *Times* of *Refreshing* should come, which are all spoken of as *Future*, and which 'twou'd sound very harsh to restrain to the *Destruction* of the *Jewish Temple*, *City*, *Policy* and *Nation*, which seems but an odd sort of a *Refreshment*. Besides, this is not only to be a *Renovation* of good Men, but of all the World, *all things*: Behold I make *all things new*, says our Saviour, and a new Heaven and new Earth is promised, which in the Hebrew Phrase, is equivalent to a new system of all *Visibles*, and 'tis said, *Rom. 8*. Not only we our selves the Christians and good Men, "But the whole Creation groaneth for this happy Change, "where the expectation of the Creature is sufficiently distinguished from the manifestation of the Son of God. Further, it seems to me, that by the new Heaven and new Earth so often mention'd in all the holy Prophets, can't be meant the state of the Church triumphant in Glory; for 'tis not said "Men shall be taken up to God, but the Tabernacle of God shall be with Men; not the Jerusalem shall be carried up to Heaven, but Jerusalem shall descend down from Heaven. Nor seems it to relate to the Church Militant here upon Earth, in any past, or the present Age, since the Church has scarce ever yet come up to that Glory there describ'd, tho' we shou'd take it in a metaphorical Sense; granting but any manner of Proportion between that and what's signify'd by it. Nor can I imagine that Satan can ever yet, with any Propriety, be said to have been bound a Thousand Years, or One either; since, after Heathen Idolatry ceas'd, he was still as hard at Work, and perhaps more perniciously, to the Church I mean, in hammering out Schisms and Heresies, and Popery, and Mahometanism than ever he was before. Besides, this is describ'd, as not to come to pass till after Babylon is fallen, who seems now to sit as a Queen and rejoices that her deadly Wound is healed: From all which, I see not well how the conclusion can be avoided; That this happy State is yet to come; This dear desirable State of Piety, Friendship, and Spiritual, Heavenly Pleasures, even on this Earth, whereon Virtue has so long been miserable. However thus far we are certain, that Christ shall reign till he has put all his Enemies under his Feet, tho' in what manner does not I think so much concern us; nor is that any fundamental Article of Faith, &c. Yet in general, I'm sure every good Christian will joyn with me in our Saviours own Words, "Thy Kingdom come! Nor will refuse to use those of our Church; "That the Kingdom of Gods dear Son may come quickly, and that "all his Enemies being made his Footstool, he, who is Lord of Lords, and King "of Kings, may reign to all the Ends of the Earth!

*Make hast my Beloved! and be thou like to a Roe or a young Hart upon the Mountains of Spices!*

*Veni cito, Domine Jesu. Amen.*

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